La Belle Aſſemblee:

OR, THE

ADVENTURES

OF

SIX DAYS.

VOL. II. and Laſt.

BEING A

Curious Collection

OF

Remarkable Incidents which happen'd to ſome of the Firſt Quality in *France.*

Written in French *for the Entertainment of the* KING, *and dedicated to him*

By Madam DE GOMEZ.

Tranſlated into Engliſh.

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La Belle Aſſemblée.

The SEVENTH DAY.

THE Marriages of *Thelamont* and *Urania*, of *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, had no other Effect than to augment their mutual Ardors, not diminiſhing in the leaſt that Paſſion which in their days of Courtſhip they profeſs'd; nor depriving them of the ſame Deſire to re-enjoy the Sweets of a Country Retirement.

The Death of *Geronte*, which happen'd ſoon after the Celebration of their Nuptials, contributed not a little to determine them to follow their Inclinations; and Winter having given place to the Spring, they forſook the Town, and again betook themſelves to their inſtructive and innocent Occupations.

Camilla and *Florinda* had an extreme Pleaſure in following them; *Celemene*, *Hortenſia*, and *Me-*

lintus, gave them their Promiſe of being with them in a little time; and the charming *Julia* found it no difficulty to prevail on *Orſames*, to augment the Number of this amiable Society.

The Houſe of *Urania* being the continued Theatre of their Amuſements, that beautiful Lady, whoſe admirable Diſcretion had made extremely reſerv'd before Marriage, making now no ſcruple of declaring the Tenderneſs ſhe had for *Thelamont*, gave herſelf an air of liberty which added new Graces to thoſe with which ſhe had been accuſtom'd to receive her Friends.

Thelamont, always amorous, and full of Fire and Spirit, having now obtain'd the ultimate of his Deſires, appear'd more bright and gay than ever: *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, in an entire Union, ſtill maintain'd a certain difference of Character, which without any thing ſhocking, or offenſive, gave both of them the opportunity of ſhowing their Wit and Vivacity in a thouſand little agreeable and entertaining Diſputes, and at the ſame time render'd more viſible the Eſteem they had for each other. *Camilla* and *Florinda* placing their Happineſs in that of their Friends, ſeem'd to have aſſum'd new Charms, to add to the Felicity of theſe two amiable Pairs: With theſe Diſpoſitions there was no neceſſity for impoſing any other Laws than thoſe which were at firſt ordain'd among them, and which every one of this agreeable Company agreed to follow.

What was moſt particular, was to ſee *Camilla* the firſt that enter'd the Library: They had no ſooner dined than ſhe repair'd to it with an eagerneſs which teſtified that was the Place in which ſhe expected moſt Satisfaction. The Company, who took notice, with ſome ſurprize, of this Diſpoſition in her to Amuſements ſo different

from

from thoſe ſhe had been accuſtom'd to make choice of, followed her ſteps, regarding her all the time with a profound ſilence, reſolving to ſee how far this unuſual Reſvery would carry her, nor were they long informing themſelves.

Camilla went directly to the Cloſet where the Books were, without knowing whether ſhe was followed or not, and till rous'd from her deep muſing by the ſudden laughter of her Friends, would not have been ſenſible that ſhe was not alone in that Place. I muſt confeſs (*ſaid ſhe, with an obliging Air*) that you make Impreſſions on the Mind which are not eaſily effac'd: There was a time when I ſhould not have prefer'd the Entertainment which this Cloſet affords, to ſome others; and you may judge by this Alteration in my Humour, of how great an advantage to me have been the Notions you inſpired me with when laſt I taſted the Pleaſures of this agreeable Solitude. This is an Amuſement wholly ſpiritual, indeed, (*replied* Urania) but I cannot help believing there is ſome other reaſon for this Change beſide that to which your Complaiſance aſcribes it. *Camilla* is in more confuſion than you imagine, (*cryed* Florinda, *laughing*) but I conjure you, dear *Urania*, ſpare her for the preſent. That is as much as to ſay (*added* Julia) that her Thoughtfulneſs is as much intereſted to herſelf as her Gaiety is agreeable to us. It has that appearance (*ſaid* Felicia) but as we propoſed to give an entire liberty, let us ſet bounds to our Curioſity, and purſue the Law which *Camilla* ſeems deſirous ſhould be put in execution by her conducting us hither.

The Diſcretion of *Felicia*, then, (*ſaid* Orophanes) ſhall not prevent us from believing that we ſhall not be any long time ignorant of what con-

cerns *Camilla*. No matter, (*interrupted* Thelamont) let us however conform to her Deſires, ſince her Silence eaſily perſuades me, ſhe will not always refuſe us her Confidence.

I proteſt to you, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) it is not my deſign, but you muſt allow me time.——— Let us read, diſcourſe, amuſe ourſelves ſome other way for the preſent, and for my Secret, think of it hereafter. We muſt agree then (*ſaid* Orſames) that the Sincerity of the amiable *Camilla* makes amends for the Myſtery ſhe involves us in. Yes, (*added* Orophanes) if to be ſincere be ſufficient for our ſatisfaction, it muſt be confeſs'd the charming *Camilla* has afforded it, ſince ſhe directly acknowledges that there is a Secret, and that ſhe will not as yet communicate it to us; yet do her words give hope ſhe ſome time or other will reveal it. But unleſs we were aſſured (*ſaid* Felicia) that ſhe would always retain the ſame Intention, I do not ſee that we can promiſe ourſelves any great certainty of knowing any more than we do already; Sincerity being no other thing than the ſpeaking freely what one thinks at preſent, and 'tis a great deal more than barely poſſible *Camilla* may hereafter not believe it neceſſary to ſatisfy our Curioſity.

I am of your opinion, (*added* Urania) and I know not if it be not better to be guilty of too much Caution than the contrary Extreme. It is not to be doubted (*ſaid Thelamont*) but that an exceſs of freedom in Speech is as great a fault as Diſſimulation: Thoſe who ſpeak all they think, without management, or regard of what they ſay, may ſometimes mingle Detraction with their Sincerity, becauſe no one is certain of always thinking juſtly. One ought to uſe Freedom ſo long as it conſiſts with Good-Nature and Probity, but never

never to ſuffer it to paſs the Bounds of Civility But (*ſaid* Orſames) if I deſire the Advice of a Friend in any Affair of which I am in doubt, and he anſwers me not with Sincerity, and by the fear of expreſſing his Sentiment, mine alſo is puzzled, or led aſtray, is it not in ſuch an occaſion, criminal to with-hold his freedom?

The Caſe is different (*ſaid* Julia) when one conſults a Friend in a Matter of Importance, that Teſtimony of Confidance ought certainly to engage the ſame from him: But that ſort of Freedom which *Thelamont* condemns, is that which under the Pretence of Sincerity takes upon it to cenſure the Actions of others, and to approve, or to blame whatever is done in the World. People of this ſort of Character are dangerous, and when known, ought to be baniſh'd all Commerce and Society.

There is another ſort of Society (rejoin'd *Orophanes*) which in my judgment is not leſs to be fear'd than the other; which is that which affects to be underſtood by hard Words, and under the appearance of Railery, and, as it were, between Jeſt and Earneſt, tell you Truths which are very diſobliging, and perhaps of the worſt Conſequence to be known by thoſe before whom they may be ſpoke.

It is true, (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) and this is a Liberty which is ſometimes dangerous to thoſe that practiſe it. An Inſtance that it is ſo, happen'd at *Rome* in the time of the Pontificate of *Alexander* the Seventh to the famous *Caramuel*, Biſhop of *Noal*. He had compoſed a very learned Treatiſe under the Title of *Theologia dubia*, wherein he propoſed ſome Queſtions the moſt difficult and moſt important in Divinity: He ſet down all the Arguments which Atheiſm and Liberti-

niſm could object in their greateſt force, and then deſired the Men of Learning to communicate to him ſome of their inſight to enable him to anſwer. This Book made a vaſt noiſe in the Republick of Letters, and thoſe of half Judgment, but perfect Envy, complain'd of him to the Pope, that with a deſign to ſubvert Religion, he had put Arms in the hands of the Enemies to it.

Alexander, prejudiced by theſe Diſcourſes, cited the Biſhop to *Rome*, to anſwer for his Conduct: He immediately obey'd the Summons, and on his arrival went to wait on the Pope, who deſign'd no other than to reprimand him in his Chamber; but this Prelate, who had his own Reaſons for deſiring the Affair might be more publick, told him, That as he was a Biſhop, that Dignity ſet him above ſubmitting to juſtify himſelf in that manner, and much more as he was *Caramuel*, he diſdain'd it. He therefore demanded a publick Conſiſtory, before whom alone he would yield to anſwer. *Alexander* conſented; and this great Man defended what he had written with ſo much Reſolution and Learning, that he attracted the Eſteem and Admiration of the whole Aſſembly; and at the breaking up of the Conſiſtory, the Pope himſelf cry'd out, *Nunquam ſic locutus eſt Homo*; Words which were heretofore ſpoke of the Saviour of the World, on a like occaſion. All *Rome* was now full of the Learning and Eloquence of *Caramuel*, and happy did they think themſelves, who had heard the Wonders of his Wiſdom. The Admiration went ſo far, as to adviſe the Pope to give him the honour of the Sacred College, if he were diſpoſed to receive it, and finding he was ſo, he was immediately ſet down in the Liſt of the next Promotion: but *Caramuel*, who before that had never been at

Rome,

Rome, being informed by ſome at Court, of the Proceedings of the Cardinals, and the clandeſtine Means by which they endeavour'd for the *Papal* Dignity, aſtoniſh'd at what he heard, cried out, *Iſti ſunt Cardinales Eccleſiæ?* Are ſuch as theſe the Pillars of the Church? *Alexander*, being preſently informed of this word, and extremely offended, that he ſhould utter ſuch an Exclamation, tore the Liſt, and ſuffer'd him to return to his Dioceſs with no other Honours than he brought from it.

By this Example one may ſee of what prejudice are theſe Sallies of Sincerity: Had it not been better for *Caramuel* to have joined to his Eloquence and Wit, a little Diſſimulation, than an unſeaſonable profeſſion of Freedom, which, while it loſt him the hope of being one day a Cardinal, was of no ſervice to reform the Manners of thoſe he thought had need of Correction?

It is a plain Proof (*ſaid* Orſames) that Wit and Spirit are not always ſufficient dependencies, and that Prudence is often a Quality to be preferr'd before them.

The Example of the famous Monſieur *de Pibrac* (added *Urania*) confirms what you have ſaid, *Orſames*. ——— The Court of *France* having employ'd him in an Embaſſy to the Council of *Trent*, were highly ſatisfied with his Proceedings. He had maintain'd the Intereſt of the Crown, and the Glory of the Kingdom, in ſuch a manner, as made him be eſteemed a part of it. *Catherine de Medicis*, Regent of the Realm, thought ſhe could never too greatly reward his Merit; ſhe knew no Bounds to the Favour ſhe had for him: The Chancellor of *France* dying, whilſt Monſieur *de Pibrac* was in *Languedoc*, where ſhe had permitted him to go to ſettle ſome Affairs, ſhe preſently thought of him as the moſt pro-

per Man to fill up this great Poſt, and commanded her Secretary to ſend for him with all ſpeed. He received the News of his advancement at *Thouloufe*, and began to order every thing immediately for his return to Court, but in the mean time, one jealous of his riſing Glory, told the Queen, that there would come a Day in which ſhe would repent the raiſing Monſieur *Pibrac* to ſuch a height, who, tho' wiſe and vertuous, was of a Principle intirely oppoſite to that Syſtem of Government which ſhe had taken ſo much pains to eſtabliſh in *France*.

The Queen, who loved *Pibrac*, and could not without great difficulty be brought to believe any thing to his prejudice, was ſurprized at this bold and unasked Advice, and treated him who gave it as a Detractor; and endeavouring to prevent him from proceeding in ſo unwelcome a Theme, told him, that the Behaviour of *Pibrac*, in the ſeveral Offices he had been employ'd in, was a ſufficient Proof that the King had not a Subject more loyal, nor more zealouſly devoted to his Service; and that ſhe muſt have other Teſtimonies than his Aſperſions, to believe *Pibrac* any other than ſhe wiſh'd, or he appear'd to be.

The Courtier, ſtung to the Soul at ſo ſevere a Reprimand, and more than ever inraged againſt *Pibrac*, aſſured her Majeſty, that it was eaſy for him to prove he had not utter'd any thing that he could not juſtify; and at the ſame time taking out his Tables, he preſented her with a Stanza taken out of the fifty-two *Quadrans* which *Pibrac* had written with his own hand. It contain'd theſe words:

Of abſolute Power, the very Name I deteſt,
When aſſum'd by one Man, to make Slaves of the reſt:
To Holy Decrees, implicit Obedience is fit,
But Laws made on Earth, of diſpute may admit.

The Queen had no ſooner read theſe Lines, than ſhe flung away in great diſguſt from the Perſon who had given them to her, not being willing to let him ſee ſhe was convinced of the truth of what he told her; ſhe refuſed, however, to ſee *Pibrac* at his arrival, and order'd one to tell him, that ſhe had changed her Sentiments as to the Poſt ſhe had intended to employ him in, and that he was at his liberty to diſpoſe of himſelf as he thought fit.

See, therefore, how dangerous it is to have too much Spirit, and to attempt ſaying any thing of the Great Ones, when our Sentiments are different from theirs.

It is not only wrong, (*ſaid* Julia) on the account of the Misfortunes it may bring on ourſelves, but alſo when we forfeit that Submiſſion we ought to have for our Maſters, by reflecting on their Conduct, and Form of Government; we have alſo the mortification to find, that all we have ſaid has work'd no alteration, but that things ſtand juſt as they were, and are rather more firmly fix'd than ever by the Ruin of thoſe which diſcover a diſlike.

What you ſay, is an infallible Maxim (*ſaid Camilla*) but I believe this may be alledged in favour of Monſieur *de Pibrac*, that he could not foreſee that theſe Verſes ſhould draw on him this kind of Misfortune, becauſe at the time he com-

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compoſed them, he had no expectations that his Genius and Conduct would ever raiſe him to that Greatneſs to which he afterwards arrived. But (*continued ſhe*) among theſe unexpected Events, there is one which as often as I remember it, makes me ſmile. When the Duke of *Guiſe* had form'd that fatally famous League, to which he had the Impiety to annex the Name of *Holy*, and which the Ambition and Policy of the Enemies of the State were continually fomenting, under the pretence of Religion, and ſupported with Men and Money almoſt to the deſtruction of the *French* Monarchy: The news of it being carried to the Porte, ſome ignorant *Turks* who had never heard ſpeak of the League till it was arrived at this height, having freſh in their mind the Battle of *Lepante*, which to the immortal Honour of that great General, *Don Juan of Auſtria*, had ſpread a Terror through the whole *Ottoman* Empire, imagining it was the ſame Army, and confounding the Name with the Thing, ask'd one another, Where was that formidable Hero whom they called the *League*, and who pretended to overthrow the *French* Eſtabliſhment? And this Error being fix'd in their Minds, the Affright which the word *League* inſpir'd in all the *Turks* in general, obliged the *Grand Signior* to ſend an Ambaſſador to *Henry* the Fourth, to make him an Offer of fifty thouſand Men, to aſſiſt him in the deſtruction of this *League*; but that Monarch had too much Piety not to refuſe the Aid.

The Duke of *Guiſe* little imagin'd, that when he gave the Name of *League* to his Party, that that Word alone would have rais'd him ſo powerful an Enemy; and it was pleaſant enough, that a People full of the Terror which was caus'd in them by the Army of the Princes of *Chriſten-*

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dom, in league againſt them under the command of *Don Juan of Auſtria*, which was near twenty-five Years before that of the Duke of *Guiſe*, ſhould believe the name of League was always given to Heroes famous for their Valour.

During this Converſation, they took notice that *Florinda* had a Book in her hand, which ſhe open'd and ſhut ſeveral times, as divided in her Inclinations whether ſhe ſhould be moſt attentive either to the reading it, or liſtning to the Diſcourſes of her Friends; which occaſioning *Urania* to ask her the Contents, I aſſure you, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) I have not loſt one Word of all that has been ſaid, tho' I could not help ſometimes caſting my Eye on an Adventure I happen'd on, in this Hiſtory of *Portugal*. I will repeat it to you, that you may judge if it is not worthy ſome part of my Attention.

Don Antonio, King of *Portugal*, having been ingaged in a long and cruel War with *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, King and Queen of *Caſtile*, having intirely drain'd his Exchequer, and ſeen his beſt Troops cut to pieces before his face, reſolv'd to go in Perſon, and demand Succours of *Lewis* the Eleventh of *France*; having ſome reaſon to hope, that the Policy of that Prince would rejoice in an occaſion to put a ſtop to the growing Greatneſs of *Ferdinand*. He was received with all the marks of Civility he could expect, and *Lewis* told him, that nothing could afford him more ſatisfaction than the opportunity of ſerving him.

This unfortunate Prince remain'd a long time in the Court of *France*, without ſeeing any Effect of thoſe Promiſes with which he had been flatter'd at his firſt arrival; which occaſioning him to renew his Demands with greater force than ever,

ever, the King, who had his own Reaſons to keep him in ſuſpence, pretended the Delay was only owing to the War he had with *Charles*, ſurnamed *The Hardy*, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Don Antonio believing, that if this War was ended, his Affairs would find a ſpeedy Remedy, undertook to be a Mediator between the two Princes, the Duke being his Kinſman, gave him ſome hopes of ſucceſs; but being deceived in his Expectation, and finding that all his Eloquence and Policy were employ'd in vain, he return'd to Court very much diſſatisfied with his Negotiation; but much more ſo, when *Lewis* told him, tho' in Terms the moſt obliging that could be for a Denial, that he would not have him depend on him any longer, for it was abſolutely impoſſible to give him the Succours he had made him expect.

This final Anſwer threw the King of *Portugal* into the moſt poinant Deſpair. He had told his Subjects, that he doubted not to return with Succours which ſhould be too potent for *Ferdinand* to cope with; and the Shame of returning without any, made him take a Reſolution which aſtoniſh'd the whole World.

He writ two Letters, one to the Prince of *Portugal* his Son, and another to *Lewis* the Eleventh; that directed for the King of *France*, he gave to a Lord of the Court, to put into his hands after his departure; and having diſpatched a Gentleman of his own Train, with the other to *Portugal*, he left the Court of *France* without taking any Leave, and took his Journey towards *Rome*.

The Prince of *Portugal* would not read his Letter till he had aſſembled all the Grandees of the Kingdom, to whom he communicated the

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Contents, which were, That *D n Antonio* being ſiezed with the extremeſt Melancholy for the Diſappointments he had received, both in the ill Succeſs of his Armies againſt *Ferdinand*, and the Repulſe he had received in *France*, was now of opinion that he was abandon'd both by Heaven and Earth, and that it muſt be ſome ſecret Crime, to himſelf unknown, that had drawn Divine Vengeance on him: He added, That he would no longer involve his Subjects in his Misfortunes, but quit the Sovereign Rule intirely; for which end he was gone a Pilgrimage to *Rome*, and deſigned from thence to travel to *Jeruſalem*, where he would paſs the remainder of his Days in Penitence and Prayers; never ceaſing to implore the Heavenly Mercy, that his People might be reſtor'd to that Peace and Proſperity which he fear'd his Preſence had depriv'd them of.

He concluded this Epiſtle, with ingaging the Grandees to acknowledge the Prince his Son as their King, and to tender him that Allegiance due to a Monarch, which was the laſt Proof he would ever demand of their Obedience to him. The whole Aſſembly, on reading this Letter, ſeem'd touch'd with the moſt lively Sorrow; but judging it proper to fulfil the Commands contain'd in it, the Prince was immediately proclaim'd, and crown'd with the uſual Ceremonies.

Whilſt theſe things were doing in *Portugal*, and the ſorrowful King was proſecuting his Journey, *Lewis* the Eleventh, having received his Letter, ſent after him immediately, intreating him not ſo poorly to yield to the Dictates of his Deſpair, and commiſſioning thoſe he ſent, not to leave him till they ſaw him replaced in the Regal Dignity.

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The King of *Portugal* received this Teſtimony of the Eſteem of *Lewis* the Eleventh with trouble: He thought there would be infinitely more difficulty to reſume the Throne, than he had found in himſelf to quit it. He was not without Apprehenſions, that his Son might have taken the advantage of his Weakneſs with pleaſure; and that being made a King, he would endeavour to preſerve himſelf ſo, notwithſtanding the Laws of God and Nature. But how great was his Aſtoniſhment, when, on the repeated Inſtances of the King of *France*, he was prevail'd on, or rather conſtrain'd to return to *Portugal*, he met, on the Borders of it, the new King, who, attended by a great number of the chief of the Nobility, threw himſelf on his Knees, preſenting him with the Crown and Sceptre, intreating him to reſume them, and to permit him to return to that Title he more gloried in, the *Firſt* of his Subjects! It was but fifteen Days ſince this young Prince was proclaimed King, and he could not receive Intelligence from the Couriers whom he he had ſent after his Father, till he had the News of his return, which gave to this tender and reſpectful Son, a Pleaſure not to be conceiv'd. He flew to meet him with the Wings of a moſt ardent and ſincere Affection; and made no other uſe of his new Authority, than to command thoſe who had ſworn Allegiance to him, to return to that they more juſtly owed his Father.

As the Example of the Sovereign has always an Influence o'er the Actions of the Subjects, the Magnanimity of this great Prince, infus'd the moſt generous Inclinations in the Minds of the *Portugueſe*.——— All admir'd! all lov'd! all prais'd the Affection and Duty of the Son, and re-

return'd with joyful Obedience to the Government of their firſt Maſter. But it would be very difficult to ſet forth the pleas'd Emotions of *Don Antonio*'s Soul, to find a Diſpoſition ſo truly heroick in a Son whom he had always tenderly lov'd.——— To ſee a Prince form'd for Ambition, educated in all the Accompliſhments neceſſary for Power, and of an Age which generally inſpires Men with a Deſire of obtaining, relinquiſh all the Charms of Empire, lay down the Honours he had but juſt taſted, and become again a Subject, a Dependant, meerly through the Dictates of his Piety, and filial Affection; was ſuch a Tranſport, as nothing but a Parent can conceive. His alacrity to reſign Dominion, made him appear moſt worthy of it: and never was there ſo tender and ſo generous a Diſpute as that between theſe two Monarchs. The Singularity of it drew Tears from the whole Aſſembly. The Son conjur'd his Father in the moſt ardent Terms to remount the Throne; the Father, with the ſame Zeal, intreated him not to deſcend it. ——Each gave his Reaſons againſt reigning with ſo much Eloquence and Vivacity, that none who heard could believe them not ſincere; which ever got the better in the generous Conteſt, both the Vanquiſh'd and the Vanquiſher deſerv'd an equal Share of Glory; but which of them would firſt recede from his Argument, was for a long time in doubt. At laſt *Don Antonio* found himſelf obliged to yield to the Remonſtrances of his now more than ever beloved Son. He reſum'd the Sovereignty, and immediately purſued his way to *Lisbon*, accompanied by the Prince, who had that day gain'd greater Honour than a whole Life of Reigning could have yielded him.

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Behold! (*continued* Florinda) the Subject of my Attachment! I found ſomething in this little Hiſtory ſo touching, and ſo lively, that I could not put the Book out of my hand, till I had made myſelf miſtreſs of the Concluſion.——— I doubt not but you have read it; but theſe are things which will bear repetition.

The amiable *Florinda* is in the right, (*ſaid* Thelamont) and tho' I am perfectly acquainted with the Story ſhe has been reciting, I had not the leſs pleaſure in liſtening to her. It is difficult (*added* Urania) to entertain one's ſelf, or Company, always with Subjects that are new; and when one cannot, the moſt agreeable will doubtleſs be thoſe which are moſt worthy to be remembred, and afford the greateſt matter for Reflection. None can more juſtly take up the Mind (*ſaid* Orophanes) than ſuch an Inſtance as this of the Prince of *Portugal*, who was queſtionleſs one of the greateſt Heroes of his Time: I cannot, however, applaud the Behaviour of Don *Antonio*; for it does not appear to me, that a Monarch ought on any Terms to reſign the Sovereign Power. Kings are regarded as the Fathers of their People, and, in my Opinion, cannot abandon their Children without offending that Divinity whoſe Repreſentatives they are on Earth,

'Tis true, (*interrupted* Orſames) and theſe ſort of Abdicatiohs find but a ſmall number of Admirers. But *Corneille* ſays, If Princes forſake Empire on a juſt Motive, they are not to be condemned. Kings may deſire to taſte the Sweets of Retirement and Repoſe, as well as other Men: and if weary with the Toils of State, they reſign the Sceptre into hands worthy of it, I think the People ought not to complain.

A Monarch who leaves his Subjects in a profound Peace, his Exchequers well furniſh'd, and his Alliances confirmed, may certainly prevent the work of Fate, and yield his Power to another. *Charles* the Fifth attracted more Admiration in his Abdication, than in all his Exploits. I agree that he did ſo, (*reſumed* Orophanes) but yet it is ſuſpected that he repented it. One muſt not believe all ſorts of Evidences, (*ſaid* Thelamont.) The Queen of *Sweden* is an Example: If one ſhould judge of her, according to the report of *Morery*, how greatly muſt the Character of that Princeſs ſuffer? 'Tis certain, indeed, (*rejoin'd* Urania) that he has ſpoke diſadvantageouſly of that Chriſtian *Heroine*; and as I am charm'd with her Glory, would very fain have ſome Proofs which might contradict thoſe Aſperſions he has thrown on her.

I can, in ſome meaſure, ſatisfy you, (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) and it will be a ſenſible Pleaſure to me, to give you ſome light into the truth of her Hiſtory, if it will not be too tedious in the recital to the reſt of the Company.

I dare anſwer (*ſaid* Julia) for all here, that they will be able to find nothing which can ſo agreeably entertain them, as what they ſhall hear from *Thelamont*. This obliging Compliment was anſwer'd by him 'twas made to, only with a reſpectful Bow; and ſeeing a kind of an impatient Attention in the Faces of every one of this amiable Society, he began to perform the Promiſe he had made in theſe words.

It is ſurprizing (*ſaid he*) that *Morery* ſhould be ſo ill inform'd of the Character and Manners of this Queen, to ſpeak of her with ſo little Reſpect, and to draw a Picture of her ſo far different from the likeneſs. He muſt doubtleſs

have had no knowledge of the Regularity of that Life ſhe led at *Rome*, or had ſome ſecret Reaſons for blackening her againſt the Teſtimony of a thouſand Witneſſes, all Admirers of her exemplary Manner in practiſing that Religion to which ſhe was a Convert.—— If her departure from *Paris*, in a precipitate manner, gave ſome occaſion to condemn her Conduct, thoſe will find ſufficient Reaſons for her Juſtification, who conſider that ſhe went but to puniſh a Domeſtick who had thrown the moſt impudent Aſperſions on her Honour, and who ſhe made be put to death at *Fontainbleau*, without any Court of Judicature or Authority but her own to condemn him. If this Action, I ſay, had the appearance of blameable, the Motive will ſtill render it excuſable. The Actions of Princes are more expoſed to view than thoſe of common People; their Glory is infinitely more illuſtrious, or their Infamy more conſpicuous; and whoever attempts, without a Cauſe, to obſcure the Brightneſs of ſuch a Perſon's Character, is doubtleſs worthy of immediate Death, eſpecially when the Crime is found in a menial Servant, whoſe breach of Duty exaggerates the Crime.

It is certain, that ſome Perſons who went to *Rome*, and tarried there no longer than to enquire into the Intrigues and Cabals of that great City, which is full of People of different Nations and Opinions, have not ſcrupled to affirm, that they heard enough to countenance all that *Morery* had ſaid to the prejudice of this Queen.—— There were alſo ſeveral who made profeſſion of the *Proteſtant Religion*, who writ her Life, and ſet her Actions in a very different Light from that which they appear to me to merit.

But

But theſe Memoirs were afterwards refuted by ſome others of the ſame Religion, who tho' they blamed her for forſaking the Faith in which ſhe had been educated, ſpoke highly in commendation of her Virtue. But the chief Particulars of her Character and Behaviour were written by Father *Palavicini*, a Jeſuit, and now kept as a Treaſure in one of the beſt Libraries in *Italy*. It is in Manuſcript, and I am ſurprized, that for the honour of the Perſon who wrote it, as well as for that of this Queen, it has not been long ago made publick to the World. It is full of ſingular and ſurprizing Accidents relating to her Life, of which moſt People are ignorant, particularly the Motives of her Converſion to the *Roman Catholick* Religion, and voluntary Abdication of her Kingdom of *Swedeland*.

It was from this excellent Manuſcript that I have taken moſt of the things I am about to recite, as well as from a Secret Hiſtory written of her by a Man of an uncommon Share of Wit, and who declares himſelf a Lover of Truth.

No body, I preſume, is ignorant that the Princeſs *Chriſtina* was Daughter to the Great *Guſtavus*, and that after the deceaſe of that Hero, ſhe took the Reins of Government into her own hands; his Teſtament bequeathing the Crown between her and *Charles Guſtavus*, his Nephew, whom he commanded her immediately to marry on her acceſſion to the Throne.

But this Prince having always demonſtrated a greater Affection to the Dignity than Perſon of the Queen, who indeed, if we may credit thoſe Pictures which are pretended to be Originals, had a Form much leſs beautiful than her Mind, it is not to be thought ſtrange, that ſhe felt not for him thoſe Emotions which excite People to

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a deſire of Marriage. Inſtead of giving way to any amorous Inclinations, ſhe bent her whole ſtudy on Literature, gave the nobleſt encouragement to all Lovers of the Sciences, and was a conſiderable Proficient in them herſelf.

As ſhe was always incompaſs'd with a great number of Learned Men, who had particular Days for debating all ſorts of Matters, it was impoſſible but that Religion ſhould ſometimes have a place in their Diſcourſes. Among the many Men of Letters, there were ſeveral who made Profeſſion of the *Roman Catholick* Faith; having heard them ſometimes anſwer the Objections made by the oppoſite Party, the Queen began to entertain ſome Doubts which of the Two was Orthodox; but this was an Affair which ſhe judged not ſafe for her to ſpeak openly upon, and therefore contented herſelf with ſilently liſtening to the Controverſies between the Antagoniſts, without declaring any part of her own Sentiments to either, till in a little time an Accident happen'd which gave her full opportunity to do it with freedom.

An Ambaſſador arriving from the King of *Portugal*, who not underſtanding the *Latin* Tongue, was obliged always to make uſe of an Interpreter when he ſpoke to the Queen; his Secretary, who had been accuſtomed to ſerve for that purpoſe the Ambaſſador, had recourſe to his Confeſſor, who was a Jeſuit, but who following the Cuſtom of the *Proteſtant* Courts, had on the Habit of a Secular Prieſt, and appear'd only as a Gentleman of his Train.

The Queen, who was ſecretly inform'd of the Quality of this new Interpreter, laid hold on this occaſion to bring about what ſhe had ſo long deſir'd. One day, as he was entertaining her in

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the Name, and in the Preſence of the Ambaſſador, ſhe ſpoke to him in *Latin*, and in a Voice too low for any other Perſon to underſtand what 'twas ſhe ſaid, that ſhe wiſh'd to have the liberty of talking to ſome of his Profeſſion, believing it might be in their power to inform her of many things which ſhe could neither make herſelf miſtreſs of by Books, nor any other Converſation.

The Confeſſor, raviſh'd at this knowledge, feign'd that the Air of *Sweden* was of prejudice to his Health, and on that pretence deſir'd leave of the Ambaſſador to go back; but that Requeſt being refuſed, he made his eſcape privately, reſolving that the Queen ſhould not be long ungratified.

As ſoon as the Ambaſſador was inform'd of his flight, he came to the Queen, intreating her Permiſſion to ſend Couriers after him to arreſt and bring him back; but ſhe, who gueſs'd at the occaſion of his going, told the Ambaſſador, that ſhe could not conſent to force a Man, who had been guilty of no Crime, to ſtay in her Kingdom, when he found it for the advantage of his Health to retire.

The Confeſſor, by this means, having an opportunity to get to *Rome*, executed his Commiſſion; and the Preſident of the Order named Father *Lana* and another Jeſuit the Miſſionaries for this great Work: They were both very eloqueut and learned Men; and being equipp'd with Money, Paſſports, and every thing neceſſary for their purpoſe, they ſet out full of Zeal to make this Royal Convert.

They arriv'd at *Stockholm* in a ſhort time, and paſſed at Court for Gentlemen who had no other buſineſs there than to ſhow their Wit and Spirit; but

the great number of Perſons who were continually about the Queen, and the extreme State with which ſhe behaved herſelf to all whom ſhe did not intimately converſe with, made them for a good while at a ſtand by what means they ſhould diſcover themſelves to her, or the occaſion which had brought them thither.

In the Diſcourſes, however, which they had with her in publick, they diſcover'd a Knowledge ſo profound, and an Art of Reaſoning ſo peculiar to their Function, that ſhe was not without ſome Suſpicion of the Truth: but to be more convinced, ſhe every day ſtudied new Queſtions to put to them, and their Anſwers ſtrengthning her in the opinion that they were the Perſons ſhe wanted, one day, as ſhe was paſſing through a Gallery, from her Apartment, where, as was the Cuſtom, all the Court went out before her, ſhe ſaw theſe two Miſſionaries alone at the Door of a Paſſage which led to the Council-Chamber; and taking this occaſion to ask them, if it were not for her they waited, they reply'd without heſitation, that it was, and that they had long done ſo, for an opportunity of ſpeaking to her Majeſty in private. She took no farther notice at that time, but as ſoon as ſhe had diſpatch'd the Train of Grandees, ſhe gave them a private Audience, which was ſucceeded by many others, under the pretence of entertaining herſelf with them on the Affairs of *Italy*. And Father *Palavicini* aſſures us, that it was their Arguments which intirely determin'd her in favour of the *Roman Catholick* Perſuaſion.

But notwithſtanding that ſhe was perfectly changed as to her Religion, the Author of that Secret Hiſtory I before mention'd, who was perfectly vers'd in the Affairs of the Court at that time,

time, maintains, that ſhe had no thought of quitting the Throne, or becoming a Recluſe, till by a nearer and more diligent obſervation of the Humour and Diſpoſition of her intended Huſband, and many occaſions arriving, which teſtified the coldneſs and little regard he had for her, made her reſolve rather to be no more a Queen, than ſhare the Sovereignty with a Prince who ſeem'd above even the Pains of counterfeiting a Tenderneſs for her.

The Indifference with which ſhe found herſelf treated by him, made the thoughts of Marriage become inſupportable to her; which, together with her deſire of exerciſing the Religion ſhe had made choice of, with greater freedom than ſhe could ever hope to do in her preſent Circumſtances, fix'd her in the Reſolution of reſigning the Crown to him whom ſhe thought unworthy to partake it with her. She therefore called a grand Aſſembly of the States of her Kingdom, and appearing before them in the utmoſt Magnificence, with all the Regalia of her Dignity upon her, as at her Coronation, ſhe declared to them, *That, having no Inclination to Marriage, yet to fulfil, in ſome meaſure, the laſt Will of the King her Father, ſhe depoſited the whole Sovereign Authority in the hands of her Couſin* Charles Guſtavus. *That from this moment ſhe releas'd them from the Oath of Allegiance they had taken to her; and deſired they would transfer the Obedience ſhe had found in them, to the King ſhe gave them, who was a Prince wiſe and vertuous, and by no Action had degenerated from the noble Race from which he ſprung, and who, ſhe hoped, would make his Subjects happy under his Government.*

The States, who had believed the occaſion of their being called together, was to receive her

Propoſitions of Marriage with this Prince, were ſeized with an undeſcribable Surprize: A general Murmur, accompanied with Tears, ran thro' the whole Aſſembly, who, as ſoon as ſhe had done ſpeaking, fell all at once upon their knees, intreating her to recede from a Reſolution ſo cruel, and not abandon a People who ador'd her. But fruitleſs were their Implorations; ſhe remain'd firm in her Deſign, and deſcending from the Throne, placed the Prince in it, and put the Crown herſelf upon his head, quitting all Power and Dignity; and only accepting a ſufficient Penſion, which in this Convention was ſettled upon her, to maintain her according to the majeſty of her Birth. After ſhe had ſeen the new King eſtabliſh'd on his Throne, and that he had receiv'd the Oaths of Fidelity, ſhe left *Sweden*, taking her Journey to *France*; in her way ſhe ſtopp'd at *Bruſſels*, where ſhe ſtaid ſome time, and made publick Profeſſion of the *Roman Catholick* Religion.

She remain'd not long at *Paris*, but went from thence to *Rome*, where the Pope, *Alexander* the Seventh, receiv'd her with great Magnificence. He gave her the Sacrament of Confirmation, and with it the Name of *Alexandrina*, which ſhe ever after bore with that of *Chriſtina*. He aſſign'd her alſo a Penſion of twelve thouſand Crowns *Roman* Coin.

He could not, indeed, make better Uſe of the Revenues of the Holy See, than to apply part of it for the ſupport of a Queen, who had renounced Supreme Authority, to embrace the *Romiſh* Religion with more liberty. It was not that the Penſion allowed her at home, was not ſufficient to maintain her as a Princeſs, but the Pope was willing to give this Addition to it in caſe

caſe any default of Payment ſhould enſue, as well as to teſtify the Affection he had for her. And indeed ſhe ſoon found the Service it was to her; for her Succeſſor being involved in continual Wars, was ſometimes driven to ſuch Neceſſities, that ſhe found no ſmall trouble in receiving any Money from *Sweden*. Her Piety, however, ſeem'd no way interrupted by that, or any other Misfortune; but ſhe continued a bright and illuſtrious Example of Sanctity and Virtue to the End of her Life.

This (*continued* Thelamont) is an Abridgment of the principal Actions of this great Queen: 'Tis for you to judge if ſhe could be guilty of the Vices ſhe is accus'd of; or if one can find any thing in her capable of blaſting the Memory of her. No, certainly, (*ſaid* Urania) and I am perſuaded that one cannot, without a Crime, ſuſpect the Virtue of this Queen, and that one ought to take her part to the utmoſt of one's Capacity.

In effect, (*added* Orophanes) if ſome ſecret Motive, or hidden Paſſion, had given occaſion to this Princeſs to hate the Prince *Guſtavus*, there had been no need that ſhe ſhould have reſign'd her Crown to avoid marrying, ſeeing ſhe was enough beloved by her Subjects, to have had the liberty of her own Choice: there is, therefore, no room to doubt but that the viſible Indifference that Prince had for her, and the deſire ſhe had of profeſſing openly that Religion ſhe had ſecretly embraced, were the ſole Motives which induced her to the Reſolution which ſhe executed with ſo much Fortitude.

Her acting in that manner, (*ſaid* Felicia) is, in my opinion, an undoubted Proof of her Virtue; as ſhe had more Spirit and Greatneſs of Soul than almoſt any Woman in the World, ſhe

ſhe was alſo capable of Reflections more ſolid; and as ſhe could not conſent to ſhare her Bed and Throne with a Prince who lov'd her not, ſhe would not be guilty of Injuſtice in depriving him of his Part in Empire, but choſe rather to reſign the Whole; and I think ſhe choſe the beſt Method ſhe could do in this, which gratified at once both her Duty and her Inclination. I am of the ſame mind (*ſaid* Julia) but we muſt alſo agree that her Religion was no inconſiderable Motive to influence her to this Abdication; and perhaps, without it, ſhe would not have ſo nearly obſerv'd the Coldneſs of the Prince. There are Charms in Power and Dignity, too great to ſuffer the Perſon poſſeſs'd of them, to deſpiſe and throw away on a trivial Cauſe.

Your way of reaſoning (*added* Florinda) is extremely juſt; and I am convinced, that had it not been for the ſake of her Religion, ſhe would have conſerved her Dignity, and perhaps have married the Prince with all his Indifference. 'Tis more than probable, indeed, (*interrupted* Camilla) neither is it unlikely that the deſire of retrieving her Glory, blaſted by the means *Thelamont* has been relating, might alſo claim ſome ſhare in the animating her to this great Action.

Yes, (*ſaid* Orſames) and the Choice ſhe made of *Rome* for her Reſidence, ſeems to favour that opinion; the Behaviour of any Perſon of diſtinction there, being obvious to the whole World: and had ſhe retir'd to a more remote, and leſs famous Place, there would doubtleſs have been ſome who would not have ſcrupled to have blacken'd her Fame, in a manner which they durſt not do while ſhe continued in a City, where there were ſo many to have proved the falſity of their Reports.

Since

Since we are inſenſibly fallen on their way of Life at *Rome* (*added* Orophanes) I muſt divert the Company with the recital of an Affair which pleas'd me infinitely. The Family of the *Altieri* is one of the moſt ancient among the *Romans*: *Clement* the Tenth, who was the laſt of them, was deſirous of reviving it in the Perſon of *Don Gaſpero Paluzzi*; and after he had eſpouſed his Niece, declared him Nephew and Prince in conjunction with his Father *Don Angelo Paluzzi*, on condition that he ſhould henceforward take the Name of *Altieri*.

Giving the management of his Affairs into the hands of *Don Angelo*, whom he made a Cardinal, under the ſame Name of *Altieri*, he reap'd ſo great an advantage by that Poſt, that he got an annual Revenue of 50,000 Crowns, which the young Prince *Gaſpero* knew perfectly well how to make uſe of, being a Man extremely devoted to his Pleaſures, and thoſe eſpecially which were moſt expenſive, and made the greateſt noiſe in the World. But when the Cardinal was inform'd of theſe Diverſions, and the Sums of Money he expended in them, he very ſeverely reprimanded him, putting him in mind of the Diſcontent he muſt cauſe in the Princeſs his Wife, to whom they owed the elevation of their Houſe; and how highly the Pope would reſent it, ſhould ſhe make any Complaints to him. But the Prince, eternally gay and gallant, took but little notice of theſe Remonſtrances, contenting himſelf with appeaſing the Princeſs, by telling her that he would for the future lead a Life more regular. And as nothing could be more ſweetly obliging than the Diſpoſition of this Lady, that, and the intire Affection ſhe had for him, eaſily induced her to pardon all thoſe little Tranſgreſſions, which in reality

reality were not occaſioned by a want of Tenderneſs or Regard for her, but only by the too great vivacity and love of gaiety in his Humour.

The Cardinal, however, ſtill continuing to write to him on the ſame Subject, and inforcing his Arguments, with reciting the Examples of ſeveral Princes of the ſame Rank, who liv'd in a manner directy oppoſite to that which he did, excited a Curioſity in this young Prince to know the truth; not being able to imagine that thoſe who had it in their power to indulge their Inclinations, would put a conſtraint upon them, merely becauſe they liv'd at *Rome*.

It is a Cuſtom with them there, during the time of the *Carnival*, to make Balls and Maſquerades, to which all Perſons have the liberty of acceſs, and to enjoy themſelves without any diſcovery who, or of what condition they are. *Don Gaſpero* took this opportunity for the execution of a Project he had form'd, and in which he promiſed himſelf a good deal of Diverſion. He gave the word for a Ball, but order'd that all who came to it ſhould be maſqued, and that every Man ſhould bring a Partner with him of the other Sex, diſguiſed in the ſame manner.

The News of this was immediately ſpread through the City, and every one knowing the Diſpoſition of that Prince, doubted not but the Entertainment would be very magnificent, and proportion'd to the Quality and Liberality of him who gave it; and there being ſo great a Number of People in *Rome*, whoſe Affairs or Profeſſions render'd it improper for them to be ſeen at any publick Diverſion, made this opportunity extremely pleaſing to them: The Conditions of their admittance to the Ball were new, and afforded a vaſt deal of Satisfaction to thoſe Gen-

Gentlemen who desired to be happy with their Mistresses *incognito.*

The wish'd-for Evening being arrived, great Numbers repaired in Couples to this Scene of Pleasure: They danc'd, they talked, they entertain'd each other with all imaginable freedom, and made the most of this happy Hour of liberty, the like of which, perhaps, they might not re-enjoy of a long time.

But *Don Gaspero*, who had not made this Entertainment merely for the Diversion of the Persons who came to partake of it, thought it was now high time to claim his own Share, and resolved to push it to the utmost. Seeing therefore the whole Assembly full of Pleasure, and indulging each one his several Inclinations in a full security, on a sudden order'd the Musick to give over, and the Dance to cease; then stepping into the middle of the Hall with an Air of Gallantry, *As I proposed* (said he) *an entire Freedom, I would have no body surprized, or uneasy at the Demand I am about to make, which is to follow my Example, and immediately be all unmask'd.*——— 'Tis impossible to express the Confusion which this so lately happy Company were involv'd in, at this behaviour of the Prince: Glad would the greatest part of them have been to have hazarded an Arm or a Leg in an endeavour to get out, but there was no possibility, the Doors were all fast, and the Prince's Guards defended the Windows, and prevented all opportunities of escaping. *Don Gaspero*, who had a watchful Eye on all their Motions, easily perceiv'd the condition they were in, and that he had not been deceived in his conjectures, when he believ'd that the gravest Dons of *Rome* were no greater Foes to Pleasure than himself, provided they could enjoy it with-

without being remark'd. —— Some few there were which made no ſcruple of plucking off their Vizors on the firſt demand; but the others crowded in heaps together, as uncertain what to do: when the Prince pitying their Diſorder, but extremely ſatisfied at the ſucceſs of this little Stratagem, aſſured them with repeated Proteſtations, *That of whatever Characters or Profeſſions ſoever they were, that had favour'd his Entertainment with their Preſence, the Secret ſhould be ſafe; and that he would take it as an Affront to his own Perſon, if any of the leſs cautious among them ſhould throw an Aſperſion on the others.*—— In ſpeaking theſe words, he went round the room, and himſelf took from them their Masks, which none now any longer refuſed.

The Diſcoveries he made by this means, gave him an infinite delight; and nothing could be more pleaſant, than to ſee ſome of thoſe who had, with the greateſt vigour imaginable, declaim'd againſt thoſe kind of Entertainments, detected in the higheſt enjoyment of them: They look'd on one another with a kind of Amazement and Confuſion, to be found in a Place, where each wonder'd to ſee his Companion.—— The Prince indulg'd for ſome moments the Satisfaction of beholding the Diſorder this innocent Frolick had occaſion'd, then renewed his Promiſes, that all ſhould be kept with an inviolable Secrecy, and they growing by degrees more aſſured, he led them to a magnificent Collation; after which, the Dancing was renew'd, and the Ball broke up with as much Satisfaction as it had begun; every one praiſing and admiring the Generoſity and Good Humour of the Prince; and he highly contented in the certainty that all Men of Taſte and Gallantry had the ſame Notions of Pleaſure as himſelf. The

The Adventure is vaſtly entertaining, (*ſaid* Thelamont) but I cannot ſee of what advantage it was to *Don Gaſpero*, having bound himſelf by promiſe not to reveal any part of it; he therefore could not, by urging the Examples of the graver ſort, excuſe himſelf to the *Cardinal* when next he took upon him to correct the freedom of his Behaviour.

But yet (*replied* Urania) there is a ſecret Satisfaction in the being able to anſwer to one's ſelf the Actions of one's Life. And if the love which that Prince had to Diverſions, carried him no farther than the innocent enjoyment of them, it muſt certainly highly delight him to know that he was guilty of no Faults but what thoſe who reprimanded him were glad to partake.——— But (*continued ſhe, riſing from her Seat*) our Converſation makes us forget that there are other Pleaſures beſides this Cloſet, which calls for our enjoyment, and that this fine Day invites us to change both our Place, and the Subject of Entertainment.

None of this agreeable Society offering any thing in oppoſition to the Deſires of *Urania*, ſhe conducted them to the Terraſs which overlook'd the River; where the Converſation renewing with the uſual vivacity, It muſt be confeſs'd (*ſaid* Florinda, *looking attentively on the Water*) that this Element is one of the moſt agreeable things in Nature, when contain'd within the Bounds preſcribed.——— 'Tis true, (*anſwer'd* Julia) but while I love, I alſo fear it: I am charm'd to behold it at a diſtance, and I acknowledge with ſhame my timidity in venturing myſelf upon it. —— I am not able to comprehend, that the deſire of Gain, and the hopes of making a great Fortune, ſhould have the power to encourage ſo

many

many People to traverſe the Seas, and every day encounter Dangers which I tremble but to hear related.——— 'Tis a Boldneſs, however, which you ought not to diſapprove, (*ſaid* Camilla, *laughing*) for without it the charming *Julia* muſt have run the riſque never to have ſeen *Orſames*.

As for me, (*anſwer'd he*) if the *Idea* of the adorable *Julia* had found me at *Mexico*, there is no Danger ſo great that I would not willingly have encounter'd, to behold the dear Original. —— It is not ſtrange, (*interrupted* Julia, *bluſhing*) that while I knew you not, the Weakneſs of my Sex, and Terror of the Sea, might have overcome all the Deſire I could have had to ſee you, even tho' I ſhould have heard of you with the greateſt advantage: But I now proteſt to you, that in ſpite of all the dictates of my Fear, there are no Dangers either by Land or Sea, that I could not be capable of daring, to follow or accompany you.

The affection which *Orſames* had for *Julia*, was too tender and ſincere, not to be extremely ſenſible of an Aſſurance ſo obliging; and as he knew they were in company with thoſe whom *Hymen* had rather inſpir'd with a greater Paſſion than any way diminiſh'd, he made no ſcruple of following thoſe Emotions which her words had raiſed in him. He took her Hand, and preſſing it ardently, to his Boſom; *And for me*, (ſaid he) *my dear* Julia, *I ſwear to you, by the exceſs of Joy your Love affords, that I will never put your Attachment for me to any Proofs which ſhall in the leaſt contradict your own Deſires.*

In truth, (*ſaid* Orophanes) the ſight of theſe tender Unions may well add to the Thoughtfulneſs of *Camilla*, if the occaſion of her being ſo, is as I ſuſpect.——— You always attack me,

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(*reply'd that amiable Lady*) and if I did not know the merit of *Felicia*, and how precious you eſteem her Chains, I ſhould believe you envied me the Liberty I enjoy.——— You give no great Proofs of that Liberty, (*interrupted* Felicia, *laughing*) your unaccuſtom'd Reſerve, and the Diſcourſe we heard from *Florinda*, give us juſt reaſon to believe you are not very far from feeling thoſe tender Sentiments which we profeſs.———

Indeed, (*ſaid* Camilla) I have good cauſe to be better pleas'd with the Cabinet of Sciences, than this Terraſs; the fine things there which inſpire you, hinder you from thinking on me; but, it ſeems, the Singing of the Birds, and the Beauty of this Proſpect, ſets Bounds to your Converſation, and turns it all on me.——— But once more I entreat a ceſſation of this Railery with which I have enough been perſecuted this day; and in ſpite of the Averſion *Julia* expreſſes for the Sea, let us return to it, examine that Element, and of what uſefulneſs it is.——— 'Tis a Subject, methinks, worthy of our enquiry, and infinitely leſs barren than my Gravity, the cauſe of which my Friendſhip for you will not ſuffer me long to conceal.———

On that Promiſe, (*replied* Urania, *embracing her*) we will ſay no more of it; but, my dear *Camilla*, do us the juſtice to believe our Curioſity has no other motive than the Intereſt we take in every thing that concerns you.———

Since *Camilla* will have us return to the Waves, (*ſaid* Thelamont) without ingaging in a long Diſſertation which ſhe ſeems to preſcribe, I will give you the Account of an Adventure, than which one ſhall ſcarce find any thing more ſurprizing. I read it in a Journal of a Ship belonging to the *Dutch Eaſt-India* Company, certified by the

whole Ship's Crew before the Judges of the Admiralty at *Amſterdam*. This Ship having caſt Anchor in the River *Ganges*, ſent out a Boat with eight Mariners to catch Fiſh; as they were caſting their Nets, one of the Men got out of the Boat, and climb'd up the Bank, either led by a deſire to view the Country, or ſome other deſign; but he had not gone on it above twenty Paces, when he perceived a *Crocodile* very near him; terrified at this bitter Enemy of Mankind, who he ſaw getting up the Bank towards him, he thought to ſave himſelf by getting down on the other ſide; but at that very Inſtant he ſaw a *Tyger* ruſh out of an adjacent Foreſt, and run with his utmoſt ſwiftneſs toward him. Either his Fear, or his Prudence, put it into his head to throw himſelf flat on the Ground, and the *Tyger* having taken his Race with too precipitate a force, flew directly over him, and fell into the River, where the *Crocodile* flying on this new Adverſary, dragg'd him with him into the middle of the Stream. The Mariner, deliver'd by ſo ſtrange a Chance, rejoin'd his Comrades, who with fear and wonder had beheld all that had paſs'd.

Theſe are Chances (*ſaid* Urania) which one may indeed call ſingular, but one may learn from them never to loſe what we call Preſence of Mind in the greateſt Dangers; and that Deſpair ſhould in every affair of Life give way to Hope; the hand of Providence being always nareſt to aſſiſt us when Perils are moſt evident. —— The Moral is excellent (*replied* Florinda) but I know not if, on ſome occaſions, one is capable of making theſe wiſe Reflections: the preſent Danger overſways our Reaſon, and the deſire of ſaving oft-times haſtens our deſtruction.

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Perhaps a Man of Wit and Spirit might have periſh'd in ſuch an Accident, when a ſimple Mariner avoided it by means, of which the other would not have thought.

There is no room to doubt it, (*rejoin'd* Orophanes) the moſt powerful Arms are, in ſome occaſions, leaſt uſeful: Beauty itſelf, which I look on as the ſtrongeſt, would here have been of no effect; and the lovely *Julia*, ſhould ſuch an Accident arrive, with all her ſtock of Charms, would certainly become a Prey either to the *Crocodile* or *Tyger*; for I ſee ſhe would have none of that Preſence of Mind, which preſerved the Mariner. The very relation of the danger he was in, has made her turn pale two or three times.

While *Orophanes* was ſpeaking, they heard a Coach come into the Court: *Thelamont* roſe haſtily from the green Bank on which they all were ſitting, and went to ſee what new Gueſts were arrived; but had not left them three Moments before the Company ſaw him return, with a *Chevalier* whoſe Air and Mien created an Eſteem and Curioſity in the Minds of every one of this agreeable Society. Behold, my dear *Urania*, (*ſaid* Thelamont, *in preſenting the Stranger*) the Son of the wiſe *Agenor*. You know the perfect Amity in which we are united; and I am perſuaded, that you will join with me in giving all poſſible Tokens of your Eſteem for the valiant *Cleodon*. — Whoever is beloved by you, (*anſwered ſhe*) cannot but be acceptable to me; and were I ignorant of the Eſteem you have for *Agenor*, it is ſufficient you name *Cleodon* to render him extremely valuable. With theſe words ſhe advanced to meet the Stranger, and after having ſaluted him, preſented him to the Company.——

I know not, Madam, (*ſaid* Cleodon) if I ought to open my mouth after what *Thelamont* has ſaid of *Agenor*; the Son of a Man ſo eminent for his Knowledge, ought to inherit ſome part of his Eloquence: But I doubt not but you will in ſome meaſure excuſe it, when the recital of my Adventures ſhall inform you, that I have been for fifteen Years in Climates different from that in which he liv'd, and have run through Dangers which afforded me but little time to ſtudy the Purity of Language, or the Beauty of Expreſſion.

You ſpeak in a faſhion (*replied* Felicia, *with an obliging Smile*) which does not in the leaſt give the lye to what *Thelamont* has ſaid; and if they talk in this manner in the Climates from whence you came, we are in great danger of loſing all the Vanity we had of ours.

However it be, (*interrupted* Orophanes) you inſpire us with a ſtrong Impatience to be told what Countries or Attachments have deprived us of you ſo long; and as there is no better Proof of Friendſhip than Confidence, permit me to demand, in the name of the Company, the recital of a Life in which I perceive there are many here already intereſted.

Thelamont joining with *Orophanes* in this requeſt, he conſented with pleaſure, and *Urania* immediately led him into her agreeable Study, where all the Company following, ſeated themſelves, to liſten to the Hiſtory he was preparing to give them; each in ſecret greatly admiring him: and indeed, it was ſcarce poſſible to forbear it, there was ſomething in his Perſon which commanded Eſteem, and at firſt ſight prepoſſeſs'd the Heart in his favour; and for his Wit and Spirit, the manner in which he recounted his

his Adventures, teſtified that none had greater Advantages that way. As ſoon as he ſaw that every body was prepar'd to hear, he accompliſh'd his Promiſe in theſe terms, addreſſing himſelf to *Urania*.

The Hiſtory of CLEODON.

IT is neceſſary, Madam! (*ſaid he*) for your underſtanding what I have to deliver, that I ſhould ſpeak ſomething of my Family: though *Thelamont* is perfectly acquainted with it, you may probably be ignorant; the Accidents of my Life having thrown me into an obſcurity which would elſe fatigue your Attention.

I was born of Parents rich and noble; my Grandfather left two Sons his Heirs, *Agenor* and *Timante*: Brothers more firmly allied by the bands of Friendſhip, than the nearneſs of their Blood; the conformity of their Notions, and the parity of their Humours, fix'd them in a reſolution not to part Houſes, and as they thought their Fortunes ſufficient to maintain them plentifully, they entertain'd no thoughts of entring into Affairs which might increaſe their Subſtance. Both of them were extremely fond of Pleaſures and Expence; and becauſe *Agenor* had a great diſpoſition to the ſtudy of Curioſities, that, and his Complaiſance for *Timante*, who was that way addicted, put him on many Philoſophical Experiments, which inſenſibly decay'd his Fortune.

Regardleſs, however, of approaching Misfortunes, they continued dividing their whole Time between Diverſions, and the ſearch of that which is not in Nature to be found. Their Lands were every day made ſale of, their Income diminiſh'd apace; and *Agenor*, who had married merely through Inclination, found himſelf, in five or ſix Years, the Father of a large Family, and but little to provide for them. ——— His love of the Sciences, and his deſires after Pleaſure, now vaniſh'd; Philoſophy could give his troubled Thoughts but little eaſe, and he abandon'd himſelf wholly to Melancholy. Juſt at that time was I born, and in ſpite of his Misfortunes, having before had only Daughters, he rejoiced to ſee a Son who might ſupport his Name.

Their change of State, however, diminiſh'd nothing of the Tenderneſs between theſe two Brothers. Never did they reproach, never did they impute to each other the Cauſe of their common Misfortune: but *Timante*, who was without any Engagement beſide the love he had to my Father, took a reſolution for the ſake of both, either to die in a foreign Climate, or retrieve that Fortune which their exceſſive Expences had deprived them of. ——— One day, when *Agenor* was in his Cloſet, ſeeking in Solitude and Contemplation that Conſolation which no Company could now afford him, *Timante* came to ſeek him: As the deſign he had form'd had made ſome alteration in his Countenance, the other ſoon perceiv'd it, and doubted not but that the tidings of ſome new Misfortune had arrived. *Timante*, who gueſs'd at his thoughts,—— *There is nothing* (ſaid he, tenderly embracing him) *my dear* Agenor! *for you to apprehend.* ——— *Would to God I could not ſay that our ill Fortune is at the higheſt point, and*

and there is nothing more to fear.——*But, my dear Brother,* (continued he) *it is now time to endeavour, at leaſt, to put an End to the Calamities we both labour under: The Friendſhip you have had for me, has helped to ruin you; it is but juſt I ſhould attempt ſomething in return.* —— *You have married a Wife, whoſe Piety and Virtue ſhines in Adverſity; watchful only to give you Pleaſure, ſhe ſcarce allows time to lament the Misfortunes of thoſe Children who are dear to her, more becauſe you are their Father, than that they are her own. She loves you to that degree, that in ſpite of all ſhe ſuffers, ſhe thinks nothing a Misfortune but when you complain.*—— *Inconſiderate and blinded as ſhe is, with her exceſſive Paſſion for you, ſhe is dear, and ought, even for that very Blindneſs, to be ſo.* —— *I have obſerved her marks of Friendſhip and Tenderneſs to me, becauſe you loved me; concealing from me, as much as poſſible, the Neceſſities which preſs'd her, leſt they ſhould give me an addition of Diſquiet.*—— *Thoſe tender Pledges alſo of your mutual Loves, give me, as often as I look on them, the moſt poinant Sorrow.* —— *The thoughts of their approaching Miſery is more than I can bear.* —— *I am no Father, but I have all the Care, the Grief, the Tenderneſs of him that is ſo.*—— *The Birth of* Cleodon, *which if we had preſerv'd our Patrimony, had given me the utmoſt Pleaſure, I now reflect on with an adequate Concern.* —— *Heir of our Name alone, what ſhall maintain the Dignity which ſhould accompany it?* —— *More wretched in the knowledge that he was born to Happineſs, yet doom'd to Wretchedneſs and ſlaviſh Want!* —— *I muſt leave you, therefore, my deareſt Brother! I can no longer be a paſſive, tame Beholder of the Misfortunes I have contributed to bring on you and yours; I muſt go ſeek in ſome other Climate to repair that Fortune which my Imprudence has deſtroy'd.*—— *That ſmall proportion of Land which is*

remaining, I ſhall convert into Money, one Half of which ſhall ſupply me with Merchandizes proper for the Place where I deſign; the other I ſhall leave with you to be ſome ſmall Support to your unhappy Family, till you ſee me again, or hear that I am no more.

Agenor could not hear this diſcourſe of *Timante*, without being touch'd with the moſt lively Sorrow. He made uſe of his utmoſt Efforts to diſſuade him from this Deſign; and when he found that all he could ſay was ineffectual, intreated that he would permit him to ſhare the Dangers he was going to encounter: But for many Reaſons *Timante* would never be brought to conſent; and his meaſures being taken accordingly, and every thing provided for his Voyage, he bid adieu to my Father, and went to take leave of my Mother.

The Motive of his departure had ſomething in it ſo generous and affectionate, that it was a thouſand times more cruel to *Agenor* and his Spouſe, than if he had been taken from them by the hand of Death: Nothing certainly was ever ſo tender and ſo moving as this Separation. He was accompanied by the whole Family to *Port-Lewis*, where he embark'd in a Ship bound for the *Indies*; and after the ſpreading Sails depriv'd this afflicted Brother of all ſight of him, he appear'd in a condition too diſconſolate to admit relief. Nothing of his large Poſſeſſions being now remaining, but a Country-Houſe, he retir'd thither, indulging his Diſcontent, and refuſed to hear the Voice of Comfort.

But not all the Diſtractions of his Mind had the power of preventing him from taking all neceſſary care of my Education. He inſtructed me in the uſeful Part of Philoſophy, that which teaches us to bear Afflictions with Patience and

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Reſignation; and I have often with pleaſure heard him ſay, That the advantage I made of his Inſtructions diſſipated great part of his Chagrin.

Fifteen Years in this manner were elapſed, without any news of *Timante*, in all which time *Agenor* was continually entertaining me with the Generoſity of that noble Brother, and the Obligations which I in particular had to him, who forſook his native Country, his Relations, his Friends, all that was dear to him, to ſearch in foreign Climes, and midſt ten thouſand Dangers, wherewith to make me happy.

He omitted nothing which he thought might inſpire me with a Tenderneſs for him. *Timante (ſaid he)* might have liv'd at home in Tranquillity and Safety; he had yet remaining ſufficient to have ſupported him with decency, tho' not grandeur. He was not married, had no Family, and had embezel'd rather leſs of his Eſtate than I have done, who have ſo numerous a one: But notwithſtanding, the love he had to my Children has made him forget all theſe Conſiderations, and venture every thing to preſerve them from Want, and the moſt dreadful Evil of it, Contempt.

Theſe ſort of Converſations gave me at length the moſt vehement Impatience to behold an Uncle to whom I owed ſo much, and who before he knew whether I ſhould be of a Diſpoſition grateful enough to acknowledge his Favours, had heap'd on me ſo many. I communicated my deſires of going in ſearch of him to my Father, who, tho' he applauded an Inclination ſo agreeable to his own, yet the fulfilling it was abſolutely impoſſible to be granted; not only becauſe I was then in the ſtudy of all thoſe Accompliſhments befitting a Youth of my Age and Condition,

tion, from which it had been pity to have taken me, but alſo, that by no enquiry we could yet be inform'd what Part of the *Indies* it was that *Timante* had choſen for his Reſidence, or if he were yet living.

I had juſt touch'd on my ſixteenth Year, fifteen of which *Timante* had been abſent, when *Agenor* received news of a Veſſel arrived from *India*, and now riding in *Port-Lewis*. The hope of hearing ſomething of that worthy Brother, made him take Poſt immediately, and go to the Port, where he found his Expectations anſwer'd: The Captain of the Ship was a Friend of *Timante's*, who was commiſſion'd to bring Letters from him to my Father, and alſo very conſiderable Effects.

Judge the various Tranſports of *Agenor*, when he knew that the Man he ſo tenderly eſteem'd, and had ſo much reaſon for doing it, was ſettled on the Coaſt of *Coromandel*; that he was in perfect health, and in a Year after his arrival, had married an *Engliſh* Lady, of extraordinary Beauty and Accompliſhments; and having amaſs'd vaſt Sums of Treaſure, had form'd a deſign of returning with his Family and Effects to *France*, but that the lovely Partner of his Bed being big with child, he was deſirous ſhe ſhould be deliver'd of it at the Houſe of *Agenor*; and not being able to ſettle his Affairs in ſuch a manner as to render it convenient to leave *Coromandel* ſo ſoon, he had put her about twelve Years ſince, with the greateſt part of his Effects, on board a Veſſel bound for *France*, when that a ſudden Storm ariſing, before they could make to any Port, the Ship was loſt, and none eſcaped the fury of the Waves but one Mariner, who on ſome Planks of the Wreck had preſerv'd himſelf to bring the fatal Tidings.

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It would be but vain for me to endeavour a Repreſentation of that Sorrow with which we all were overwhelm'd at an account ſo dreadful, ſo alarming! *Agenor*, who was ſenſible of the tender Emotions of a Husband and a Father, felt all the Woe he knew *Timante*'s Soul muſt endure, when this diſcovery ſhould reach his ears. My Mother wept inceſſantly: and the ſight of their Affliction added to that which I could not avoid being ſeiz'd with at the recital of this ſad Adventure, I appear'd touch'd with it in ſo lively a manner, that *Agenor* took a reſolution to deny no longer the repeated Entreaties I had made for his permiſſion to go in ſearch of *Timante*.

It is now, my Son, *(ſaid he)* a fit Time for you to viſit this dear Uncle; your Preſence may diſſipate ſome part of the Grief ſo terrible a Misfortune muſt draw on him. It is for my ſake he has hazarded all that was valuable to him, and I no longer will refuſe to hazard for his what is moſt precious to me.——— Prepare with all poſſible expedition for your departure to *Coromandel*, the Veſſel which brought the Letters and Preſents from thence, has not yet left the Port: You ſhall embark in it; and as 'tis probable you will be the firſt who brings him the news of his Misfortune, bring alſo what Relief is in your power.——— Repair in ſome part, the Loſs he has ſuſtain'd.——— Do by him all the tender offices of a Son; love and revere him as a Father; comfort him as a Friend, and ſupply the place of *Agenor*.——— I hope the Heavens will be favourable to my juſt Intentions, and you will ſafely arrive, and alſo in ſuch a manner with him, that he may think he has not erred in that early Affection he entertain'd for you.

I proteſt to you, Madam, that my Gratitude for the Obligations I had to *Timante*, the Pity I had for his Sufferings, and the Curioſity of ſeeing a Man ſo deſerving the Eſteem of all the World, made me look on my ſeparation from the beſt of Parents as a trifling Misfortune. —— I fell at the feet of *Agenor*, and embraced his knees with an Ardency which teſtified how ſincerely I was ſatisfied with this Commiſſion.

I will not ſpin out my Narration to a length beyond what I can avoid, nor detain your Attention with the tender Griefs it gave my Mother, to think of parting with me; it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that being wholly obedient to the Will of her Husband, ſhe offer'd not to oppoſe my going; and my Father having commenced the ſtricteſt Amity with the Captain of the Ship, he recommended me to his care; and the Winds being propitious, in a very few days after this reſolution was taken, we ſet ſail for *Coromandel*.

Nothing happening in this long Voyage worthy your attention, I ſhall let ſlip the Particulars of it, and only ſay, that during the time of it, I had made it my buſineſs to improve myſelf as much as poſſible in thoſe Sciences I had began to comprehend. At our arrival we found *Timante* had, by ſome other means, learned the news of his Misfortune; but his Piety enabling him to reſign every thing to the Divine Decree, he had enough overcome the Affliction, as to receive me with all the Demonſtrations of Joy I could expect from a Man of his Character.—— What, (*cry'd he, taking me in his Arms*) is it *Cleodon* that I am permitted to embrace? —— Is it the Son of my dear *Agenor*? —— I will no more complain of the Severity of my Fate.—— I now have ample reparation for all that the cruelty of

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the Seas have robb'd me of. Theſe Words were accompanied with Tears of mingled Grief and Joy, for the remembrance of the Loſs he had ſuſtain'd, and the pleaſure of holding to his Breaſt the Son of a Brother he ſo tenderly lov'd. For me, I felt a Satisfaction which no words can repreſent, in finding myſelf in the Arms of an Uncle, whoſe Character had inſpir'd me with ſo much Admiration. ——— I return'd his Tranſports with all the demonſtrations I could give of that Love and Duty which I had been enjoin'd by *Agenor* to transfer to him. ——— The firſt Emotions of our mutual Joy being over, he began to examine me with the utmoſt attention; and my good Fortune ordain'd it ſo, that he found ſomething in me which intereſted him as much in my favour as before the being the Son of *Agenor* had ingag'd him to do: He conceiv'd for me, as to my own part, a Tenderneſs which nothing has been able to eraſe, and which makes this day the Happineſs of my Life.

There was nothing he did not do to convince me that he indeed lov'd me as a Son, and eſteem'd me as a Friend. He made me the abſolute maſter of all the Effects he had remaining from the fury of the Seas, reſerving to himſelf only ſo much as would carry on his Commerce; and fearful that I ſhould loſe the Fruits of my Education, he found among the *French* who were ſettled at *Coromandel*, ſome Perſons capable of putting the finiſhing ſtroke to that which I was before acquainted with.

As the loſs of the greateſt part of his Treaſure had made him continue ſome time longer in that Country than he deſign'd, in hope to repair by Trade his Loſſes, my preſence detain'd him there much longer.——— He was fired with the ambi-

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tion of making a great Fortune for me, and alſo of adding to that he had already ſent to *Agenor*; but having at the end of three Years his Expectations anſwer'd in as full a manner as he could wiſh, he began to renew his Inclinations of returning, which 'tis eaſy to believe was not a little pleaſing to me to obſerve.—I exhorted him to it by all the Adjurations I was capable of making, and he at laſt conſented.—— Every thing being got ready for our Voyage, he agreed with two Ships, the one to convey his Effects, and the other for our Paſſage, ſaying, He would not hazard our Riches and our Lives in one Bottom.—— If the Treaſure ſhould be loſt, *(cryed he)* our Preſence will be a ſufficient Conſolation to *Agenor*; and if we periſh, the ſafe arrival of that, will put him in a condition to endure the other Misfortune with more moderation.

This Reſolution being put in practice, we embark'd, and for the firſt two Months of our Voyage, had Weather ſo very favourable, that we did not doubt arriving ſafely at our deſired Port; but all on a ſudden we beheld a dreadful alteration, the Winds became contrary and high; the Mariners had never ſeen ſo furious a Tempeſt; the Heavens and Seas ſeemed united for our deſtruction; and all the Pilot's Art was render'd vain.—— No Sails could be made uſe of, no Compaſs taken.—— For three Days, and the ſame number of Nights, were we toſs'd up and down at pleaſure of the Waves; and on the Morning of the enſuing fourth, our Veſſel broke, and ſplitting in a thouſand pieces, depoſited in the Ocean all that it contain'd.——— It is impoſſible to make you ſenſible what, in this dreadful moment, were the Apprehenſions which *Timante* had for me, and I for him; each forgot

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all thoughts of his own Danger, and trembled for the other.—— I believe that Friendſhip was never carry'd to a greater height than in this exigence; having in the burſting of the Ship both leap'd from off the rending Deck, and committed ourſelves to the mercy of the Sea, both ſent our eyes in ſearch of ſomething which might preſerve what was moſt dear; and my hands having in the Waves catch'd hold of a piece of the broken Veſſel, I puſh'd it with my utmoſt force to *Timante*, who at that inſtant was approaching me, driving a Plank before him with the ſame deſign. This was a Proof of mutual Tenderneſs which cannot be deſcribed by words, nor can I ſince be ſenſible even of what I thought on this occaſion; ſatisfied, however, to ſhare the fate ordain'd for us together, we ſwam ſide by ſide on our little Supporters, and at length, with unſpeakable fatigue and pain, gain'd the foot of a Rock which lay high above the Sea, and form'd a kind of Couch for us to reſt on, more happily than we had dared to hope: We had no ſooner climb'd it, than we embraced, contented with our ill Fate, ſince not divided in it.

Our ſhipwreck ſeem'd to have appeas'd the Sea; the Winds grew calm, the Skies reſumed their azure Beauties; the Sun, long obſcur'd, broke out more bright than ever; and the Waves ſinking by degrees, I perceiv'd that the Rock we were upon, was of a vaſt extent as well as height, and ſeem'd to me to run to the main Land. As ſoon as my returning Strength would give me leave, I went about examining it, and found a Hollow, which having certain Spaces, form'd a kind of Ladder, by which I propos'd to *Timante* to get up to the top of this Precipice, in order to ſee if we could diſcover any thing which could render us leſs unhappy.

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In fine, we attempted, and at length reach'd this ſtupendous Precipice: But, Madam, what was our ſurprize, to ſee this Point inlarge itſelf on the other ſide, and ſpread into a gradual ſloping, which we with eaſe deſcended, and came into a Valley which ſeem'd inchanted Ground; till looking back on the Rock we had come down, it appear'd of that prodigious height and largeneſs, as might very well conceal from us the ſight of Land.

In ſpite of our Curioſity, we were too much fatigued to attempt any farther Diſcoveries till the next day. There were many fine Woods and Groves, which inviting us to repoſe beneath their Shades, afterwards ſuſtain'd Nature with ſome Fruits which grew there in great abundance, which we ventur'd to take; and in effect had Slumbers more ſweet and tranquil than could be imagin'd, conſidering our Condition, and the incertitude what might befal us.

We awoke not till broad day, and you may believe were then ſollicitous enough to find out, if we could, ſome better Place of Accommodation; but, alas! wild Beaſts, (from which ſometimes we found it as much as we could do to defend ourſelves) Trees, Fountains, and little Rocks, were all the Objects that preſented themſelves to view.

Timante regarded all theſe things with a profound ſilence, which my Aſtoniſhment prevented me from interrupting; he at length bethought him of a Compaſs, and ſome other things proper for travelling, which he had about him; and examining by thoſe Rules what Lengths we had gain'd in ſwimming, he on a ſudden lifted up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, imploring Succour from the Divine Power. —— *My dear*

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Cleodon! (ſaid he) *the Hopes with which we laſt Night flatter'd ourſelves of ſafety, are but vain, we are certainly in a Part of that Land which is called* Auſtralis, *and is a Place which according to all appearance is uninhabitable.* ——— *We muſt here prepare to end our Days. However, let us follow the Laws of Religion and of Nature,, and do every thing neceſſary for the preſervation of our Lives as long as poſſible; never ceaſing to give thanks to Providence, who hath ſpared us from the Seas, and given us time for Reflection and for Prayer.*

After this pious Exhortation, we began to conſider in what manner we ſhould defend ourſelves both from the Weather, in caſe it ſhould alter, and the Fury of the wild Beaſts. In ſearching, we found Stones which were exceeding ſharp, and with theſe we made a ſhift to cut down the Arms of Trees, and having Flint and Steel, kept a conſtant Fire: the Bark we ſcraped a good quantity of, and made two little Beds, which we cover'd with Moſs, and ſpread them under the umbrage of the largeſt Trees we could find. We had no ſooner form'd this ruſtick Lodging, than we betook ourſelves to making Bows and Arrows, to the intent to make war againſt thoſe little Animals of the Air which were needful for the ſupport of Lives which had not been accuſtom'd to ſubſiſt wholly on Fruits. See how ingenious is Invention in an occaſion ſuch as ours! Then we took Twigs of Trees which we found ſtrong enough for the purpoſe, and with thoſe ſharp Stones I before mention'd, faſhion'd out our Arrows; of the ſame we alſo made Bows; and the long Hairs of our now uſeleſs Perukes, ſerv'd us for Bow-ſtrings. Theſe kind of Weapons did us at firſt but little ſervice; but as all Experiments ripen by degrees to more Perfection, we grew

by frequent uſe to render them as effectual as any that are ſold in the *Pariſian* Toy-ſhops —— Thus being provided of Lodging, Fire, and Fowl, our greateſt want was Bread, which we ſupply'd as well as we could with Herbs, and a ſort of Fruit very much reſembling *Coco*. Our Liquor was from the little Rivers which afforded Water of an excellent taſte, and clearneſs; and by our living in this manner ſo long a time, we proved how very little is required by Nature, and how vain Man deceives himſelf, when, to excuſe his Indulgence to every craving Appetite, he makes that a Neceſſity which is but Choice.

It was near three Months that we were in this Country, without believing there was in it any thing of human Species but ourſelves; but as I was out one day, purſuing my Game, I fell into a deep muſing, and before I was aware ſtray'd a much greater diſtance from the Place we had made our Habitation, than ever I had done before. At my return of Thought, I found myſelf in a large Meadow, which was altogether new to me; it appaar'd much more agreeable than any thing I had ſeen in that Country; and if it had ſomething of a more wild and irregular Air than ours in *France*, it was not for that reaſon the leſs pleaſing. —— I was taken up ſome time with admiring the Beauty of the Proſpect, when on a ſudden an Object preſented itſelf to me, which gave no room for other Contemplations: I ſaw come out of a Cave under a little Rock, of which that Place is full, a young and moſt beautiful Virgin: She had on a Robe of white Cotton, adorn'd with Feathers of different Colours. The left ſide of her Garments were tuck'd up to her Knee: her Arms, which ſeem'd whiter than Snow, were entirely bare; and her long

long black Hair fell in careleſs Ringlets over her Shoulders; ſhe had a Quiver at her Back, and an unbent Bow in her Hand.

If the ſurprize I was in had allowed me any time for reflection, I ſhould at a diſtance have admired her Beauties; but I declare, that in that hurry of my Thoughts, I look'd on her as ſomething ſupernatural, there was a kind of Terror mingled with my Adoration; and as ſhe approach'd the Place where I was ſtanding, I fell on my knees before her, attending what ſhe would ſay to me.

When ſhe arrived within about ſix Paces from me, I perceived ſhe regarded me with an extreme attention; and having ſeveral times look'd behind her, ſhe approached me nearer, and put the Point of her Arrow to the ground in teſtimony of Peace. I ſoon underſtood the meaning of that Sign, and bowing to the Earth, by that endeavour'd to make her ſenſible of the Reſpect with which I conſider'd her; and at the ſame time cry'd out, *What Adventure can have depoſited in this ſavage Place all that Heaven ever form'd of perfect!* —— I was going on with Acclamations of much the ſame nature, when ſhe open'd her mouth and interrupted me with the Sound of a Voice harmonious to a wonder, but whoſe Accents I could no way comprehend, ſhe ſpeaking a Language to which I was altogether a ſtranger. I perceived alſo that ſhe was the ſame to mine; and I proteſt I felt that moment a kind of Pleaſure, in having it in my power to ſpeak the dictates of a Paſſion I was juſt then beginning to be inſpir'd with, without conſtraint, or the fear of being repuls'd. I ſaid a thouſand tender things to her, while ſhe regarded me with Eyes obliging enough to have incouraged my Addreſ-

ſes, had ſhe known the nature of them; but her incapacity of underſtanding what I meant by my words, made her lay her Hand on my Mouth in token I ſhould ſay no more.

From another this had paſs'd for a favour; but I ſaw too well her Intention and Innocence, to flatter myſelf with believing it ſo. I would not ſuffer her, however, to defend herſelf from the advantage I reap'd from it. I kiſs'd that lovely Hand which ſilenc'd me with an Ardour at which ſhe ſeem'd ſurpriz'd, tho' without any marks of Anger.——— She took my Bow and Arrows out of my hand, and could not help laughing at the faſhion of them: then taking off her Quiver, ſhe placed it on my Shoulder, and put her own Bow into my hand, taking mine in exchange. After this Ceremony, which I could have wiſh'd might have for ever laſted, ſhe rais'd me from the Poſture I had all this time been in, and looking on me from head to foot, ſeem'd I thought to anſwer the Language of my Eyes, tho' ſhe could not that of my Tongue; and all her Glances ſeem'd full of Tenderneſs and Joy.

Some moments being paſt in this mute Entertainment, ſhe made a ſign that I ſhould leave her. I teſtified by my Actions the deſire I had to accompany her; but ſhe ſeem'd frighted, and putting the point of her Arrow to her Breaſt, ſeem'd to let me know the Conſequence would be fatal.

I was obliged to obey, believing there might be ſome ſecret reaſon for this Baniſhment: and as I was taking my leave, ſhe lifted one hand up to Heaven, and with the other pointed to the Place from whence ſhe came out, in token that I might ſome time or other ſee her there: All ſhe did, being accompanied with a thouſand Charms, which none without ſeeing her in that Place, and

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in that manner, can conceive. After I had teſtified that I ſhould come again in ſearch of her, I took the Path which led to our Habitation, but not without looking back almoſt every ſtep, as I perceived ſhe did, till both were out of ſight.

At my return, I found *Timante* in all the Concern imaginable for my long abſence; but in ſpite of all the Reſpect and Tenderneſs I had for him, I concealed from him my Adventure, fearing he ſhould not permit me to reviſit the lovely Savage; and excuſed myſelf by ſaying, that the eagerneſs with which I purſued the chace of ſome little Beaſts I thought would be good food, had carried me farther than I deſign'd.

This Deceit would have been preſently diſcover'd, if he had ſeen the change of my Quiver and Bow; but he was too much taken up with the joy of ſeeing me return'd in ſafety, to take notice of any thing elſe. When we went to Bed, he entertain'd me with his accuſtomed Reflections on the Care of Providence, and the Crime it was to give way to Deſpair, even in the moſt terrible Events; but, alas! the new Emotions I had entertain'd, would not ſuffer me to liſten to him with that attention I uſed to pay to what he ſaid, and much leſs to taſte any of the Sweets of Sleep. The young Savage, with all her Attractions, was never a moment from my thoughts: I endeavour'd to penetrate into the Cauſe of her living in that Deſart, by what ſtrange means ſhe had been bred there, and for what reaſon ſhe had appear'd ſo much diſorder'd and affrighted at my offering to follow her to the Cavern whence ſhe had iſſued.

I reſolved to be ſatisfied of all theſe things at our next Interview; but when I remember'd that ſhe neither underſtood me, nor I her, that

moment's Pleaſure, which the firſt Thought had given me, was converted into as extreme a Sorrow. I paſs'd the Night in Cogitations moſt tumultuous, and as ſoon as the Dawn appear'd, quitted *Timante*, without giving the opportunity of examining my new Weapons. Since we had been in this place, I had taken a little Bird, the Feathers of which and Colour extremely pleaſed me; by uſe I had made it ſo familiar with me, that it frequently went abroad with me, and would fly about me without any attempt to leave me: I had alſo taught it many little Tricks, ſuch as you have ſeen at *Paris*; and the pretty Creature learn'd every thing with an incredible facility. I fancied this would be an agreeable Preſent to my beautiful Savage, and took it out with a deſign to give it her.

I had not quite arriv'd at the Cavern, where ſhe by Signs had directed me to come, when I ſaw the charming Maid ſitting at the foot of a Tree; ſhe no ſooner perceiv'd me, than riſing haſtily, ſhe gave me her Hand, and led me back towards the place of our Habitation, teſtifying by ſome Geſtures, that the other was not ſo ſafe to remain in, ſhe made a motion that I ſhould ſit down by her on a little Bank of Turf, which ſhe had made choice of; which I had no ſooner done, than I obſerv'd ſhe took notice of my little Bird, which kept fluttering about me; and uttering ſome words which I did not underſtand, held out her hand as if ſhe would be glad to take it. I immediately gave it to her, with an action which teſtified that if ſhe was pleaſed to accept it, I would receive it no more. At which ſhe appear'd infinitely ſatisfied, and put her hand to her Heart in token of thanks. All her Actions diſcover'd an uncommon ſhare of

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Wit and Vivacity, which giving me hopes that I might be able, by degrees, to inſtruct her in our Language, was a prodigious pleaſure to me.

It was about half an hour that I enjoy'd the pleaſure of her company; moſt of which Time was employ'd in viewing the little Actions and ſeveral Motions of the Bird, at which ſhe ſeem'd very much diverted, and teſtified it with the moſt obliging and becoming Smiles. As ſhe had conducted me pretty near our Habitation, I made a ſign of entreaty that ſhe would accompany me thither. She aroſe ſeveral times, as if ſhe deſign'd to grant my requeſt; but then looking up on the Sun, and ſhaking her head, gave me to underſtand that ſhe could not at that time, but by other motions aſſur'd me that ſhe would the next day. Then, after kiſſing the Bird which I had given her, ſhe put one Hand on my Mouth, and with the other pointing to me to retire, ſhe withdrew from me with a precipitation which ſhew'd that ſhe had ſtaid the utmoſt time. The moment of her leaving me, ſeem'd like the ſeparation of the Soul and Body, and thoſe which I had paſs'd with her, as the happieſt of my life. I had forgot my Country, my Shipwreck, *Timante*, and my Father; but when I parted from her, a thouſand ſad and melancholy Thoughts all at once aſſail'd me; and when I met *Timante*, who was coming in ſearch of me, the Air of Perplexity which appear'd about me, the Quiver and Bow which he now took notice of, and the Bird being gone, all together gave him Suſpicions that ſome extraordinary Adventure had happen'd, tho' what, it was impoſſible for him to gueſs.

Whence come you, Cleodon? (ſaid he to me, in a grave Accent) *What Arrows are theſe? And*

wherefore have you not your Bird? —— Theſe words, and the manner in which they were deliver'd, cover'd me with ſuch a Confuſion, that I was unable to make any reply; which he obſerving, *Ah, my Son!* (reſumed he) *what am I to believe of all theſe things?* —— *You have not ſlept all Night, and at the break of Day went from me with an unuſual Concern in your Behaviour.* —— *You took with you a little Animal, in which you were very much delighted, yet you return without him, and bring with you Weapons which I cannot gueſs by what means you could acquire.* —— *Speak, I conjure you, my dear* Cleodon, *explain this Adventure, and put an end to the Inquietudes with which I am agitated.*

Touch'd with this diſcourſe, I no longer had the power of concealing what he deſir'd to know. *That which paſſes in my heart,* (ſaid I) *is dangerous only to myſelf: Know, Sir,* (continued I) *that this Place is inhabited, but by what People, I am ignorant.* —— *One beautiful Virgin is all that I have ſeen of Human Kind, beſide ourſelves; but certainly nothing ever was ſo lovely: She has in her all the different Graces which adorn the whole Sex of Womankind.* —— *Nay, I think that one may add yet more, and ſay that there is ſomething like Divinity about her.* —— *It was from her that I received theſe Arrows, and this Bow; it was to her that I have preſented my little Bird; and it is to her that I have devoted myſelf for the remainder of my Life.*

The Aſtoniſhment which *Timante* was in at hearing me ſpeak in this manner, had the ſame effect on him, as my Confuſion had lately had on me, to prevent him from making any reply to what I ſaid in a conſiderable time, which gave me the oppottunity of relating at full the Story of this Adventure, by what means I firſt got ſight of this adorable *Incognita*, and in what manner

ner we were beginning to improve our Acquaintance; all which I could not repeat, without at the ſame time teſtifying the greatneſs of my Paſſion for her, by a thouſand amorous Exclamations.

When I had done ſpeaking, my Uncle having by this time a little recover'd himſelf from the Amazement he had been in, anſwer'd me in this manner: *I ſee well* (cry'd he with a deep ſigh) *that no Circumſtances are of force againſt Love: —— Since neither this Place, nor the juſt Senſibility you have of our common Misfortunes, could defend your Heart againſt Beauties which however dignified by Nature, muſt yet be ſavage and unimprov'd by any of thoſe noble Endowments which render Society agreeable.——— I tremble to think you have ſo ſuddenly engaged yourſelf in a Paſſion which may not only be dangerous to your Repoſe, but alſo to your Life. —— However,* (continued he) *I deſire that you will let me have a ſight of theſe deſtructive Charms, which have had the power to make you forget all that was formerly dear to you, and to think Death a Trifle.*

I aſſur'd him that in my next day's Viſit his Curioſity ſhould be gratified, and till that time arriv'd, we talk'd of nothing elſe. He was not able to comprehend that ſince the Place was inhabited, we ſaw not any of the People, where they could conceal themſelves, or for what reaſon; and join'd with me in his Surprize, when I acquainted him with the fright which the fair Savage expreſs'd in her Countenance, when I diſcover'd my deſire of attending her to her Cavern. I was, however, not without hope that when he ſaw her, his Experience and Penetration might make Diſcoveries of which I was incapable: and as he was perfectly acquainted with many of the *Eaſtern* Languages, might probably have ſome notion of that ſhe ſpoke, than which nothing could have been a greater bleſſing to me.

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This tedious Day and the enſuing Night being paſt in the utmoſt impatience, early the next morning we proſecuted our deſign. We had not gone above a Furlong before the lovely Object of my Deſires appear'd; but ſeeing me with another, ſhe ſtopp'd at a good diſtance from us, and by her Actions expreſs'd a very great ſurprize. I begg'd *Timante* not to approach till I had firſt diſſipated the fear ſhe was in, which he complying with, I went alone to the place where ſhe ſtood, and putting my knee to the ground, gave her to underſtand, in as intelligible a manner as I could, that the Perſon with me would pay her the ſame homage.

Either aſſur'd by the belief ſhe had in me, or through the force of her own Reſolution, ſhe no longer appear'd reluctant, but with a chearful Air giving me her hand, ſuffer'd me to lead her towards *Timante*, who ſeeing what had paſs'd between us, approach'd to meet us. When they came near each other, prepar'd as he was by my deſcription, and the unfailing guard of his own Reaſon, I ſaw an Aſtoniſhment in his face which I could not then comprehend the meaning of. As for her, the Age of *Timante*, his venerable Aſpect, and the Majeſty of his Air, inſpir'd her with a Reſpect, which ſhe teſtified by throwing herſelf on her knees before him. —— This Action, and ſome ſecret Emotions, which he himſelf was ignorant of the meaning of at that time, made the Tears ſtart from his Eyes in great abundance, as he rais'd her from that poſture, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which I could not help being alarmed at.

The young Savage received his Careſſes with an Innocence and Freedom which occaſion'd him to renew them. I thought he would never have

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ſuffer'd her from his Arms, nor ſhe endeavour'd to get looſe. — Never ſhall I forget the Horrors which in this terrible moment took poſſeſſion of my Soul.— I forgot that he was *Timante*, or that ſhe was perfectly ignorant of thoſe Decorums which are preſcrib'd to Perſons of her Sex. ——— The Effects of my Jealouſy were equal with thoſe of my Love.——— And not being able to offer any Injury to Perſons who were of themſelves ſo dear to me, I catch'd up one of the Arrows ſhe had given me, and was about to plunge it into my Breaſt, when *Timante*, who happen'd that moment to caſt his eyes on me, ſent forth a Cry, which obliging the fair Savage to look that way, ſhe ran to me, and ſnatching from my hand the Weapon, turn'd the Point of it to her own Boſom, expreſſing to me by that Action, that if I proceeded in my Intention, ſhe would alſo die with me.——

What mean you, Cleodon? (ſaid *Timante* to me) *What unworthy Suſpicion has taken poſſeſſion of your Mind? Recover yourſelf, my Son; remember what I am, and reſt aſſured I can have no Sentiments that will be prejudicial to yours.* ——— Aſham'd of the Tranſport of my unſeaſonable Deſpair, I threw myſelf at his feet, demanding his forgiveneſs; and then turning to the charming Savage, made ſigns to her that ſhe had the abſolute diſpoſal of my Life or Death. My Behaviour having diſturb'd the freedom of our Entertainment that day, and ſhe never daring to be long abſent from her Cave, we were obliged to loſe the pleaſure of ſeeing her: but ſhe parted not from us till ſhe had aſſur'd us by ſigns, that ſhe would come the next morning to the ſame place. Juſt as ſhe went away, ſhe preſented me with a Table-book, made in a very ingenious manner out of the

Rind

Rind of a Tree: there appear'd on it ſome Cyphers, which ſeem'd to have been engrav'd with a Bodkin. All that came from that dear Hand was precious to me, and I receiv'd it with the moſt tender gratitude. After this, ſhe embraced *Timante* with an humble reſpect; and giving me her hand, permitted me to kiſs it; then turn'd away, and left the place with an incredible ſwiftneſs.

When we had loſt ſight of her, we return'd to our leafy Cabin, where *Timante* looking attentively on me, *Can it be, my dear* Cleodon, (ſaid he) *that you ſhould imagine me your Rival? Know* Timante *better, his Heart has a defence againſt Impreſſions of which yours is but too ſuſceptible.*——— *I do not deny but that the Object of your Wiſhes has excited in my Soul Emotions which are very extraordinary.*——— *Her Youth, her Innocence, her Beauty, and the Submiſſion with which I found myſelf accoſted by her, rais'd in me ſomething like a paternal Tenderneſs.*——— *I love her,* Cleodon, *but I love her as a Child; and the good Wiſhes I have for her ſhould rather be pleaſing to you than the contrary, ſince you may reſt ſatisfied they will never be diſadvantageous to the Paſſion you are inſpir'd with.* —— *She is dear to both of us, tho' in a different way.*——— *But what Proofs* (continued he) *ſhall we be able to give her of our Friendſhip in this Place, or how deliver her or ourſelves from it?*

This Reflection was accompanied with Tears: to diſſipate therefore the Melancholy into which I perceiv'd he was falling, I preſented him with the Tablet ſhe had given me; he took it out of my hand, and perceiving in the *Cyphers* on the top of it, ſomething which he thought had the reſemblance of his own Name, he open'd it with the greateſt ſurprize. It had many Leafs in it made

made of the Rinds of Trees, but ſo fine, that it ſeem'd like Paper, but for the difference of Colour. The Characters on the inſide were perfectly legible; and no words can repreſent with what Diſorder he was ſeiz'd, when he found it was *Engliſh*, a Language which he was perfectly vers'd in. He began to read with an unequal'd Aſtoniſhment the following words:

Tho' what I ſpeak is dedicated to the Rocks, and will, according to all likelihood, be buried among them, yet, as I am in the company of Savages, I hazard the loſs of my miſerable Life, by a yet more miſerable Death, ſhould this Writing be found inteligible to any of them.

But wonderful are the Events of Providence; ſome Wretch, like me, may, perhaps, be driven to the ſame Extremities, and find conſolation in the knowledge that their Misfortunes are not ſingular. —— *If any ſuch arrives, and that theſe Tablets fall into their hands, I inform them that I am called* Leonida, *and that the Name of my Husband is* Timante.

Oh, Heavens! what is it that I read, (*cried out* Timante, *burſting into Tears*) liſten, my dear *Cleodon*, with your utmoſt Attention, while I unriddle a Myſtery ſo neceſſary for the repoſe of both of us. He had little need to have demanded it of me, Names ſo well known, written in a Book given me by my adored Savage, collected all my Soul into my Ears; and it was with an Agitation which with more eaſe may be conceived than repreſented, that I heard him purſue the Contents, which were in this manner ſet down.

—— *This dear Husband* (continued he to read) *made me imbark from the Coaſt of* Coromandel, *with a deſign for* France, *but a moſt dreadful Tempeſt ariſing, our Veſſel periſh'd in it. I know not what happen'd, nor by what wonderful Means I*

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was preſerved; but after a long time of Inſenſibility, I found myſelf among Women of a ſtrange Figure and Behaviour, and whoſe Language was altogether unknown to me. The Succour they afforded me was applied in ſuch a manner, that I had no cauſe to doubt but that I was fallen into hoſpitable hands; but I had no ſooner recover'd from my Weakneſs, than diſcover'd I had to do only with Barbarians, and thoſe too of the moſt ſavage and inhuman kind. The Place they had convey'd me to, was a Cavern under the Earth, which are all the Dwellings this dreadful Place affords.

With all the Kindneſs, however, that theſe Savages are capable of, they led me to ſeveral of theſe horrid Habitations, and at length brought me to one where there were a great number of Men of much the ſame appearance as the Women, who conducted me among them. I eſpied two Men habited like Chriſtians, and which I immediately remembred to be ſome of the Mariners belonging to our Veſſel: The ſight of them gave me ſome pleaſure, till advancing toward them, I perceived they were bound hand and foot, and had the terror of approaching Death viſibly painted in their Faces. As I was certain the Savages did not underſtand my Language, I demanded of theſe Men for what Cauſe they were ſo treated, and in what Place we were.

They told me, that after the loſs of the Ship, their whole Care was my Safety; and that it having been ſplit on a Rock near that Coaſt, they with eaſe brought me to the Shore; that hoping to get ſome Habitation to place me in, they had carried me in their Arms till they met a great Company of Men and Women, who took me from them; that they were bound in the manner I ſaw them, immediately after their coming into the Cavern; and that by their skill in Navigation, they knew that we were fallen

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into the hands of a People wholly barbarous and ſavage; and that they made a practice of killing all the Men that were ſtrangers, and afterwards eating them; which Fate they expected, and was inevitable.

This Diſcourſe filled me with a moſt terrible Fear, which the Savages, by my trembling and my tears perceiving, they fell down on their kuees, teſtifying by that, and many other Geſtures, which I then comprehended not the meaning of, that they meant no hurt to me; but my Terror ſtill continuing, the Women, who had brought me there, conducted me back to the Cavern they had at firſt allotted for me.

But I had not long indulg'd my Griefs, before ſeveral of them returning to me, took me by the Arms, and led me to a vaſt Plain, in the middle of which were two great Trees, to which the unfortunate Mariners were bound, and a prodigious concourſe of Savages gather'd round about them. A profound Silence was for a while obſerved, but at a certain Signal given, both the Men and Women ſet up a Cry of Joy; then he among them, who ſeemed to be the chief, drew his Bow, and ſhot an Arrow into the Boſom of one of the miſerable Mariners; and after him, all the reſt doing the ſame, the mangled Body was in a moment all cover'd over with Blood and Wounds.

At this horrible Ceremony I fell into a Swoon, which ſpared me the Affright of ſeeing the other ſerved in the ſame manner: I expected no better a Fate; but in this I was deceiv'd, and never met with any thing from them but Tokens of the moſt fervent Reſpect and Homage. Their Behaviour after what I had ſeen, very much amazed me; but I had not been many Days among them, before I was informed of the Reaſon. An unhappy Woman, preſerved as I had been from the fury of the Seas, and had lingred out ſome Years in

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thoſe diſmal Abodes, told me a great many of their Cuſtoms; and that one of them was to ſacrifice all the Men whom the cruelty of Fortune threw on their Coaſts, but to treat the Women with all poſſible Care and Kindneſs. Being great with Child, when I arrived among theſe Barbarians, I was in a little time deliver'd of a Daughter, whom, as ſoon as born, the Savages adorn'd with Flowers and Feathers, teſtifying their Joy that my Child was of a Sex which preſerv'd it from deſtruction. The Chriſtian Woman, whom I mention'd, died ſoon after. I have now liv'd with them a whole Year; how long I ſhall drag on this Load of Miſery, I know not. I am forced to nouriſh my dear Infant in the manner of the Savages, Heaven ſend her a better Fate, than to live or die among them, as her wretched Mother expects ſoon to do.

Thus ended this wonderful Narration; but *Timante* ſeeing there were more Leaves in the Book, ſearching carefully, found in one of them theſe words:

After a Year, and almoſt the half of another, I reſign my Breath to the Divine Power which gave it me.— O Maſter of the Univerſe! ſovereign Ordainer of all human Affairs, whom I have never ceas'd one moment to adore, take into thy care the innocent Felidia.

On the ſame Leaf with this Prayer, there were Cyphers of the time of *Felidia*'s Birth, which exactly agreeing with the Age of my fair Savage, left us no room to doubt but that ſhe was the *Felidia* which *Leonida* had been deliver'd of, and the Daughter of *Timante*; the mutual Sympathy which appear'd between them at firſt ſight, gave a probability of this Truth, and the Writing confirm'd it paſt ſuſpicion.

I felt a Joy at this diſcovery, which I am no more able to utter than I was then to conceal. ——I embraced the knees of my now more than ever dear Uncle, called him a thouſand times my Father, conjured him to be favourable to my Paſſion; and ſince the Heart of the adorable *Felidia* ſeem'd influenc'd by the ſame Sentiments with mine, that he would not delay the Happineſs of us both. It was with an Air more auſtere than ever I had ſeen him aſſume, that he endeavour'd to convince me of the error of ſuch a Propoſition, and how unfit a Place and Time it was to think of Joy, when we were incompaſs'd round with Creatures little inferior in Brutality to the Beaſts of the Foreſt, and every moment in danger of loſing that Life which but with inceſſant Toil and Care we had ſo long ſupported. He concluded, however, with aſſuring me, that if we ſhould ever be ſo happy as to ſee other Climates, he ſhould think it would be his own Satisfaction to ſee us united.

Diſcourſing of this Adventure employ'd us till the next day, when, at the uſual time, we did not fail of going to meet *Felidia.* We found her at the appointed place, and at ſight of her the tranſported Father could not with-hold his Tears; but running to her to take her in his Arms, that ſweet Innocence gently repulſed him, pointing to me, and making ſigns that ſhe was afraid of diſobliging me. I approach'd her, and teſtified by my Actions, that it would now be a Pleaſure, not a Pain, to ſee her in his Arms; on which ſhe turn'd to *Timante*, receiving his Careſſes in a manner that would have made any one believe ſhe was ſenſible how near he was to her; and that all the humble Tenderneſs ſhe could expreſs was no more than Duty.

We conducted her to our Cabin, which ſhe examin'd with a good deal of Aſtoniſhment.—— In this Viſit *Timante* made her ſit down, and having provided himſelf with the Rind of a Tree, ſuch as her unhappy Mother had made uſe of, he took one of her own Arrows, and with the Point of it writ ſome Letters of the Alphabet, and then pronouncing them with a loud Voice, ſoon made her comprehend that he wiſh'd ſhe ſhould underſtand them; and it was ſurprizing to hear the readineſs with which in a little time ſhe ſounded every one of them after him.

She continued coming to us conſtantly every day, and in taking the Leſſons which *Timante* gave her, diſcover'd a Wit, a Spirit, and Apprehenſion, which amazed even him. It was not fifteen or ſixteen days before ſhe had ſo well profited by his Inſtructions, that by the help of a few Signs join'd to our Expreſſions, ſhe not only underſtood what we ſaid, but could reply to us in an intelligible manner. As by degrees ſhe arrived at a better underſtanding of Language, ſhe diſcover'd ſo charming a Diſpoſition, and ſuch a natural tendency to Virtue, that *Timante* thought he could not any longer, without being guilty of Injuſtice, refuſe her the knowledge of herſelf, and who it was that had taken this pains with her: He recited to her the melancholy Contents of the Table-book ſhe had given me, and drew a ſtream of Tears from her fair Eyes, in the repetition of her Mother's Fate. She however teſtified the extremeſt Joy to find *Timante* was her Father; and tho' ſhe could not yet expreſs herſelf in terms ſo proper nor ſo elegant as ſhe has now the power of, the few words ſhe utter'd had Charms which are not to be imagin'd.

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As every day ſhe grew more able to reply, we began to queſtion her concerning the Laws, or rather Cuſtoms of this barbarous Place; and wherefore they ſacrificed the Men, and reſpected the Women who came among them. ——— She told us that ſhe had but little knowledge of theſe Affairs; ſhe had only heard that it was occaſion'd by an ancient Tradition, which reported, that ſome Troops of Men, altogether unknown to them, had formerly made a Deſcent into their Country, the Savages being at that time employ'd in calling their Grand Council, and electing a Chief; which Ceremony being always perform'd in a vaſt Plain, a great diſtance from their Caverns, there were none left to make oppoſition to theſe new Invaders but the Women, who were never admitted on theſe great Occaſions.

Being however inſtructed in the uſe of Bows and Arrows, they had made ſo vigorous a Defence again thoſe that came againſt them, that there ſeem'd to be no want of Men; and if it had not been for a ſtrange ſort of Arms they brought with them, had certainly been repuls'd by the female Savages, (theſe ſtrange Arms we underſtood to be Guns:) but that by the help of thoſe extraordinary Weapons great ſlaughter had been made among them; on which they ran with a great Cry to the place where the Grand Council was held, imploring Aſſiſtance of their Fathers and Husbands, and relating all that had paſs'd.

At this News they all came down immediately with Stakes, Stones, and Arrows; and as they were a prodigious number, in compariſon with their Enemies, they ſoon overcame and maſſacred them; which having done, out of Revenge and Cruelty, they roaſted, and after eat them. Since

this Attempt made on them, they ſacrificed all Strangers as a terror to prevent all other Invaſions of the like nature; but the Women having made ſo reſolute a Defence, they decreed in honour to the Sex, That whenever any of them ſhould happen to come on their Coaſts, they ſhould be treated with all imaginable Kindneſs and Reſpect.

This ſhe told us was the Reaſon that ſhe would not permit me to follow her toward the Caverns, fearing I ſhould be ſeen, and expos'd to this barbarous Fate. And ſhe now reiterated her Prayers, that we would both avoid thoſe dangerous Situations, and not run the hazard of becoming Spectacles, the very Idea of which was capable of killing her. *Timante* and myſelf join'd in aſſuring her, that we would attend the Will of Heaven for delivering us from the Danger, but never run in ſearch of a Death which would have more in it of Temerity than Valour.

When we had paſs'd ſome days in this faſhion, *Felidia* trembling for fear leſt the Savages ſhould diſcover the place of our abode, acquainted us that there was ſuddenly to be a great Hunting-Match among them; and that the Valley where we were, affording great ſtore of Game, there was a probability they might come in ſearch of it that way.——— Full of the extremeſt Terror, ſhe entreated we would demoliſh our little Cabin, leaving no marks behind us that any Perſons had been there, and ſuffer her to conduct us to a place ſacred among the Savages, and which they trembled to approach; imagining that it was from thence the mighty Winds aroſe, which ſometimes ſhook their whole Continent, and the Waters iſſued in Inundations, to the extreme terror of theſe ignorant Wretches.

Theſe Diſcourſes appeared to have too much Reaſon in them, not to be complied with: We immediately ſet about pulling down our Cabin; and *Felidia* coming the next morning more early than uſual, led us to the place ſhe had before ſpoken of. It was a Valley, through which there ran a River, which had its Courſe into the Sea between two Mountains of an incredible height and largeneſs, but whoſe bending Summits leaning toward each other, form'd a kind of Arch, through which the Winds roaring with a hollow murmur, gave occaſion to theſe Savages Superſtition.——— We found ſeveral Caverns at the foot of them, one of which ſerv'd *Timante* and myſelf for a Lodging. ——— The charming *Felidia*, ſatisfied that ſhe had put us in a place of Security, appear'd perfectly tranquil, and regularly every day made happy our Retreat. ——— But, alas! I had Diſcontents of a new kind, which *Timante* himſelf had brought upon me: In the Rules he had ſet down for *Felidia* to follow, he had above all things recommended to her a ſtrict Modeſty and Reſerve; and that ſhe ſhould above all things defend herſelf from the too near Approaches of an amorous Addreſs; made her but too ſenſible of the Falſhood and Inconſtancy of Mankind in general; and that a Familiarity between the two Sexes, was of dangerous conſequence, not only to the Ruin of Reputation, but alſo to the Tenderneſs of the favourite Lover, who ſeldom preſerv'd either the ſame Eſteem or Affection as he had before he knew himſelf belov'd. ——— He inſtructed her in all the little Decorums of her Sex, and ſtrictly charged her never to deviate from them in the minuteſt Circumſtance; and ſo obedient was ſhe in the obſervation of theſe Precepts, that as if forgetful,

or aſhamed of all the Freedoms ſhe bleſs'd me with, in thoſe more happy days of Ignorance, when firſt we were acquainted, ſhe now treated me with a diſtance which was very near driving me to Deſpair.——— I durſt not complain to *Timante*; but one day when he happen'd to be abroad, I threw myſelf at the feet of *Felidia*, and looking on her with a Countenance wholly compos'd of Melancholy, *How comes it, lovely* Felidia, (ſaid I) *that you treat me with this unaccuſtom'd Coldneſs? Has the Science which you have been acquiring, made you forget I was the firſt of your Adorers?* ——— *Or, has it diſcover'd to you Faults in my Perſon or Converſation, which render me unworthy of that Tenderneſs you teſtified by Signs before you knew the manner of explaining it any other way?* ——

Alas! (anſwer'd ſhe, with an inchanting ſweetneſs) *how can I be guilty of Reproaches ſuch as theſe?* —— *The firſt thing I learn'd was to love you; and* Timante *is every day telling me that the firſt Impreſſions ought never to be eras'd; judge then, if what was inſpir'd by Nature, and in which the Heart takes part, can be deſtroy'd: So far from being alter'd by the Improvements I have made, that my Knowledge only ſerves me to diſcover Millions of good Qualities in you, which before I was not capable of diſtinguiſhing, and which will keep me yours all the days of my Life. But in knowing what is moſt valuable in you, I have learned alſo what is ſo in myſelf; that which might paſs for innocent in* Felidia *the Savage, might juſtly be accounted criminal in the* Felidia *I now am.* —— *The Names of Modeſty, Glory, and Virtue, have open'd my Eyes to ſee the danger of expreſſing my Sentiments in too free a manner, and taught me to maintain the Decorum of my Sex, without diminiſhing my Love.*

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Tho' it was with a good deal of difficulty *Felidia* utter'd this, yet the Harmony of her Voice, and the Graces which accompanied her Speech, render'd it infinitely more charming than the moſt practiſed fluency of Expreſſion. I thank'd her in terms full of Gratitude and Reſpect for the declaration ſhe had made me, that I was ſtill as agreeable to her, as I once had ſeem'd; and kiſſing her Hand, *Think you,* (ſaid I) *moſt adorable* Felidia, *that the Man who took no other advantage of the innocent Freedoms you were pleas'd to ſhow him, than to expreſs his Senſe of them at an humble diſtance, can ever fail in that Awe which is the ſureſt Teſtimony of a ſincere Affection? Fear nothing, then,* (continued I) *my dear* Felidia, *the Man who loves you moſt, will always reſpect you moſt.*——— I had time to add no more, *Timante* was juſt then entring; but his amiable Daughter quitted me not without an aſſurance of an inviolable Tenderneſs.

We had been now juſt ſix Months in this diſmal Solitude, and *Timante* was beginning to have no other thought but that of dying in it, when one day, having climbed up a good height on one of the Mountains which overlooks the Sea, I thought I ſaw a Ship at a diſtance, the Heavens being ſerene, and free from driving Clouds, ſo that one might diſtinguiſh any thing eaſily. I found my hope had not deceiv'd me, and that it was really the Object we had ſo long and ſo ardently wiſh'd to ſee. I preſently tore down ſome Branches of Trees, and waving them with the moſt forcible motion I could, at laſt was taken notice of by thoſe on deck, who full of Humanity, preſently detach'd their Long-boat, which when I ſaw approaching, I loſt no time: Hope, Love, and Joy, contributed to wing my feet; I rather flew, than ran to the Cavern where I had

left *Timante*, giving his uſual Inſtructions to his beautiful Daughter; and giving them an Account of what I had diſcover'd, and the ſucceſs of it, gave them not the time to anſwer, but taking the Hands of both, conducted them to the Bank of that River which ſeparated the two Mountains, where we no ſooner came than we perceived the Long-boat. ——— We made Signs to them that we were there, and they anſwered by others, that they ſaw us. They got in with eaſe into a little Creek, and we delay'd not a moment going on board. The Civility with which the Men who had the care of the Boat, receiv'd us, ſeem'd an Omen of Good; and the Joy of turning our backs on that terrible Place where we had endur'd and fear'd ſo much, gave ſo great and immediate an alteration to our Looks, as is not to be imagin'd. We ſoon reach'd the Veſſel; and when we were near enough to be obſerv'd, all thoſe on deck were ſurprized at the appearance of *Felidia*: her Youth, her Beauty, and the uncommon Faſhion of her Garments, attracted their eyes with ſo fix'd an Attention, that they ſcarce look'd on us. *Timante* was the firſt that enter'd; I following with his charming Daughter, was not a litte aſtoniſh'd, when I heard a Perſon in advancing to us, cry out, *Good Heavens! what is this that I ſee?* Timante! Cleodon! ——— The Sound of a Voice well known and dear to me, making me look up on him that ſpoke, (being before ingag'd in helping *Felidia* into the Ship) at once I ſaw and found my ſelf in the Arms of *Agenor*. ——— Never was Surprize equal to ours, nor was Tenderneſs ever expreſs'd with the like Tranſports. ——— The whole Veſſel, nay, the very Air ecchoed the Names of Brother, Son, and Father; and without

out being able for a long time to pronounce any other words, we teſtified our ſatisfaction by them, and by our Actions.

The firſt Emotions of this Tranſport being over, *Agenor* made us go into his Cabin: he there embrac'd us again; and having now time to remark *Felidia*, he deſir'd *Timante* to acquaint him by what extraordinary Adventure he had met with that lovely Maid. That generous Brother immediately related to him all that had paſs'd; and when he had ſufficiently excited his Admiration, concluded his Narration with telling him, That the beautiful Object which had ſo much attracted the Eyes of every body, was no other than the Daughter of *Timante*. This was an addition of Joy to *Agenor*; he took her in his Arms, and tenderly embracing her, gave thanks to Heaven for reſtoring to their Family ſo admirable a Perſon.

The Curioſity of *Agenor* being ſatisfied; For me, (*ſaid he*) my dear *Timante*, it is wholly owing to the entire Friendſhip my Soul has never ceas'd to feel for you, to which you owe your preſent redemption from the Land of Savages; and, oh! that I could do more to teſtify the Gratitude and Love I have for a Brother ſo deſerving. The ſecond Veſſel in which you committed your Effects, arrived ſafe at *Port Lewis*; and being informed by the Captain of it, that I might expect you ſoon, I watch'd the coming in of every Veſſel from the *Indies*: but neither ſeeing you, nor hearing any thing of you, I fell into ſo exceſſive a Grief, that but to hear of Comfort was offenſive to me. I now was concern'd that I had ſent *Cleodon*, condemning myſelf as the murderer of my dear Child; for nothing now would enter my head, but that you both were periſh'd. —— By Day,

Day, my reſtleſs thoughts hindred me from Buſineſs, or Society; by Night, your Ideas were ever in my mind. —— In fine, my Life became a burthen to me, and I was reſolved to ſpend the remainder in ſearch of you. To this end I hired a Veſſel, which bringing me ſafely to *Coromandel*, I there heard the afflicting news that you had left it immediately after the departure of the other Ship, and that it was believ'd your Ship periſh'd in a great Storm which happen'd before you could finiſh your Voyage. —— I know not what Impulſe it was, but certainly it muſt be inſpired by Providence, that I could not think of returning home; but neglecting my dear Wife, and tender Infants, I determin'd to range the Seas in ſearch of thoſe, who, in all probability were no more. —— We ſail'd backwards and forwards three whole Months, without any Deſign, or calling at any Place whatſoever. Happening in this marine Rambie, to paſs by this Coaſt about ſome four Days ſince, I took notice of thoſe tremendous Mountains, and found an Inclination in myſelf to put in there, in order to make ſome diſcovery of a Place which ſeemed well worthy of remark; but the Seamen telling me that it was a Country inhabited only by Savages, whoſe deſperate Cruelty render'd it fatal to all who came aſhore there, with repeated Prayers prevented me. The ſame ſecret Emotion, however, which had kept me from returning home, made me alſo ſtill linger here; and being ſcarce ever from the Deck myſelf, I ſaw ſomething like a Man on the top of one of thoſe Mountains; approaching nearer, I found he made Signs of Diſtreſs, on which I ſent immediately my Long-boat. —— You know the reſt (*continued he*) my deareſt Brother; this happy Curioſity conducted

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me to ſave the Lives of thoſe I have moſt reaſon to eſteem on Earth, and to render to you ſome part of the Teſtimonies of Eſteem and Love your Friendſhip has conferred on me.——— *Agenor* here ceas'd to ſpeak, and renew'd his Endearments in his Actions.

The charming *Felidia* perceiving that my Father was the Brother of *Timante*, demonſtrated the Joy of her Soul, by a thouſand Emotions, all engaging, all exciting the Tenderneſs and Admiration of every one who was witneſs of them. Some time being allowed to this felicitous Entertainment, the Winds being fair, and the Sea calm, *Agenor* commanded the Mariners to ſpread their Sails, and ſteer their courſe for *France:* but, alas! theſe Orders had not been given above the ſpace of an hour, when we heard a general Cry from the whole Ship's Crew, which gave us to know that our Toils had not yet an end, and that ſome imminent Danger was at hand.

We all forſook the Cabin, and ran up immediately on Deck, where we beheld a Corſair of *Arabia* making toward us with full Sails. There was no poſſibility of avoiding the Danger, we muſt reſolve to fight it.—— But judge what *Agenor*, *Timante*, and myſelf felt in this ſudden turn of Affairs.——— Never, I believe, were Minds ſo reſolute, ſo unconquerable as ours: Love, Friendſhip, Duty, Gratitude, concurr'd to inſpire us with ſomething more than mortal Courage.—— *Agenor* would have much ſooner choſe to periſh himſelf, than loſe what he ſo lately had recover'd; *Timante* would have ſacrificed millions of Lives for that of his dear Brother, and to preſerve his Daughter from Slavery; and the danger of three Perſons ſo dear to me, and to whom I had ſuch Obligations, poſſeſs'd me with a fury

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which catried me beyond what Valour of it ſelf could have effected; and I believe, without an injury to Modeſty I may venture to ſay, that according to the preſent diſpoſition of our Hearts, we were capable of encountring a whole Army.

Agenor and *Timante* having given the neceſſary Orders, we attended the Enemy with an Aſſurance which made thoſe aboard the Corſair imagine the Work they were going upon not ſo eaſy to be accompliſh'd as they had at firſt believ'd. The noiſe of Cannons and Muſquets proclaim'd the Combat; but they being better ſtor'd with Ammunition of that kind, they caſt their Grappling-irons, in ſpite of all that we could do to prevent them. The Captain, who was the firſt that endeavour'd to board us, fell to my ſhare to attack; and indeed he fought with a Courage which teſtified he had been uſed to conquer, but he fought not then with a Son, a Nephew, a Lover, who had the ſafety of a Father, Uncle, and Miſtreſs to defend. My Zeal for them it was which inabled me to get the better of this bold Invader; and though he was back'd by his Lieutenant, and two others, I gave him ſome Wounds, which entirely diſabling him, he fell off the Verge he had been ſo bold to climb, dying the Sea with his Blood. Thoſe that followed him, ſhar'd the ſame fate: and fluſh'd with this Succeſs, I reſolv'd to ſet no limits to my Conqueſt, but leaping into the other Veſſel, as he had aim'd to do in mine, I made havock of all that oppos'd my Paſſage. I was followed by *Agenor*, *Timante*, and ſeveral others, who gave Deaths which way ſoever they turn'd. In ſhort, the loſs of their Captain loſt them all they had aſſum'd, and we eaſily made Victims of all who oppos'd us, till the beſt part of them being wound-

wounded, the reſt fell on their knees, intreating Mercy, and begging us, as we were Chriſtians, and Men whom the hope of Gain had not led to Combats of this nature, that we would afford it them. A ſpectacle of this kind could not chuſe but diſarm our utmoſt Indignation: we gave them Life and Liberty, the latter of which we alſo rejoyc'd in having it in our power to reſtore to ſome Slaves which the Corſair had taken, and was now going to diſpoſe of when he met us.

In examining the Ship, we found it ſtor'd with very rich Booty; the one half of which we diſtributed among the Chriſtian Captives, whom we found aboard, and the other to the People of our own Veſſel, giving the others the liberty to ſteer their Courſe which way they would. Every thing being thus ſettled, we return'd to our Ship, where I found *Felidia* held by ſome of the Sailors, as ſhe had been by main force, during all the time: At our approach they loos'd her hands, and acquainted us with the cauſe of this ſeeming Rudeneſs. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me,—— *Ah, my dear* Cleodon, (ſaid ſhe) *is it poſſible you could ſuffer* Felidia *to be ſhut up from a ſhare in the Danger and the Honour you have been acquiring?* — *Have* Agenor *and* Timante *ſo mean an Opinion of my Courage, as to believe I durſt not engage in the defence of their Lives, and yours?* —— *And theſe Arrows, which have ſo often done execution on the wild Beaſts in that ſavage Country where I receiv'd my Birth, might they not have done ſome little Service in an occaſion where all my force had been exerted?* ——

She utter'd this with ſo much Vehemence, that I could not interrupt her; and the pleaſure it gave me to diſcover, even in this little Anger, ſuch tokens of her Tenderneſs, join'd to the Paſ-

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ſion with which I was inſpir'd, caus'd ſo ſudden an Emotion in me, that the Wounds which I had receiv'd in the Fight, guſh'd out in ſtreams of Blood ſo faſt, ſo ſtrong, that I fell immediately in a Swoon at her feet. *Agenor* and *Timante*, with the Surgeon, applying proper means for my recovery, I was ſoon brought to myſelf; and the latter having ſearched my Wounds, and finding them not mortal, I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve an exquiſite Joy viſibly painted in every Face: I would not leave the room, however, till *Felidia* was inform'd of the ſucceſs of the Fight, and made ſenſible that it was only our Tenderneſs of her which had prevented us from ſuffering her to be expoſed.

The Care and affectionate Expreſſions of this young Beauty, aſſiſted the Surgeon's Endeavours ſo well, that I was perfectly recover'd in a few days; and the reſt of our Voyage was all one Scene of Pleaſure, uninterrupted by the leaſt croſs Accident whatever. We arrived at *Rochelle* in about three Months, where, after repoſing ourſelves ſome days, we took Coach, and went home, reſtoring to my Mother that Tranquillity which my abſence and the departure of *Agenor* had for a long time depriv'd her of.

The ſight of *Felidia* made on her heart thoſe Impreſſions which it was ordinary for her to give: She was highly ſatisfied with the Choice I had made; and the lovely Maid being baptiz'd according to the Ceremony of the Church, I never left ſolliciting my Father and *Timante* for their Conſent to conſummate my Happineſs, which neither of them wiſhing to delay, I became the moſt bleſs'd of Mankind, in the intire poſſeſſion of my dear *Felidia*, whoſe Charms are every hour improving, as ſhe has more knowledge of the

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World, and I doubt not but will continue ſo to my Life's end.

A kind of tender Diſpute roſe between the two Brothers; *Agenor* would compel *Timante* to receive all that he had ſent in the two Ships to *Port-Lewis*, and the other would accept no more than a ſmall part, which he gave *Felidia* by way of Dowry; deſiring no more than to continue the remainder of his Days with us, and obliging *Agenor* to keep the reſt of his Effects for the uſe of his Family. The buſineſs is at laſt decided, and the Generoſity of *Timante* has got the victory. Every thing being thus regulated, *Agenor* and myſelf went this morning to wait on *Thelamont*, to let him know the happy Cataſtrophe of our Affairs; but being inform'd that he was retir'd with you to this agreeable Solitude, I left *Agenor* and *Timante* with my dear *Felidia*, and came charg'd with their Commiſſion, as well as led by my own Deſires, to renew with *Thelamont* that antient Amity which long has been between our Families: as I never before had the happineſs of ſeeing him, I am obliged to ſay, that in his reception of me, he has not contradicted that amiable Character of fine Senſe, good Manners, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, which has often been given me of him, by *Timante* and *Agenor*.

Tho' I have never before ſeen you, (*ſaid* Thelamont, *perceiving he had done ſpeaking*) I know you perfectly. That terrible Sea-fight, of which you have ſpoke with ſo much modeſty, has teſtified to the whole World, that you join the moſt daring Courage to a thouſand other noble Qualities, which will hereafter be diſclos'd at full. For my part (*added* Urania) the Hiſtory of *Cleodon*, and the manner in which he has deſcrib'd the

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Circumſtances of it to us, has charm'd me. I am raviſh'd with the Character of the lovely *Felidia*, and burn with impatience to know and embrace her. Indeed (*ſaid* Felicia) it muſt be confeſs'd, that nothing in the world can be more extraordinary than the Adventures of that beautiful Lady; and if *Cleodon* had not lov'd her, I know no other Perſon in the world a ſuitable Match for her.—— Their Accompliſhments, their Age, the Dangers they both have run thro', forms a kind of Sympathy between them, which could no where be found but in each other.

Every body agreed to what *Felicia* had ſaid, and teſtified their admiration of *Felidia*. After which, the Converſation turn'd on the Praiſes of thoſe two generous Brothers, *Agenor* and *Timante*. *Urania* would have perſuaded *Cleodon* to tarry with them ſome time, but he excuſed himſelf, by ſaying, that he only came to pay his reſpects, and acquaint *Thelamont* with the Affairs of their Family, which having done, his Love now commanded his return to *Felidia*.—— This was all that paſs'd between them at that time: he went haſtily into his Coach, in which *Thelamont* ſaw him depart with Concern, after having exacted from him a Promiſe, that he would ſoon return with the amiable *Felidia*.

Supper being ſerv'd ſoon after the departure of *Cleodon*, they ſat down with that eaſe and noble liberty which appear'd in every little Action of this agreeable Society; and having ended it, retir'd into the Apartment of *Camilla* and *Florinda*, where the former, apprehenſive that the Converſation would turn again on the Subject of her change of Behaviour, becauſe they deſired ſhe ſhould give them a Theme,—— The Adventure (*ſaid ſhe*) of the *Mariner* with the *Crocodile*

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and *Tyger*, has afforded a much better one than any I can propoſe: nothing I can think, can be more uſeful than thoſe little Memento's how very neceſſary it is to have a ready Thought and Preſence of Mind on all occaſions.

They began (*continued ſhe*) in the Miniſtry of Cardinal *Richlieu*, to put in practice to the utmoſt ſeverity the Edicts againſt Duelling: A Gentleman named *Bonneval*, being accuſed and convicted at *Lyons*, of having ſent a Challenge to another, was condemn'd by the *Grand-Provoſt* of the Place. As they were carrying him to the Place of Execution, he ſaw a Courier belonging to the Cardinal paſs by; the unfortunate Delinquent told the Officers of Juſtice that were conducting him, that he had a Secret of the laſt Importance to communicate to that Courier, and deſired leave to ſpeak to him, ſince what he had to ſay, concern'd the State in general, and that Miniſter in particular to whom he belong'd. He obtain'd the permiſſion he ask'd, and the Courier approaching, he repeated to him the ſame thing, but added withal, *That he could not deliver it to any Perſon but the Cardinal himſelf.*

The Courier, on this, told the *Grand-Provoſt*, that this Man having Secrets of conſequence to impart to his Maſter, he would be highly blameable if he prolong'd not his Life till he return'd with Orders from that Miniſter. On which he was remanded to Priſon, and the Execution ſuſpended.

The Courier made all imaginable haſte to *Paris*, and having inform'd the Cardinal of this Adventure, that great Miniſter, who neglected nothing, ſent immediate Orders that *Bonneval* ſhould be conducted to *Paris*.

When he was brought before the Cardinal, who demanded of him what he had to reveal, *My Lord!* (ſaid he) *pardon the Preſumption of a Man, who, on the Brink of Death, had no other way to eſcape the Gulph before him.——— The ſight of your Courier, juſt in that fatal moment, put a Deſign into my head, which before I had not a thought of.—— I impos'd on him, and on the Grand-Provoſt, flattering myſelf that if I was permitted to come into your Eminency's Preſence, I ſhould obtain favour; if not, at leaſt I ſhould die much better pleas'd in having once in my Life beheld the Man whoſe Fame the World is ſo full of.*

The Cardinal could not help admiring the ready Wit of this Man; and judging by his Spirit in this, that he was capable of being ſerviceable in any other Affair committed to his Care, he ſpoke of him to *Lewis* the Thirteenth, and obtained his Pardon. *Bonneval* being ſet at liberty, went to return thanks to his Preſerver, aſſuring him that the Life he had redeem'd, ſhould be ever devoted to him: the Cardinal, who perfectly knew Mankind, approv'd of him, and afterwards employ'd him in many things, which he executed to his ſatisfaction.

'Tis certain (*ſaid* Urania) that there are a thouſand Advantages in this one Virtue; every day gives us Proofs of it; we find it even in the ſmalleſt Accidents of Life; and without it, the greateſt Wit would be deficient.

To convince you yet more of this Truth (*added* Thelamont) I will recite to you a little Paſſage, which, as often as I think of it, gives me Admiration. Monſieur *de la Tremouille*, being General of the Army which *Charles* the Eighth ſent into *Bretagne* againſt the Duke of *Orleans*, who then govern'd in the Name of *Lewis* the Twelfth, ſurnamed,

named, *The Father of his Country*; the Battle was fought at *Saint Aubin*, *Tremouille* was victorious, and the Duke of *Orleans* made Priſoner: but the General, in the midſt of Conqueſt, preſerving that Prudence which ought neither in Proſperity nor Adverſity to be forgotten, regarded the Duke with all the Honour imaginable, paying him all the diſtant Homage which was owing from him to ſo great a Prince; and behaving rather like a Man who had been vanquiſh'd by him, than one who had overcome him. He had him conducted to the Caſtle of *Loches*, and never ceas'd interceeding with the King till he had obtain'd his liberty.

It ſeem'd as if this gallant Warrior had a foreknowledge of what was ſoon to enſue, and that the Memory of the King, who died ſome time after, would not be ſufficient to protect him from the Reſentment of the new one. On the Acceſſion of the Duke of *Orleans* to the Crown, the oppoſite Party trembled, but he ſoon diſſipated their fears; and ſome People reminding him, how much he had ſuffer'd by the conqueſt of *Tremouille*, he made this generous and memorable Anſwer, *That the Moderation of the Victor had effaced and blotted out the Memory of the Loſs; and that it belong'd not to the King of* France *to revenge the Quarrels of the Duke of* Orleans. This was a Pattern for all Kings, Princes, and Miniſters, and, in fine, for all Mankind in general. *Lewis* the Twelfth was always Wiſe, Valiant, and Generous: and during his whole Reign, never deviated in the leaſt from this Character, but died ador'd by his Subjects, and admir'd by the whole World.

If *Lewis* the Twelfth (*ſaid* Urania) had not by this behaviour to *Tremouille*, given us the Idea of a Prince truly great and wiſe, the Moderation of that General had taught us never to abuſe the Glory of a noble Action.

It is true, (*ſaid* Orſames) but all Men are not always the ſame on different occaſions. Perhaps, if *Tremouille* had been the vanquiſh'd, he could not have behaved with the ſame Temper, as being conqueror, he did. But (*continued he*) I believe we have ſaid all that is neceſſary on this Subject, and it is now time to leave *Florinda* and *Camilla* to the liberty of their Reflections.

At theſe words all the Company took leave of theſe fair Couſins, and our happy Couples retir'd to taſte the Sweets of that Repoſe, which Virtue and rewarded Tenderneſs can never fail to afford.

The End of the Seventh Day.



La Belle Aſſemblée.

The EIGHTH DAY.

URANIA was no ſooner dreſs'd, than ſhe went into the Apartment of *Camilla* and *Florinda*, where ſhe found the amiable *Julia*, who having been ſome time out of Bed, were preparing to come to her. *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, and *Orſames*, came in the moment after; none of this agreeable Society being miſſing but *Felicia*, *Urania* engaged them to reproach her with preferring the Charms of Sleep to their Converſation, or the Pleaſures which the Morning affords.

I aſſure you (*anſwer'd* Orophanes) that you have nothing to reproach her with on that ſcore; ſhe roſe this morning with *Aurora*, and it was only the fear that your Inclinations would not correſpond with hers, which made her not diſturb

you. —— This Day, being the First of *May*, she is gone into the Gardens, indulging Contemplation with those Ideas which the Season affords.

This Information of *Orophanes's*, was followed by a long discourse on the Beauties of the Spring, which at length turn'd the Conversation on the Order of Nature, and the Divine Power by which it was govern'd and directed. If one made these Reflections frequently, (*said* Urania) Humanity would be enabled to preserve itself from falling into Errors; and Justice and Equity would be the eternal Guide of all our Actions. How, (*replied* Orophanes) do you believe then, Madam, that to be just and equitable, there needs to have recourse to things so high? Doubtless, (*said* Thelamont) all Men are born with a Desire to pass for virtuous: 'tis a Title we set so great a Rate upon, that there is nothing of which we are so jealous, however the corruption of Inclination, or Examples, may render our Actions vastly distant from deserving it. I believe the most vicious of Mankind, if he looks seriously into himself, will find he is not without those Seeds of Justice put into him by Divine Providence, tho' stifled and kept from growth by the prevalence of destructive Passions.

The Man, who free from Malice, Envy, or Self-Interest, takes in hand no Enterprize prejudicial to his Neighbour, who willingly gives to every one the Honour which is due to him; and who truly weighs the Degrees of Merit he sees other People possess'd of; who gratefully remembers every little Service done him, and is proud of all occasions to return the Favours he receives; such a Man, I think, may be allowed to be Just.

On the contrary, a Man who on every little Occaſion, or Ill-humour, ſhall detract from the Merits of his Friend, or throw undeſerv'd Aſperſions on his Enemy, cannot be accounted any other than a dangerous Perſon, and whoſe Society ought to be avoided by all lovers of Tranquillity.

I do not here pretend to make a Contract between the Virtues or Vices of Mankind, but only to prove, that one cannot acquire the one, without looking up to the Divine Source of it; nor fall into the other, without forgetting him. —— That Virtue which appears voluntary in our Actions, is firſt regulated and faſhioned by our Intentions; and what can form thoſe Intentions, but that Spark of the heavenly Eſſence, which gives us, in ſome meaſure, a Similitude of our Maker; and which before we can be guilty of Ill, muſt either be not remembred in the ſudden heat of ſome outrageous Paſſion, or ſtifled by a continual Practice of Vice? and of theſe latter ſort I hope we have but few Examples. Farther, to prove the truth of what I ſay, make but your obſervation, that when any Perſon, of what Profeſſion or Religion ſoever, would deſcribe a Man free from Vice, they ſay, *He is a juſt Man, and fears God*, making it, as it were, a Conſequence, that to be the one, one muſt be the other alſo.

Beſides all this, I believe I may venture to maintain, that the firſt Point of Juſtice conſiſts in Piety; nothing certainly being ſo great a Debt upon us, as to render to the Creator and Preſerver thoſe Acknowledgments which are due to him for our Being, and the hourly Protection he affords his Creatures. Without Religion we ſhould be incapable either of forming or improving any Notions which can be called Good, or

Virtuous; all that ſpring from any other Source, however fair they may appear in the World's Eye, are but deluſive; and if the Motives which occaſion'd them ſhould ceaſe, they would alſo be at an end, and Villany, if attended by a more proſperous Proſpect, follow in their room.

Who would have imagin'd (*ſaid* Orophanes, *perceiving* Thelamont *had left off ſpeaking*) that the Obſervations we were making on the Beauties of Nature, ſhould have been the occaſion of ſo eloquent and improving a Diſcourſe: but I believe there is nothing more difficult than to find a Theme on which he could not expatiate in the ſame agreeable manner. I am intirely of your opinion, (*added* Julia) and dare maintain, that on the moſt trifling Subject *Thelamont* would draw Inferences both inſtructive and delightful, to all who were ſo happy as to hear him.

I have very little Reaſon (*anſwer'd he*) to believe you think as you ſpeak, ſince if my Converſation afforded you in reality any Satisfaction, you would not, by giving me Praiſes ſo much beyond my due, take the moſt effectual method you can make uſe of, to oblige me hereafter to Silence. To prove, therefore, (*ſaid* Orſames) that we take a pleaſure in hearing you, we will forbear giving you any other Demonſtrations of it, than by intreating you always to communicate your Ideas to the Company. For my part, (*rejoined* Florinda) I ſhall content myſelf with the Advantages I receive: nor will make any other reply to what *Thelamont* has ſaid, than avowing that I am altogether of his mind, that Religion is abſolutely neceſſary to form the Character of a juſt and virtuous Man.

That is moſt certain, (*ſaid* Camilla) but notwithſtanding, thoſe Ordinances which oblige Men

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to Acts of Devotion, do not always produce the Effects which one might hope from them; and I know not but that they are ſometimes rather the Cauſe of ſmothering thoſe Divine Impulſes, *Thelamont* was ſpeaking of, than any ways improving them: I mean, that there are ſome People, who contenting themſelves with the exterior Part of Religion, take no pains to acquit themſelves of the more eſſential Duties of a good Man.

This is, indeed, (*ſaid* Urania) too common an Error, and is of all others the moſt dangerous; becauſe it not only leads us into Superſtition and Preſumption, but is alſo an ill Example to our Neighbours. How contemptible a Notion of Religion muſt an ignorant Perſon have, who ſees his Neighbour guilty of thoſe Vices he ſeems moſt to abhor, and divides his Time between Sinning and Praying? —— I am perſuaded theſe counterfeit Devotees do more harm by their affectation of Piety, than all the profeſs'd Atheiſts that ever were, have had the power to do.

That is ſtill (*reſumed* Thelamont) owing to the want of Self-examination, as I have before ſaid: Would every Man but ſeriouſly look into himſelf, he would immediately know the danger of theſe falſe Virtues, and what was but ſuperficial, convert to real and ſubſtantial Zeal. It is this Eſtrangement, as we may call it, from our own innate Principles, which, generally ſpeaking, occaſions all the Errors Humanity is guilty of.

The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth order'd the Lords of *Fregoſe* and *Rangon* to be kill'd becauſe they were negotiating an Alliance againſt him, between the *Porte* and *Francis* the Firſt King of *France*; and the Reaſon he gave to juſtify this cruel Action, was, *That the Canons of the Church forbid all ſorts of Alliances with Infidels; and that there-*

therefore theſe Ambaſſadors had forfeited all the Regard due to their Character. —— But had he one moment reſolved within himſelf, he would have found Reaſons infinitely more ſtrong againſt this Action, than any he could alledge in its defence. And if Pope *Alexander* the Sixth had done the ſame, he would have treated with leſs Rigour the unfortunate *Soſimus*, Brother of *Bajazet*. I could give you a thouſand other Inſtances, that it is only owing to the want of the before-mention'd Examination, that Mankind deviates from Virtue, and falls into the groſſeſt and moſt deteſtable Vices.

Before *Thelamont* had done ſpeaking, *Felicia* appear'd. —— You come in good time, my dear *Felicia*, (ſaid *Orophanes*) to put a ſtop to the Praiſes we were about to give *Thelamont*, and which his Modeſty will not allow him to receive. —— I think myſelf unhappy, (*ſaid that amiable Lady, after having received the Salutations of the Company*) that I have not been partaker of the Pleaſure he has afforded you; but as I am too late for that, ſhall be ſatisfied with gueſſing on what Topick he has been treating, by the manner in which you expreſs your thanks.

I aſſure you, Madam, (*replied* Orſames) that on whatever Subject *Thelamont* is pleaſed to communicate his Sentiments, I liſten to him with a mixture of Satisfaction and Concern: —— I find him ſo univerſally knowing, that I cannot hear him without regretting that he is not at the Head of ſome Republick, forming new Laws and Rules of Government; iſſuing out Orders for War and Peace; diſtributing Rewards and Puniſhments; and ſetting an Example for the leſs thinking part of the Monarchs of the World to follow. Methinks a Merit, ſuch as his, ought not

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As for that, (*ſaid* Orophanes) it is not always the brighteſt Wits that are moſt fit for Government. *Thucydides* is of opinion, that thoſe of a dull Genius, who plainly follow the Rules their Anceſtors have ſet down for them, without endeavouring to improve, or imbeliſh the Manners or Cuſtoms of the People they reign over, are better Adminiſtrators of the Affairs of a Republick, than thoſe whoſe ſuperiority of Wit and Spirit gives them an Ambition to refine every thing within their reach. And I believe it is from this Obſervation, that aroſe the antient Proverb, that *A great Genius is a great Charge.*

A Man of this Character is never at reſt; he is perpetually agitated by the Variety of his Ideas: it is but with Uneaſineſs and Diſdain he finds himſelf obliged to deſcend to things which are common; and unable to ſet any Bounds to his vaſt Projects, he confounds one Reaſon with another; he is ſtill ſearching for more, and better, till he becomes loſt in an Abyſs of Thought, and too much buried in an Endeavour to make the force of his great Genius appear in ſomething extraordinary, neglects thoſe Affairs which he thinks unworthy of his notice, but which are in reality of the utmoſt conſequence to the preſervation of his Eſtate.———

Nothing can be more dangerous than to have a Firſt Miniſter endued with too fertile an Invention and Vivacity: He ſeldom fails of engaging his Maſter in Deſigns which have the appearance of a prodigious Advantage, and which ſeem to his Spirit and enterprizing Diſpoſition, eaſy to be accompliſh'd, but are in reality impoſſible to be executed. For example, the laſt King of

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Sweden,

Sweden, by an extravagance of Courage, and of Spirit, was often agitated to Undertakings, which, had Reflection been of any force with him, would have appear'd more deſtructive to his Intereſt, than of ſervice to his Glory; and he had ſat down content with a leſs ſhare of Fame, and enjoy'd a greater one of Peace.

The *Athenians* and the *Florentines*, by having too much Vivacity, and too little Reflection, often chang'd their Government, which at laſt brought on their Ruin. On the contrary, examine the *Swiſſes* and *Venetians*, and you will find their Rules built on fix'd and certain Maxims, by which they have maintain'd an uninterrupted Grandeur and Tranquillity for a long Series of Ages.

See there! (*ſaid* Thelamont, *ſmiling*) I am with great Complaiſance already baniſh'd from all hope of the Government which *Orſames* would give me. As the Flowers, the Fruits, and other Productions of the Earth, (*reſumed* Orophanes) gave you occaſion of improving the Company by the fineſt Moral in the World, ſo the Diſcourſe of *Orſames* gave birth to what I have been ſaying; having no deſign on any particular Perſon, but to communicate ſome Obſervations I have made in general.

Oh, my dear *Orophanes*, (*interrupted* Thelamont) you have no need to vindicate the Aſſertions you have made; all that you ſay is juſt, and I aſſure you, I prefer with pleaſure a Life of Contemplation and Philoſophy, to all thoſe noiſy, and glorious Employments, which giving others a perfect knowledge of our Abilities, leaves us no time to make a ſcrutiny into ourſelves. It is very eaſy (*ſaid* Camilla, *with her accuſtom'd Vivacity*) to be content with one's Eſtate, when one is poſſeſs'd of all one deſires: And ſince *Thelamont* is ſecure

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of *Urania* in what place ſoever he reſides, I do not ſuppoſe there is need of any very great Effort to enable him to paſs his days in the utmoſt Solitude with a Woman ſo dear to him.

I aſſure you, charming *Camilla*, (*anſwer'd he*) that *Urania* very well ſupplies the place of every thing that has a Charm for other Men. As for my part, (*ſaid that amiable Lady*) I think myſelf extreme happy that *Thelamont* was born without any other Ambition than that of rendring himſelf agreeable to Society. —— But methinks, (*cried* Julia) that *Camilla* ſeems to underſtand much better than ſhe did formerly the pleaſures of paſſing one's time with a Perſon one loves.—— You will be immediately ſatisfied in that Point, (*anſwer'd* Florinda) I ſee ſome Company approaching, whoſe Preſence will, in ſpite of all her Caution, diſcover to you the Secret of her heart.

Theſe words made all this amiable Society riſe haſtily from their Seats, and run to the Window where *Florinda* was looking out, whence they diſcerned *Celemena* advancing towards them, followed by a Lady, and a young *Chevalier*, of a moſt exquiſite Beauty and graceful Appearance. Theſe two laſt were abſolute ſtrangers to all the Company but *Camilla* and *Florinda*; but the Eyes of the former of theſe Ladies, convinc'd her Friends, That this was not the firſt time ſhe had ſeen that lovely Youth, who, as he approached nearer, attracted the admiration of every one of the Company.

Urania and *Thelamont* went to meet *Celemena*, who, after the firſt Civilities were over, preſented the Lady and Gentleman —— Receive (*ſaid ſhe*) two Perſons, worthy to be admitted into the number of your Friends, and whom I am certain you will not refuſe to call ſo, when you

are acquainted with their Merit, and how dear they are to *Camilla*. ——— With theſe words they all entred the Room, where a thouſand demonſtrations of mutual Tenderneſs and Eſteem being paſs'd between *Camilla*, *Florinda*, and the two Strangers ——— I n ow perceive the cauſe (*ſaid* Urania) that *Camilla* has been of late ſo penſive; and I know not if I ſhall eaſily pardon her concealing from me what ſhe has made no Secret to *Celemena*. ——— I aſſure you, Madam (*replied that Lady*) ſhe is not ſo guilty, nor am I ſo much obliged to her as you imagine: She was wholly ignorant that I am an Intimate of *Orphiſe*, or that I had ever ſeen her Son *Alphonſo*; and is, doubtleſs, as much ſurprized to ſee us together, as you are at the alteration in her Countenance: But I dare promiſe, that on a further acquaintance with this amiable young Chevalier, you will not be ſurprized at the Conqueſt he has gain'd, tho' it be over a Mind you believed incapable of any very tender Impreſſions.

You have given us, Madam, (*anſwer'd* Orophanes) in a few words, the whole ſecret of this Affair; and I proteſt to you, that the firſt ſight of *Alphonſo* has created in me an Eſteem which is no inconſiderable addition to the Pleaſure I have to know that *Camilla* is not unſenſible of Merit.

To deſerve that Eſteem with which you flatter me, (*ſaid* Alphonſo) I muſt reſign that glorious Title *Celemena* has adorn'd me with; and ſince all here, except the amiable *Florinda*, have declared themſelves the Votaries of Love, may plead more Merit by avowing myſelf ſuch, than in boaſting to have inſpir'd it. ——— 'Tis the adorable *Camilla* who is the Victor; and if the ardency of my Paſſion has been able to make ſome little Incroachments on that Liberty which ſeem'd

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unvanquiſhable, it is to her Pity alone that I am indebted for the Bleſſing.

He pronounced theſe words with a grace which very much enhanced the Eſteem which the Beauties of his Perſon had inſpir'd. 'Twas impoſſible for any one to make a greater progreſs in the Affections of ſo many Hearts in ſo ſhort a time; nor could any one be in reality more worthy of acquiring this univerſal Tenderneſs, than was this accompliſh'd Cavalier.

They paſs'd the time till Dinner, with their accuſtomed Gaiety and Spirit, which being over, *Urania* acquainted her new Gueſts with the Law they had made for regulating the various Diverſions of the Day. *Orphiſe* and *Alphonſo* ſeem'd charm'd with the Deſign, and agreed to follow it. They no ſooner, therefore, roſe from Table, than that agreeable Lady conducted them into her fine Study, where every one being ſeated, ſhe deſired *Camilla* to permit *Orphiſe* to relate by what means ſhe had become acquainted with the Merits of *Alphonſo*.

It is not for me (*anſwered* Orphiſe) to make you this recital: *Florinda* has ſo great a ſhare in the Adventures of *Camilla*, and has been ſo perfectly acquainted with her moſt ſecret Thoughts, that it is from her Mouth you can beſt be inform'd of the Particulars of this Affair.

I conſent (*ſaid* Camilla) that *Florinda* ſhall acquaint the Company with all the Particulars of a Story which their Friendſhip for me can only render pleaſing; but I intreat you will excuſe me from being witneſs of it; and alſo *Alphonſo*, whom I deſire will follow *Celemena* and me, to admire with *Orphiſe*, the Beauties of this delightful Retreat.

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I have no other Will than yours, (*anſwered* Alphonſo) but in depriving myſelf of the Pleaſure of hearing in the recital of *Florinda* your moſt ſecret Thoughts, I teſtify, by the violence I do my Inclinations, the reſpect I have for your leaſt Command. If I did not imagine (*ſaid* Celemena) that *Camilla* believed me already acquainted with her Affairs, I ſhould take it a little ill that ſhe excluded me from this relation of them. There is no room to doubt, Madam, (*replied* Thelamont) but that you are already ſufficiently inform'd, ſince you are the Friend of *Orphiſe*, and ſhe is the Mother of *Alphonſo*.

But methinks, (*ſaid* Julia) we waſte Time, which might be much better employd; I never had a greater Curioſity in my life than that which now poſſeſſes me for the Fortune of *Camilla*, and gueſs at the reſt of the Company's Impatience by my own. I proteſt, (*added* Felicia) that this is the firſt time I ever wiſh'd her abſence, and that I now do ſo moſt heartily. You muſt be ſatisfied, (*replied* Orphiſe) and I am too much intereſted in your approbation of the Choice *Camilla* has made, to permit any interruption to the recital *Florinda* is about to make. ——— With theſe words ſhe took *Celemena* under the Arm, and made a Sign to her Son to follow them, which he immediately did, after *Camilla* had given him her Hand; but that modeſt Lady could not leave the Room, without entreating *Florinda* to conceal as much of her Weakneſs as ſhe could, and to do her beſt to excuſe that part of it which in relating her Story ſhe was obliged to expoſe. *Florinda* could not help laughing at the fears of her fair Friend; but *Urania*, who thought nothing more worthy of her knowledge than the Means by which the Heart of *Camilla* had been touch'd,

touch'd, desir'd she would no longer defer the performance of her Promise, which the other complying with, began in these terms :

The History of CAMILLA.

THO' the History of *Camilla* is not illustrated with any of those extraordinary Accidents which keep the Mind in a perpetual agitation, yet there are some Incidents in it entertaining enough, especially to those whose Friendship makes them interest themselves in every little Passage of her Affairs. No person in this Company is ignorant of the Character of that amiable Lady; and that she is of a Humour the most gay and diverting in the world : an uncommon share of Wit and Vivacity appears in every thing she says and does; and this Disposition, join'd to the Insensibility she for a long time maintain'd amidst a great number of Admirers, made her be look'd on as a Person who had too much Fire and Sprightliness in her Composition, ever to be capable of entring into any serious Engagements. The freedom which the nearness of Blood and Friendship gave me a privilege to take with her, made me often talk to her with a good deal of Gravity on this Head; and more than once I have advised her to make choice of some one among the multiplicity of those who sought her in Marriage, but I could never get any other answer from her than Reproaches for the desire I express'd of being separated from her;

always proteſting, that Liberty and my Society were things ſo dear to her, that Marriage, tho' attended with the utmoſt Advantages, would ſeem a deprivation of all the Satisfactions for which ſhe valued Life. She repeated this ſo often, and with ſo much vehemence, that at laſt I took a reſolution to give over my Perſuaſions; and it was with theſe Sentiments on both ſides, that we paſs'd ſome part of laſt Summer with you in this agreeable Retirement; the Pleaſures which we taſted in your Society, ſerv'd to furniſh new Arguments to ſupport *Camilla* in her Indifference, not being able to believe, that when the Heart was attached to one particular Object, it could have thoſe Enjoyments which an entire Liberty of Thought afforded.

It was to no purpoſe that I ſometimes endeavour'd to confute her by the Example of *Thelamont* and *Urania*; *Orophanes* and *Felicia*; and *Orſames* and *Julia*: She would ſtill maintain, in ſpite of all I could ſay to the contrary, that the Paſſions you were poſſeſs'd of, though reciprocal, was a kind of confinement to the Mind, which however agreeable it might be, ſhe could by no means prefer to an entire Unprepoſſeſſion. I know not how far ſhe might have been influenced by Perſons for whom ſhe has ſo great an Eſteem, had ſhe been frequently a witneſs of that perfect Happineſs your enſuing Nuptials produced; but the death of *Geronte*, and other Affairs taking you up a great part of the Winter, we were, you know, deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing you ſo often as we had been accuſtomed; and the Humour of *Camilla* not permitting her to give any regard to things too grave, I was obliged to take part of thoſe Entertainments ſhe was never at a loſs to find out. We

had

had frequently for a Companion in our Amuſements, a Widow of diſtinguiſh'd Merit, handſome, rich, and virtuous: I ſay, handſome, becauſe ſhe ſtill maintains the Bloom of Youth in an Age which muſt be called pretty much advanced: But I need not go about to make any particular deſcription of her Perſon, ſince it is no other than *Orphiſe*, who now accompanies *Celemena* in her viſit to this delightful Manſion.

This Lady has for the Inheritors of her vaſt Poſſeſſions, one Son and a Daughter, whom ſhe loves with an extreme Tenderneſs: Her Son, after having received all the Education that his native Country could afford, made the Tour of *Europe*; and when we became acquainted with *Orphiſe*, was in *Italy*; and her Daughter was bred in a Convent, the Abbeſs of which was her near Relation.

I had often entertained *Orphiſe* with diſcourſes of the Indifference of *Camilla*, but could never make that wiſe Lady believe it proceeded from any defect in her Temperament, or altogether an Averſion to Marriage: but that it was becauſe ſhe had never yet met with an Object where there was that Sympathy neceſſary to create a real Affection. We would ſometimes talk in this manner in the preſence of *Camilla*, who never fail'd to quarrel at my ſeeming to think her in the wrong; and laugh'd heartily at the opinion of *Orphiſe*'s glorying in her Inſenſibility, and avowing ſhe would continue in it to her life's end.

In this manner did ſome Months paſs on, till one day *Orphiſe* coming to viſit us, told us that her Daughter was to come out of the Convent to partake in ſome of the Winter-Entertainments. She deſired us, that ſince her Age and Gravity

prevented her from accompanying us in ſome of our Diverſions, that we would, in her room, accept of the young *Alphonſina*, and allow her a place in our Friendſhip and Society. We return'd the Compliments ſhe made us on this occaſion, and aſſur'd her, that nothing in our power ſhould be wanting to make that amiable Lady (in whoſe praiſe we had heard great things from thoſe that knew her) ſenſible of the value we had for her. But (*ſaid* Orphiſe) if the agreeable *Camilla* perſeveres in her Inſenſibility, I know not how *Alphonſina* will be able to ſuſtain it: She is gay, but then ſhe is extremely tender; and as I am certain ſhe will be charm'd with *Camilla*, will ill endure to have it return'd with Indifference. Oh, (*anſwer'd* Camilla, *laughing*) you need not doubt but that I ſhall more than return the Regards I ſhall receive from her; I only guard my Heart from the Aſſaults of *Love*, to *Friendſhip* I lie intirely open.

We ſhall ſee that, (*ſaid* Orphiſe;) my Daughter comes to *Paris* to-morrow, and as ſoon as ſhe is in a condition to appear before you, I ſhall try in what manner you will receive that Friendſhip which ſhe is already, by the character I have given of you, prepared to offer you. We were three days after this without ſeeing *Orphiſe*, or hearing any thing from her, tho' we expected it with the utmoſt Impatience; in which time I believe *Camilla* ſaid to me a thouſand times, that ſhe both wiſh'd and fear'd the ſight of this new Friend.——— I know not (*ſaid ſhe*) what it is that thus alarms me, but ſomething methinks, tells me, that my acquaintance with this Lady will occaſion ſomething very extraordinary; I deſire to ſee her, and at the ſame time apprehend ſome danger which I cannot account for:

I expect to find her very beautiful, and I ſhall be obliged to do her juſtice; I never yet envied the Charms I beheld another poſſeſs'd of, and yet I cannot help wiſhing, that ſhe may be leſs agreeable than ſhe is repreſented. ——— It was impoſſible for me to forbear laughing at the contradiction which appear'd in her Sentiments.—— Suppoſe (*anſwer'd I*) ſhe be the moſt beautiful of her whole Sex, you have no Lover whoſe Heart you fear will be ſenſible of her Attractions; of what therefore can you be jealous? —— You are eternally reproaching me with Indifference, (*reſumed ſhe*) and tho' I acknowledge myſelf ſo as to the Men, I am nicely delicate in my Affection to the Women: I fear that this amiable *Alphonſina* will have ſufficient to excite my utmoſt Eſteem, and that ſhe will be able to find nothing in me worthy to create an equal one in her.—

It was in theſe kind of Converſations we paſt the Time, till at laſt the long expected Moment arrived: *Orphiſe* came and brought with her a Perſon whoſe Mein, Air, and Beauty ſeem'd infinitely ſurpaſſing all the Ideas we had form'd of her.——— Behold (*ſaid* Orphiſe) the Daughter of whom I ſpoke, and in whom I hope you will find nothing unworthy of your Friendſhip! —— At theſe words *Camilla* advanced and took her in her Arms: I embraced her alſo in my turn; and turning immediately after to *Camilla*, obſerved a kind of a Confuſion in her Countenance, which ſeem'd very ſtrange to me. ——— I know not (*ſaid* Alphonſina) how far maternal Tenderneſs may have inhanced the little Merits I am miſtreſs of, but I am certain that I have heard from the ſame mouth, Deſcriptions of the amiable *Florinda* and *Camilla*, ſuch as have made me impatient to liſt myſelf in the Number of their Admirers;

judge then what an effect the ſight of ſo many Perfections muſt inſpire! ——— In ſpeaking this, ſhe fix'd her eyes on *Camilla*, as expecting her to reply; which ſhe did with her accuſtomed Wit, but mingled with a Conſtraint, which, in ſpite of the natural Serioufneſs of my Diſpoſition, made me burſt into a fit of Laughter, which I found it impoſſible to reſtrain.

Camilla eaſily gueſs'd the occaſion of my unuſual Mirth, and unwilling to make a Secret of it to *Orphiſe*, related to her all the Diſcourſes we had held together concerning her beautiful Daughter. ——— You may ſee, Madam, (*added ſhe*) how much reaſon I had to fear the ſight of *Alphonſina*, ſince it has involv'd me in an Admiration which was viſible to *Florinda*: However, I do aſſure you, it is nothing like Envy which has poſſeſs'd me, tho' I know no body has ſo much the power of creating it as *Alphonſina*.

As I ſet little value on my own Charms, (*replied* Alphonſina) and am throughly convinced of the power of yours, I do aſſure you, that the Eſteem I have for them, will never be perverted to a Jealouſy of Beauty. ——— But, (*continued ſhe with a Smile, which methought had ſomething of myſterious in it*) charming *Camilla!* if it is permitted me to ſpeak my Sentiments, on that little Surprize which you ſay the ſight of me occaſion'd, I believe it not owing to any Friendſhip you can yet have conceiv'd for me, but that your Heart, unaccuſtom'd to feel any very tender Impreſſions, felt ſome Concern for thoſe you have inſpir'd me with, and which perhaps are impoſſible for you ever to return.

You very much wrong your own Power, (*ſaid* Camilla) if this be your real Opinion: There is ſomething, methinks, of a Similitude in our Humours

mours and Inclinations, which aſſures me that you will become infinitely dear to me.—— Could I flatter myſelf with ſuch a Hope, (*reſumed the other, with an unſpeakable Tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes*) it would fill me with ſo perfect a Happipineſs, that I ſhould, perhaps, ceaſe from any further endeavours to merit it; for though I have been always taught, that it was better to *deſerve* than to *acquire*, yet I muſt confeſs, that to be eſteemed by the adorable *Camilla*, is infinitely more pleaſing, than to be conſcious of Perfections which made her Approbation a Debt incumbent on her and the whole World.

The Converſation between them, for ſome time, turn'd on no other Topick than the Admiration which this firſt Interview had mutually inſpir'd them with: *Orphiſe* ſeem'd to take notice, with pleaſure, of this Agreement, and telling us, that for ſome days ſhe ſhould leave *Alphonſina* with us, becauſe there were Reaſons which render'd it improper ſhe ſhould be publickly ſeen, took her leave, to go about ſome Affairs which there was a neceſſity for her to diſpatch.

We paſs'd the whole Day with this young Beauty, who, in ſpite of the Complaiſance ſhe affected to pay me, one might ſee was wholly attach'd to *Camilla*. And tho' every thing ſhe ſaid was accompanied with the ſtricteſt Modeſty, ſhe diſcours'd in ſo tender and ingaging a manner to that Lady, that I could not help being extremely ſurprized to find a Perſon who had been bred in a Cloyſter, expreſs her Sentiments in a manner ſo lively and touching.

While I was taken up with theſe Reflections, thoſe who occaſion'd them were making to each other a thouſand Proteſtations of an eternal Friendſhip; and I believe nothing of that na-

ture was ever carried to ſuch a degree in ſo ſhort a time. *Alphonſina*, among other things, told us, that her Mother had not removed her from the Cloyſter but with an Intent of marrying her: and that having received her Commands to think of altering her State of Life, ſhe had not teſtified the leaſt repugnance to it; but, continued ſhe, I have within theſe two hours entirely changed my Sentiments; the Society of the charming *Camilla* has made me think with deteſtation on all Engagements where ſhe can have no part, and *Orphiſe* may as well enjoin my death, as conſtrain me to enter into Bands which muſt take me for ever from this Friend. How! (*cry'd* Camilla) will your Marriage oblige you to live at a diſtance from this part of the World? Yes, Madam, (*replied ſhe*) the Man to whom I am deſtin'd, has his Abode in *Provence*, and I muſt by conſequence be buried there too for the remainder of my days. I conjure you, therefore, (*purſued ſhe, kiſſing the Hands of* Camilla) to make uſe of your utmoſt Endeavours with *Orphiſe* to break a Reſolution ſo deſtructive to my Peace, and the Tenderneſs I have conceived for you.

Camilla embraced her a hundred times, and aſſured her ſhe would omit nothing which might contribute to the putting an end to a Deſign ſo cruel to herſelf: proteſting to her, that tho' ſhe had but juſt commenced an Acquaintance with her, ſhe felt Emotions at the thoughts of breaking it off, which ſhe was ſcarce able to ſuſtain. Nothing was ever ſo aſtoniſhing to me, as theſe kind of Diſcourſes; and indeed, the whole Behaviour of them both, the more I conſider'd it, the more I was amaz'd; and having little part in their Entertainment, ſat buried, as it were, in a confuſed Contemplation on what I ſaw and

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heard, when *Orphiſe* return'd, and found them in a perfect Enthuſiaſm of Tenderneſs. The Converſation, after ſhe came in, grew a little more general; but it was eaſy to obſerve the Conſtraint which both of them put on, and that their Souls were only regardful of each other.

Orphiſe would needs have us go home with her to Supper, which Deſire we readily complied with; and while the Table was getting ready, ſhe made *Alphonſina* take a Baſs-Viol, on which ſhe plaid ſo admirably, that I know not if any thing could afford equal Harmony but the Sweetneſs of the Voice which accompanied it.

The Airs ſhe ſung were the moſt paſſionate and tender that could be, and accompanied with Looks and Geſtures ſo expreſſive, that without the help of Hearing, one might be perfectly acquainted with the Words. *Camilla*, in a kind of Rapture, could not forbear confeſſing, that if ever ſhe ſhould find a Man poſſeſs'd of half the Graces of the beautiful *Alphonſina*, ſhe ſhould not be able to preſerve that Liberty ſhe had ſo much gloried in. *Orphiſe* was extremely attentive to all that paſs'd between her Daughter and *Camilla*; and I was no leſs obſervant of her Looks, endeavouring to find out ſomething by them, which I was not as yet able to comprehend.

The two new Friends ſeem'd ſo wholly taken up with one another, that they regarded not the Silence with which we both obſerved them; at laſt, recovering myſelf as well as I was able, from the Aſtoniſhment I was in, I claim'd a Part in their Converſation, and began to praiſe the Merits of *Alphonſina* in terms ſuch as are common between Perſons of the ſame Sex; but *Camilla* thinking what I ſaid infinitely below what ought to be con-

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conceived of that beautiful Lady, made amends for my deficiency, by all the time careſſing her in the moſt tender manner, which the other return'd with Actions ſo paſſionate, as made me fear this young Lady was far from being an Imitator of her Mother's Virtue.

While we were at Table, *Alphonſina* made the magnificent Collation prepar'd for us, infinitely more pleaſing by the Vivacity of her Wit and Spirit, and by a million of bright things, which on every little occaſion teſtified the ſublimity of her Genius. *Camilla* took this opportunity of mentioning to *Orphiſe*, the little Inclination her Daughter had to Marriage; and withal told her, that it would be the utmoſt Cruelty juſt to engage them to love each other, and then to ſeparate them for ever.

Orphiſe ſeem'd to receive this little Reproach with pleaſure. *Alphonſina* is too dear to me, (*ſaid ſhe*) for me to put any Conſtraint on her Inclinations. — My Word is given on no other terms, than if her own Conſent went hand in hand with my Deſign: and I believe ſhe will do me the juſtice to confeſs, I never was very fond of exerting the Authority of a Parent in things of leſs conſequence than that of Marriage, where I think the entire Approbation of the young Perſons themſelves ought firſt to be conſulted. And I aſſure you, charming *Camilla* (*continued ſhe*) that, in ſpite of the Advice I have ſometimes join'd with *Florinda* in giving you, if *Alphonſina* ſhould become as inſenſible as yourſelf has been of any other Paſſion than Friendſhip, I ſhall leave her to her own liberty in that point. ——— I remark with a great deal of ſatisfaction the beginning of an Amity between you, to you therefore I recommend this Daughter ſo averſe to

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Marriage, I will no more conſtrain her Friendſhip than her Love, and I am certain ſhe will find no difficulty in obeying me in this; her Heart has already prevented my Commands, and the amiable *Camilla* is at preſent more dear to her than I am.

Alphonſina bluſh'd a little at this Diſcourſe, and taking the Hands of *Orphiſe* between hers, and tenderly preſſing them, I proteſt to you, Madam, (*ſaid ſhe*) that there is nothing in the World capable of leſſening that Eſteem and Love I owe to you: but I cannot deny but that the incomparable *Camilla* has made an entire conqueſt of my Soul, and that this one Day has made the ſame Progreſs in my Affections, as if I had for many Years had the good fortune of knowing her. *Orphiſe* could not help ſmiling at this Declaration, and ask'd *Camilla* if her Daughter had been able to make the ſame Impreſſion. She made no ſcruple of confeſſing it, and the whole Evening was paſs'd only in mutual Demonſtrations of an eternal Tenderneſs. *Camilla* would have had *Alphonſina* home with us, telling *Orphiſe*, that ſhe had promis'd that amiable Lady ſhould not part from us till ſhe appear'd publickly; but the other would not conſent to it, ſaying it would be incommodious, and that it was ſufficient ſhe enjoy'd our Society in the Days. *Camilla* and *Alphonſina* ſeem'd both a little chagrin'd at this refuſal, and parted with a Regret which teſtified the Sincerity of that Friendſhip they had vow'd each other.

As ſoon as I found myſelf alone with her,—— It was only I, (*ſaid I pleaſantly*) who had reaſon to fear the ſight of *Alphonſina*; for I ſee well that your Acquaintance with her will loſe me all the Intereſt I had in your Heart.—— My dear *Florinda*,

rinda, (anſwer'd ſhe, embracing me) I cannot blame the juſtice of your Reproach: I am ſurprized myſelf to find the progreſs this fair Stranger has made in my Affections in ſo ſhort a time; I know not what Charm it is that attracts me to her, but there is a ſecret Impulſe which obliged me to love her the firſt moment I beheld her. —— However, *(added ſhe)* my Sincerity merits ſomething from you; — I ſhall never ceaſe to love you, tho' at the ſame time I confeſs that I love *Alphonſina* beyond expreſſion.—— She utter'd theſe Words with a diſorder which commanded Pity, and I ſaid no more to her at that time, than that I had been but in jeſt, for I ſhould always love whatever was dear to her, and never be jealous of any thing that gave her pleaſure.

We retired ſoon after to our ſeveral Apartments, and paſs'd the Night in a very different manner, at leaſt if one may judge by what *Camilla* told me in the Morning. I was no ſooner up, than ſhe ſent for me into her Chamber, and making me ſit down on the Bed,—— Would one believe, my dear *Florinda*, *(ſaid ſhe)* that in Friendſhip one ſhould have occaſion for a Confidante, yet it is ſo; I have not the courage to tell *Alphonſina* what ſtrange Idea's have run thro' my diſorder'd Mind this Night, yet fancy I ſhall find ſome eaſe in revealing them to you.——— The Image of that charming Lady has never left me one ſingle moment.——— All that ſhe ſaid, each kind Embrace, every Action was in Sleep repeated.——— One while I thought myſelf bleſs'd in the aſſurance of her eternal Friendſhip.——— Another time, my Imagination, ingenuous in tormenting me, repreſented her unkind, and forgetful of all the ſoft Profeſſions we had made each other.—— Was there ever any thing like this,

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Florinda? Could you believe it poſſible, that one Woman ſhould love another to this extravagant, this diſtracted degree? Ah! (*continued ſhe ſighing*) I thought my ſelf happy in being free from the Inquietudes of *Love*, but now find that *Friendſhip*, when in exceſs, is a Paſſion equally pernicious to Tranquillity.

No, no, my Dear, (*anſwer'd I, ſtrangely ſurprized*) deceive not yourſelf by any ſuch belief: Friendſhip never was the cauſe of Emotions ſuch as you deſcribe. —— You ſeem in a diſorder which makes me tremble for the conſequence.— What mean you, (*reſumed ſhe, in a kind of an affright*) you do not ſure imagine I am in love with a Woman? —— I know not (*anſwer'd I*) whether I may call it *Love*, or not; but am very certain you diſcover Symptoms ſuch as exceed the bounds of Friendſhip.——

What would you have me do? (*interrupted ſhe*) If you knew what paſs'd in my Heart this moment, you would pity me.—— As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, *Alphonſina* came into the Room; *Camilla* could not ſee her without an Agitation which wrought ſuch an alteration in her Countenance, as made the other imagine ſhe was indiſpoſed.— What ails you, my dear *Camilla!* (*ſaid ſhe to her, tenderly embracing her*) has any Accident happen'd to give you cauſe of diſquiet, or does my Preſence diſpleaſe you?

No, charming *Alphonſina*, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) your Preſence has a thouſand Charms for me; and it is that alone which can reſtore me to the Tranquillity your Abſence had baniſh'd from my Mind. —— You ought, indeed, (*ſaid I to her*) to pity the Chagrin of *Camilla*; ſhe has done nothing but dream of you this whole Night; the Friendſhip ſhe has for you is as deſtructive to

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her Repoſe, as did ſhe find the ſame Perfections in a Perſon of a different Sex, a contrary Paſſion would be.

I ſwear to you, amiable *Florinda*, (*replied ſhe, with a vehemence that diſcover'd the ſincerity of her words*) that I would ſacrifice my Life with pleaſure for the repoſe of *Camilla*, but yet I cannot help feeling an exquiſite Delight in the conformity of our Sentiments. —— Yes, my dear *Camilla*, (*added ſhe, with an Action wholly paſſionate*) I have done more than ſympathize in your Inquietudes. —— A thouſand tormenting Reflections have all this Night perplexed me. —— I love you to that degree, that I tremble when I but think there is a Poſſibility your Affection ſhould not equal mine. —— I fear that the more prevailing Merits of ſome other may hereafter baniſh me from your Mind. —— I dread to think ſome lovely Youth may appear before your Eyes, and inſpire you with a Paſſion which will render all the Friendſhip you have for me cold and inſipid. —— I have obtain'd from *Orphiſe*, a ſolemn Promiſe to form no further Expectations of my Marriage, if you would calm the Diſcontents of my perhaps too jealous Soul; ſwear to me that you will never enter into a State which muſt alienate your Affections from me. I promiſe you faithfully that I will not, (*anſwer'd* Camilla, *tenderly returning her Embraces*) and that I will ſooner abandon the whole World, than my more dear, more valuable *Alphonſina*.

I avow to you, that to hear theſe Proteſtations on both ſides, fill'd me with a Surprize which I know not how to expreſs: But not to prolong my Narrative to a too tedious length, I muſt tell you, that there paſs'd between them all the tender Expreſſions, accompanied with Vows of an ever-

everlaſting Fidelity which could be made by the moſt ardent Lovers.

We paſs'd the Day together without any Interruption, *Camilla* having given Orders to admit no Company; and at Night would very fain have perſuaded *Alphonſina* to take up her Lodging at our Houſe: but ſhe would by no means accept of the Offer, fearing to diſoblige *Orphiſe*, who ſhe ſaid had expreſly commanded the contrary.

It was with no more Tranquillity that *Camilla* paſs'd this Night than ſhe had done the preceding one; her Impatience to ſee *Alphonſina* making her riſe much ſooner than ordinary, ſhe deſired me to accompany her to the Houſe of *Orphiſe*, and I complied with her Requeſt, ſtill wondring what would be the conſequence of ſo uncommon a beginning. We found that good Lady at her Toilet, who, after having expreſs'd ſome ſurprize to ſee us abroad ſo early, told us, that ſhe had deſign'd us a Viſit, on purpoſe to entreat we would favour her with our Company, to make a *Party of Pleaſure*, which her Daughter had put her in mind of.

I have (*ſaid ſhe*) a Caſtle near *Fontainbleau*, and *Alphonſina* has begg'd of me to engage you to paſs ſome Days there: tho' the Seaſon is not very proper for a Country Journey, yet I hope we ſhall meet with Diverſions there which will compenſate for the little Fatigue we ſhall have in going.

Camilla, charm'd with the thoughts of being ſo long together with *Alphonſina*, immediately conſented to go; nor was I repugnant to the deſires of *Orphiſe*. We had not been many moments in the Room, before that dangerous Friend, appriz'd of our being there, came in; after having embra-

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ced me with more Gallantry than Tenderneſs; ſhe run to *Camilla*, and taking her in her Arms, held her with ſo ſtrenuous a Preſſure, that I thought they never would have ſeparated. She heard with tranſport of our going to the Caſtle of *Orphiſe*, and ordering every thing for our immediate departure, in leſs than an hour we went into the Coach.

It would be but trifling to repeat our Converſation on the way: *Alphonſina* and *Camilla*, not in the leaſt endeavouring to conceal their Sentiments, entertain'd each other with mutual Tenderneſs, while *Orphiſe* and I diſcours'd on ordinary Affairs. It was toward Evening when we came to the Caſtle, where we were receiv'd in a manner, which convinced me that the Orders of *Orphiſe* had arrived there before herſelf.

Supper being ſerv'd in the moſt elegant and magnificent manner imaginable, I had every thing to give me perfect Pleaſure, had it not been poiſon'd by the Diſquiet I conceiv'd at the unnatural Warmth of the Friendſhip between *Camilla* and *Alphonſina*. I reſolved to engage *Orphiſe* to obſerve with more Attention than I thought ſhe had done, an Intimacy which ſeem'd to me ſo dangerous. When it was Bed-time, that Lady conducted *Camilla* and myſelf to the ſame Apartment, and then retir'd to her own: I took notice that *Alphonſina* not aſſiſting at this Ceremony, gave an uneaſineſs to *Camilla*; but I forbore giving her any Teſtimonies of the Remark I had made, being determined to ſpeak my mind at full to *Orphiſe*, as ſoon as I had an opportunity.

It was in continual Agitations that *Camilla* paſſed this Night; and the Conſtraint ſhe put on he ſelf to conceal from me her Diſorders, added

to the pain of them, and made me ſuffer through Compaſſion the half of what ſhe felt. The Hour for riſing being arrived, *Orphiſe* and her too lovely Daughter came into the Chamber, and propoſed to us to take a walk in a very fine Foreſt near the Caſtle. The Morning was extremely clear and pleaſant, and we all propoſed a good deal of Satisfaction in this little Tour; and as ſoon as we were ready, went all four into a large Chaiſe, which *Alphonſina* herſelf taking the Reins of, drove with an admirable dexterity. To ſay the truth, there was nothing that amiable Lady took in hand, which did not add a new Grace to her. We lit as ſoon as we came into the Foreſt, and *Orphiſe* taking me under the Arm, left *Alphonſina* to do the ſame by *Camilla*. Thoſe two Friends, being willing to entertain each other, walked faſter than we did; and I, ſlackning my Pace, obliged *Orphiſe* to do ſo too, that I might have the opportunity I ſo much deſir'd of communicating to her the ſecret Uneaſineſs of my Mind.

They being at a reaſonable diſtance, I delay'd no longer the proſecution of my Deſign; and looking full in the face of *Orphiſe*, I know you to be ſo virtuous, (*ſaid I*) that I need not doubt if it be any thing but the purity of your own Inclinations, which makes you ſo little obſerve the Actions of *Camilla* and *Alphonſina*; but wiſe *Orphiſe*, you know as well as I, that it is not ſufficient to be good ourſelves, we are alſo to endeavour to inſpire the ſame Principles in thoſe whom Heaven commits to our Care.

I made here a little pauſe to ſee in what manner ſhe would receive what I was ſaying, which gave her the opportunity of crying out, How, *Florinda*, has *Alphonſina* been guilty of any Action contrary to Virtue?

Alphonſina (*anſwered I*) has done nothing in which *Camilla* bears not an equal Part: that Lady is dear to me both by Blood and Friendſhip; I have always ſeen in her an unaffected Innocence, but I muſt not conceal from you, that ſince the arrival of *Alphonſina*, there is an alteration in her which I fear may in time be prejudicial to her former Notions. —— I hear Diſcourſes between them which alarm me; I behold Careſſes, ſuch as I cannot account for between Perſons of the ſame Sex: In fine, I diſcover nothing but Symptoms of a Paſſion more violent and ardent than that of Friendſhip.—— I proteſt to you, that I cannot ſee them together without trembling. —— It is in your Prudence alone to abate the fervor of *Alphonſina*'s Sentiments, which I hope may alſo reduce *Camilla* to more Reaſon. Both the Matter, and the Manner in which I deliver'd it, was too ſerious not to convince her I was in earneſt; yet did ſhe make me no other Anſwer than a loud Laughter, which extremely ſurprizing me, I was about to renew the Remonſtrances I had before made on this dangerous Familiarity, when three or four terrible Shrieks obliged me to give over, and both of us to turn our eyes to the Place whence they proceeded: But, good Heaven! how terrible a Spectacle did we behold! *Alphonſina* attack'd by a wild Boar in the moſt fierce and affrighting manner; and *Camilla* fallen at the foot of a Tree, ſending forth Cries which ecchoed thro' the whole Foreſt.

What became of me at this Sight? —— but, what was my Aſtoniſhment, when in thoſe violent Tranſports of Terror I heard *Orphiſe* cry out, My Son! my Son *Alphonſo*, my dear *Alphonſo*! And immediately after ſaw her drop down on the Earth in a Swoon. —— Thoſe few words open'd

open'd my eyes, and in ſpite of the Trouble I was in, revolved in an inſtant the whole Myſtery of the Intrigue; and taking now a double Intereſt in the Safety of the counterfeit *Alphonſina*, I call'd with a loud Voice to the Servants of *Orphiſe*, who attended with the Chaiſe, to come to the ſuccour of the true *Alphonſo*.

But neither my Care, nor the Speed they made, had been of ſervice in this Encounter, had not his own Valour, and a Bayonet which he wore conceal'd under his Gown, defended him from the Aſſaults of that furious Beaſt. He ſtood before *Camilla* as a Shield, protecting that deareſt Part of himſelf; and ſtretching out that Hand which was arm'd, for ſome time only kept his Enemy at bay, till the Boar enraged, and growing more fierce, ran upon him at once, and by that means gave him an opportunity to bury his Bayonet in his Throat.

Orphiſe, who recover'd her Senſes at the ſame moment the Boar loſt his, run to *Alphonſo*, and utter'd ſome words, which, join'd with the manner in which he had defended himſelf in this Combat, made *Camilla* know the Deceit which had been put upon her. The Joy, the Surprize, the Shame which in this ſudden diſcovery invaded her whole Soul, ſcarce yet recover'd from the moſt terrible Affright, made a ſtrange conflict in her thoughts. ——— *Orphiſe* having ſtill her Arms about her Son, gave me the opportunity of approaching my diſorder'd Friend, who, as ſoon as I came near enough to hear her, cried out, Ah! *Florinda*, what Treaſon has been practis'd upon me? *Alphonſina* is a Man! —— Pardon the Author of it, (*ſaid* Orphiſe, *letting looſe her Son, and coming to us*) I love you as my Daughter, and it was only becauſe I wiſh'd to make you ſo, I

took this Method to overcome that Repugnance which would otherwiſe have depriv'd me of that Satisfaction.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, *Alphonſo* fell on his knees before *Camilla*, by that ſubmiſſion ſeeming to intreat her Pardon for the Deceit he had been guilty of.——You ſaw not now a Woman preſuming on the Privilege of her Sex, and eaſily finding Expreſſions to exaggerate her Tenderneſs.——— You ſaw not now a Man animated with Courage, and victorious over the moſt dreadful Animal of the Foreſt. ——— You could only now diſcover a Lover aw'd, fearful, and trembling with the Apprehenſions of having offended the Object of his Paſſion.

I attend my Doom, Madam! (*ſaid he*) and ſhall ſubmit to it without murmuring, though I have too much cauſe to fear, that all the Tenderneſs you had for *Alphonſina* will vaniſh at the ſight of *Alphonſo*. To demand pardon for what I have done, would be to diſſemble with you, ſince were it to do again, I would not forego the Bleſſings I have received from it, though the Penalty were infinitely more grievous than Death it ſelf could be. — But yet, Madam, (*continued he, with an Accent which had ſomething in it ſofter and more expreſſive of the tender Paſſion, than can, without having heard it, be conceived*) be pleaſed to remember, that in the moſt happy Moments I have paſs'd with you as *Alphonſina*, I never tranſgreſs'd the bounds of that Reſpect which was owing to you from *Alphonſo*.

I need remember no more, (*anſwer'd ſhe, bluſhing*) but that you have expoſed your Life for the ſafety of mine; and that Service is ſufficient to eraſe every thing that diſpleaſes me in this Adventure, as well as the Motive which induced *Or-*

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phiſe to deceive me, is too great an honour not to oblige me to forgive her. With theſe words ſhe gave him her hand, and at the ſame time embraced *Orphiſe* with the other.

It is not poſſible for me to repreſent the Joy of *Alphonſo*, *Orphiſe*, or myſelf; that tender Mother took us all in her Arms by turns, and for a time nothing was to be heard among us but Acclamations of Tranſport. *Alphonſo*, however, not being in a condition to ſtay long in that Place, his Clothes were torn and bloody, and beſides, he had ſome little Hurts which he could not defend himſelf from at the firſt Aſſaults of the Wild-Boar; we remounted the Chaiſe, and return'd to the Caſtle of *Orphiſe*. In our little Journey, ſhe entertain'd us with the whole Hiſtory of the Stratagem ſhe had formed for this happy Union of the Hearts of *Camilla* and *Alphonſo*. I had always (*ſaid ſhe*) a moſt tender Affection for that amiable Lady, but finding by the Converſations we had together, that it would be no eaſy matter to bring her to liſten to any Propoſals on the ſcore of Love, a Thought came into my head to attack her with Arms ſhe was not prepared to reſiſt; and having juſt then received a Letter from *Alphonſo*, that he was come to *Fontainbleau*, and deſigned for *Paris* the next day, I prevented his Intention, by meeting him at this Caſtle where you now do me the favour to accompany me; and when the firſt Tranſports of ſeeing him again after a ſix Years abſence were over, I talk'd to him in a manner ſuch as I knew would let me into his moſt ſecret Inclinations; and finding his Heart entirely free from any Prepoſſeſſion, I began to ſpeak of *Camilla*, and by as near a deſcription as I could give him of her Perſon and Humour, excited in

him a desire of becoming acquainted with her. But then relating to him her Insensibility of Love, I communicated the Design I had form'd of introducing him as a Woman; and as he is extremely fair, of a slender Shape, and has fine Hair, I imagin'd he might, when dress'd as such, appear agreeable enough for one of the Sex he was to represent. He consented to it with pleasure; and having instructed him in some of our Fashions, brought him as you know to your House: What follow'd, you are no strangers to. —— The Design has answer'd my End, *Alphonso* became enamour'd of *Camilla* at the first view, and that agreeable Lady discover'd Emotions which give me hopes I shall not be long before I have the happiness to call her Daughter. I conceal'd from *Florinda* this Affair, fearing lest her Friendship should engage her to betray the Secret; and I was unwilling, especially when I found how *Alphonso* was attached, to put any thing to the hazard. I had, however, design'd to do it this day in the Forest, but you began (*said she, turning to me*) to speak in a manner so very grave, that it was impossible for me to contain the diversion it gave me; I burst out into a fit of laughter, from which I was recover'd but by the Danger in which I saw my Son involved.

That Danger, (*answered I*) however terrible it was for the present, was of excellent service to promote your design. *Alphonso* could no way have been so advantageously discover'd, as in saving the Life of her whose Indignation he might else have had reason to fear.

This discourse brought us to the Castle, where *Alphonso* chang'd his Habit, and retired to have something applied to the Hurts he had received. During his absence, *Orphise* conjured *Camilla*

milla not to change thoſe Sentiments ſhe had entertain'd in his favour while ſhe believed him a Woman; and that ſhe would conſent to enter into a State which ſhould eaſe him of the perplexities of Suſpence. The Paſſion with which *Camilla* was poſſeſs'd, had taken away nothing of her accuſtom'd frankneſs, ſhe readily confeſs'd that ſhe had too much love for *Alphonſina* to refuſe her Heart and Faith to the valiant *Alphonſo*: and aſſur'd *Orphiſe*, that, whenever ſhe thought it proper, ſhe would teſtify her Sincerity by taking on her thoſe Bonds ſhe mention'd, and that in the mean time ſhe would look on her as a Mother, to whom ſhe was obliged in the moſt tender manner.

Orphiſe had ſcarce embraced her for the condeſcenſion, when *Alphonſo* return'd; and being dreſs'd in a Habit which he knew better how to behave himſelf in, appear'd, if poſſible, a thouſand times more amiable than he had done as *Alphonſina*. *Camilla* could not help bluſhing, nor he trembling, as they approach'd each other; but that ſweet-diſpoſition'd Woman, ſoon reſuming her ordinary Vivacity, reſettled the quiet of her Lover's Mind, and neither of them were long at a loſs to expreſs the real Contentment this Adventure had afforded them.

We paſs'd eight Days in the Caſtle, in which time *Alphonſo* had ſo well improved the Impreſſion he had made on *Camilla*, that ſhe made no ſcruple of confeſſing, that ſhe doubted not but there were Joys to be found in a Marriage influenced by Love, infinitely to be preferr'd to a Life of Liberty and Indifference.

We return'd to *Paris* with a view of having this already agreed-on Nuptial ſolemnized immediately; but on our arrival, *Orphiſe* was inform'd, that

the Gentleman who was Guardian to *Alphonſo*, was gone to *Poitou*, where he was taken extremely ill, it was highly neceſſary our young Lover ſhould go to him, moſt of his Effects being in his hands; the Delicacy of *Orphiſe* refuſing to let him marry *Camilla*, till ſhe ſhould be aſſur'd his Eſtate was as worthy, as his Paſſion, of her acceptance.

The Tenderneſs of the two Lovers would willingly have neglected this Formality, but *Orphiſe* having mention'd it, the modeſty of *Camilla* would not permit her to ſay any thing in oppoſition, and *Alphonſo* was obliged to conform to her Will. As we knew you deſign'd to paſs the Spring of the Year in this agreeable Situation, *Camilla* propoſed following you; which I readily complied with, not doubting but your Society would diſſipate ſome part of that Diſcontent which the ſeparation from *Alphonſo* had occaſion'd. The liberty which *Urania* allows us of receiving our Friends, made us engage *Orphiſe* to favour us with a Viſit, as ſoon as ſhe heard any news from her Son: but that impatient Lover, having diſpatched his Affairs with more ſpeed than could be imagin'd, prevented our expectations, and took this opportunity of ſeeing his dear *Camilla*, as his Mother did of accompanying *Celemena* to pay thoſe Regards to the excellent *Urania* which the character of her Perfections exact from every body who hears it.

I aſſure you, (*ſaid* Urania, *returning the Compliment ſhe made her only with a Bow*) that this Adventure is one of the moſt ſingular I have heard of, and that I am doubly entertain'd with it, both for the Circumſtances, and the Friendſhip I have for *Camilla*.

It muſt be confeſs'd (*added* Thelamont) that *Florinda* has recounted it in a faſhion which could not but engage the Attention of her Hearers. What pleaſes me moſt (*ſaid* Orophanes *laughing*) is the addreſs with which ſhe has ſo agreeably mingled her own Reflections and Inquietudes, with the Tenderneſs which *Camilla* expreſs'd for *Alphonſina*, that one ſhould be at a loſs which to think was in the right. I have not been deceiv'd by it (*reply'd* Felicia) for in ſpite of the Art with which ſhe conceal'd the Deſign till the Cataſtrophe diſcover'd it, I preſently knew *Alphonſo* in *Alphonſina*: and I alſo, (*interrupted* Julia;) and what made me judge it with the more aſſurance, was the Sentiments which *Camilla* herſelf knew not how to account for. Behold (*cry'd* Orſames) a Judgment extremely favourable for our Sex, ſince it ſuggeſts, my dear *Julia*, that we only are capable of inſpiring you with Tenderneſs. It is true (*anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing*) that I judge according to the Laws of Nature, and that I cannot help believing there is a ſecret Sympathy between the two Sexes, which ſhows that Heaven deſign'd us for each other.

Without doubt (*ſaid* Felicia) and it is not to be imagin'd that *Camilla* would have been poſſeſt of thoſe Tranſports, thoſe Diſquiets, and a Tenderneſs ſo extreme, had *Alphonſina* been in reality a Woman. That is as much as to ſay (*reſumed* Orophanes) that we love by Inſpiration. That may happen (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) but it is moſt certain that there is a Sympathy between the oppoſite Sex which is not to be found in Perſons of the ſame, and that the Friendſhip which is with the one, comes not at all near the Ardor which is inſpir'd by the other.

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As *Thelamont* was ſpeaking, *Celemena*, *Orphiſe*, *Camilla* and *Alphonſo* enter'd the Room: all the Company teſtified the Pleaſure which the recital of their Adventures had afforded: the Men embraced *Alphonſo*, and aſſured him of their Friendſhip; but *Camilla* was obliged to endure the Railleries of her Friends on her alteration of Humour.

Theſe Compliments being over, every one reſum'd their Seats, and *Orphiſe* open'd the Converſation by teſtifying the Pleaſure it gave her to know *Thelamont* and *Urania*: after which ſhe conjur'd them to follow their charming Inſtitution without conſtraint. Tho' I have not (*ſaid ſhe*) an Underſtanding capable of furniſhing any Subjects of Diſcourſe for ſo polite and knowing a Society, I have enough to be infinitely happy in hearing you.

For my part (*added* Alphonſo) I am perſuaded that I ſhall learn more from this agreeable Company than all I have been able to arrive at in my Travels. There is one thing (*anſwer'd* Orophanes) that you have learn'd ſince your return, which you were ignorant of in all the Courts you have travell'd through; and that is, that you are now taught what it is to love.

I believe (*ſaid* Camilla) willing to put a ſtop to the Raillery of *Orophanes*, that there is no Pleaſure ſuperior to that of travelling, to obſerve the difference there is between the Cuſtoms and Humours of every Nation, to dive into the Intrigues of their Courts, and to perceive the various Means by which each aims at Grandeur. To be well acquainted with theſe things (*reply'd* Orphiſe) one muſt have ſome Employment in the Cabinets of Princes or their firſt Miniſters, and that, I think, is paying too dear for the Gratification

cation of one's Curioſity. Beſides the very being in ſuch a Poſt, forbids us to make any Obſervations on what paſſes, and the firſt point of Duty is to See, Obey, and keep Silence.

It is true (*rejoin'd* Orſames) that nothing is more difficult than to diſcharge thoſe Truſts without forfeiting either our own Principles, or the good Will of thoſe by whom we are employ'd. That which requires the greateſt Circumſpection of all (*ſaid* Orophanes) in my Opinion, is when a Perſon enters into a Negotiation between two Potentates; however they accord in the end or diſagree, the Inferior is in great danger of being made a Victim either to the one or the other. The Hiſtory of the Count of *St. Paul* tranſacting under *Lewis* the XIth and the Duke of *Burgundy*, is an Example. That of the Biſhop of *Caſtro* is a recent one, (*added* Alphonſo.) In the Time that *Innocent* the Xth held the Papal Dignity, *Ranuce* the IId of that Name, Duke of *Parma*, being inform'd that *Innocent* deſign'd to give the Biſhoprick of *Caſtro* to a Monk, whoſe Character for ſome Reaſons was diſagreeable to him, ſent to deſire his Holineſs to recall his Grant; but the Pope taking this Requeſt as an affront to his Authority, perſiſted in his Reſolution. The Monk however being inform'd of it, and believing he ſhould find nothing but uneaſineſs in a Place where the Sovereign was ſo unwilling to admit him, earneſtly ſollicited the Pope to diſpence with him for not accepting this dangerous Promotion; but *Innocent* thinking it a leſſening to his Honour to recede from his firſt Deſign, oblig'd him to put on the Mitre, and order'd him to take poſſeſſion of his Biſhoprick, aſſuring him of his Protection, and that he had nothing to fear from the Duke or any other Perſon. The new

Prelate

Prelate durſt not but obey, but in taking leave of the Pope, ſaid to him, with Tears in his Eyes, That his Holineſs had forced him on his Fate. On which he reiterated his Promiſes of Protection, which in effect were nothing; for he was aſſaſſinated as he was going to his Church, and the Pope left to teſtify his Reſentment as he thought fit.

This Murder was committed with too much Caution for any one to be convicted of it; to this day there never has been any Proof by whoſe Order it was done: but the *Pope* without any heſitation, adjudg'd the Crime to the Duke, becauſe of the Averſion he had expreſs'd for his Inſtallment; and to revenge the Contempt with which he imagin'd himſelf treated by this Action, ſent a Bull of Excommunication immediately to the Duke, and not only transferr'd the Biſhoprick of *Caſtro* to that of *Camerania*, but alſo abſolutely demoliſh'd the City, and order'd in the Place where it had been, a Pyramid to be erected with this Inſcription,

Qui, fü Caſtro.

The Duke by this means entirely depriv'd of this part of his Principality, it became afterward reunited to the Chamber Apoſtolick, and was never reſtor'd to the Deſcendants of *Ranuce.*

In my mind (*ſaid* Urania) the Pope proceeded with too much Violence in this Occaſion; the Duke not being detected of the Crime, he might, or he might not be guilty, and in Civil Affairs, a Man is never condemn'd without the Liberty of pleading in his own defence, much leſs ſhould ſo illuſtrious a Prince, who was Grandſon to that celebrated Hero *Alexander Farneſe*, the Fame of whoſe

whoſe Exploits filled all *Rome* with wonder. That makes me believe (*reply'd* Thelamont) that the Reſentment which they had, and ſtill preſerve at *Rome*, againſt the Father of *Ranuce*, was the occaſion of this Severity to the Son: but becauſe I think there are ſome particular Paſſages in the Hiſtory of that original Diſguſt, I will relate it to you.

Duke *Odoart* being going to his Dutchy of *Caſtro*, the *Barbarini*, Nephews to Pope *Urban* the Eighth, having a View of engaging him in an Alliance with them, had Emiſſaries, who inſinuated to him, that being ſo near *Rome*, it would appear as too great a diſregard of his Holineſs to paſs by without making him a Viſit. Accordingly he went, and after having been receiv'd in the moſt magnificent manner that could be, the intended Match was propos'd to him; which he, having ſome ſecret Views in preſerving an Intimacy with them for ſome time, ſeem'd to be very well pleas'd with.

As the *Italians* confide not much in one another, and *Rome* is full of all ſorts of People, they think not their own Houſes a ſufficient Security for their Treaſures; there is therefore a publick Depoſitary call'd *Monte della Pieta*, where thoſe who have any quantity may put it in Security, and recall it as they pleaſe without any difficulty. Thoſe alſo who have any Occaſion for a preſent Sum of Money, may be furniſh'd with it from the *Monte della Pieta* at very reaſonable Intereſt.

The Duke of *Parma*, *Ranuce* the Firſt, Son to that Hero you mention'd, having not the OEconomy of his Father, was oblig'd to borrow extravagant Sums from this Depoſitary, which not having diſcharg'd, his Son *Odoart*, after his deceaſe, was left in a Condition very unable to pay either

either the Principal or Intereſt, the laſt of which was required every Year. For this Reaſon, therefore, he feign'd a Compliance with the Propoſals made him for marrying the Niece of the *Pope*, in whoſe power it only was to be favourable to him in this Affair.

His Deceit had the effect for which it was practis'd, the Arrears were blotted out of the Accompt-book, and the preſent Intereſts of the Debt very much diminiſh'd; but as all thoſe things having been tranſacted in private, the Duke was oblig'd to promiſe nothing in publick, and as ſoon as he had accompliſh'd his Deſign on the *Pope* and his Nephews, went out of *Rome* without taking leave, and ſoon after married a Princeſs of the Houſe of *Medicis*, with whom he had been long enamour'd.

The Memory of this Affront is yet recent at *Rome*, and, in my Opinion, clearly proves that the Council of *Innocent* the Xth, endeavoured to revenge the Quarrel of *Urban*, and the *Barbarini*, on the Perſon of *Ranuce* Succeſſor of *Odoart*.

It ſeems, indeed, to be an Effect of the ſame Reſentment, (*ſaid* Orphiſe). *Lewis* the XIVth (*anſwer'd* Orophanes) acted with more generoſity in the Affair he had with *Innocent* the XIth, on the account of diſpoſing of Church-Preferments. But I believe (*continu'd he*) we may purſue our Converſation, and at the ſame time give the Ladies the Pleaſure of a Walk; the Company was pleaſed with the propoſal, and they all adjourn'd to the Bank of the River, where *Orophanes* reſum'd his Diſcourſe in this manner.

You know, as well as I (*ſaid he*) what I am now going to relate, but I think it not amiſs to refreſh the Memory ſometimes with things with which

we

we are acquainted. *Pope Innocent* the XIth, having writ three menacing Letters to the King, in the laſt of them, bearing date the 27th of *December* 1679, he had theſe Words:

" WE ſend theſe Exhortations, to let you " ſee we are not negligent in that Truſt " repos'd in us by Heaven, and which we can- " not omit without failing in our Apoſtolick " Duty. We have nothing to fear in purſuing " our Vocation, which we eſteem infinitely be- " yond our Life, becauſe it gives us the Oppor- " tunity of adminiſtring the Divine Juſtice on " Earth; what we do, is with a Heart not only " reſolute, but full of Joy, as placing our " whole Glory in the Croſs of *Jeſus Chriſt*; with " whom we ſhall hereafter dwell, as ſhall you " alſo, when you have ſatisfy'd the Demands of " our Miniſtry.

It was eaſy to ſee this was but the Preparative for ſomething more ſhocking to enſue, as indeed it did. In the Year 1681, there came a *Bull* which infuſed a Terror for the Conſequence into the Minds of all the Nobility, Clergy, and Common-People; every one conſider'd it with the ſame affright as our Fathers did that violent one of *Boniface* the VIIIth, call'd *Unam Sanctam*, iſſued out againſt *Philip the Fair*, and his Eſtate. The Council of the *Pope* proceeded yet farther, and, on trifling Pretences, aboliſh'd all the Freedoms which the Ambaſſadors enjoy'd at *Rome*; nay, at laſt carried things to ſuch a height as to inſult them.

Our King, always Wiſe and Religious, not fearing War, but more deſiring Peace, in order to make an amicable end of this, ſent to *Rome*, in qua-

quality of an Envoy Extraordinary, *Henry Beaumanoir*, Marquiſs of *Lavardine*; but the Council of the *Pope*, ſecretly the Enemies of *France*, not judging it proper to treat him with the Honours due to him, when he enter'd *Rome* in a manner worthy of the Majeſty of the Monarch he repreſented, refus'd him Audience, and would never ſuffer him to ſpeak to his Holineſs, tho' he went ſeveral times in Perſon to demand it.

In fine, having on *Chriſtmas*-Eve aſſiſted at Divine Service in the Parochial Church of *St. Lewis*, and behav'd himſelf with all the Piety of a *Chriſtian*, the *Pope*, always beſet with the Enemies of *France*, was made to look on this Action, all Holy as it was, as a Prophanation, and order'd a Bill to be ſtuck upon all the publick Places in *Rome*, containing a Decree againſt the whole Pariſh of *St. Lewis*, becauſe the Curate and Miniſters of that Church had preſum'd to admit *Henry de Beaumanoir*, Marquiſs of *Lavardine*, and ſuffer him to participate of the Sacraments, after having been excommunicated.

Theſe violent and unwarrantable Proceedings oblig'd the Parliament of *Paris* to take notice, and they gave leave to Monſieur *Talon*, Advocate-General, to plead againſt the Bull of 1678, and to declare the Ordinances it contain'd void and abuſive.

Theſe Diſputes and Animoſities, were a great trouble to all true Catholicks; every one ſpoke his Sentiments, but there were none who did not think it ſtrange, that the Eldeſt Son of the Church, *The moſt Chriſtian King*, ſhould be thus treated. Monſieur *Talon*, in his Pleadings, has theſe words:— *Is it juſt* (ſays he) *that the Deſcendant*

ſcendant of the greateſt Princes in the World, ſhould be expoſed to ſuch Inſults, only for a Temporal Right attached to his Crown, ſince the beginning of the Monarchy, and confirmed by the Council held at Orleans, *in the Year* 519? —— *And by whom is he thus treated? By a* Pope *vertuous, wiſe, and charitable, who has no other Fault than in giving too much an ear to thoſe who aim at the deſtruction of his Glory. How great a Misfortune is this!* —— *The Hereticks rejoice in our Diviſions, and with good reaſon expect to eſtabliſh their Perſuaſion in many leſſer Monarchies, when they ſee their moſt formidable Enemy ſeparated from the Church of* Rome; *and uſed in a manner ſo unworthily, as might almoſt excuſe his renouncing the Faith he has ſo ſtrenuouſly maintained.*

The whole Form of this Pleading was printed in the publick Papers, and the *Engliſh* tranſlated it into their Language; which our King being inform'd of, affronted as he was by the Holy See, could not think of without Shame and Grief; and throwing his Reſentment at the foot of the Croſs, and willing to ſtifle, as much as poſſible, the Injuſtice of the *Pope*, writ to Monſieur *Barillon*, his Ambaſſador at *London*, to deſire the King of *England* to ſuppreſs this Tranſlation: which Requeſt, *Charles* the Second complying with, the whole Impreſſion was ſeiz'd, and committed to the Flames.

See with what an almoſt unexampled Wiſdom and Generoſity did this great King behave; and rather than expoſe the Errors of a *Pope* who had inſulted him, choſe to endure them ſtill!

All this agreeable Company teſtified to *Orophanes*, the Pleaſure he had given them in this recital; and after ſome few diſcourſes more on the ſame Subject, they return'd to the Hall, where they found Supper on the Table. *Urania*

having detain'd *Celemena*, *Orphiſe*, and *Alphonſo*, the Converſation during the Collation, was wholly on the Adventures of *Camilla*. *Thelamont* having deſir'd *Orphiſe* to let them know the day appointed for the Nuptials of her Son with that amiable Lady, It cannot be theſe eight Days, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) the Affairs of *Alphonſo* are not yet determin'd; and 'tis to conſole him for this delay, that I have obtain'd of *Celemena* that he ſhall remain with her, not only becauſe he will be near *Camilla*, but alſo that he may ſometimes be permitted to enjoy the Pleaſures of this delightful Society. I ſee well for what reaſon you have brought *Alphonſo* (*ſaid* Orophanes) but I cannot approve of your Intention of leaving him with *Celemena*; to render his Satisfaction more perfect, methinks you ſhould have made choice of that Houſe where he might every moment be happy in the preſence of *Camilla*. I am of your Opinion, (*added* Urania, *with an obliging tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes*) and if *Celemena* has that Friendſhip for me, with which I have flatter'd myſelf, ſhe will yield me the pleaſure of his Company. You demand this Sacrifice of me (*anſwer'd that Lady*) in terms which I know not how to refuſe; there is nothing I would not willingly accord with, to teſtify my Eſteem for you, but I would have you think that in receding from the Happineſs I propoſed to myſelf in this Society, I give you as great a one as 'tis poſſible.

During this Converſation, *Alphonſo* and *Camilla* entertained each other in a low Voice, but with a faſhion which made the extreme Tenderneſs they had for each other, eaſily perceivable. *Julia* having made *Felicia* obſerve them, In truth (*ſaid that beautiful Lady, laughing*) the *Metamorphoſis* is compleat! *Camilla*, who was accuſtom'd

to

to be the moſt entertaining Creature living, is now penſive, ſerious, and regardleſs of every thing but the buſineſs of her Love.

I aſſure you (*replied* Camilla, *bluſhing extremely*) that there is not the alteration in me which you imagine; there was one, ſome time ſince, I confeſs, which I knew not how to account for, but ſince *Alphonſina* is become *Alphonſo*, I have regain'd my ordinary Humour. Well, (*reſumed* Urania) we will not put your Modeſty on the rack, nor accuſe you of any thing more than we ourſelves have been guilty of: But I think (*continued that Lady*) the pleaſure of the Evening calls us to partake of the Sweets it affords, where we can more ſenſibly taſte them. In finiſhing theſe words, ſhe roſe from Table, and conducted the Company into the Garden; where having walk'd ſome time, *Celemena*, who could not be prevail'd on to ſtay all night, took leave of *Urania* and her Friends, leaving *Orphiſe* and *Alphonſo* with them. After having conducted her to her Coach, *Thelamont* and *Urania* ſhow'd *Orphiſe* to an Apartment near that of *Camilla* and *Florinda*. *Alphonſo* attended thoſe two Ladies to theirs, and then retir'd to one allotted for himſelf. This Night was paſs'd like the foregoing ones, by this faithful and amorous Society, in all the Charms of an undiſturbed Tranquillity, and perfect Satisfaction.

The End of the Eighth Day.



La Belle Aſſemblee.

The NINTH DAY.

IT is ſo natural to be pleas'd with finding, in thoſe we love, a conformity of Notions with our own, that it is not at all to be wonder'd at that the Friendſhip which *Urania* and *Felicia* had for *Camilla*, was conſiderably increas'd by their knowledge that ſhe did not diſdain that Paſſion which both their Hearts had experienc'd, nor had an averſion to enter into Bands in which they placed the Happineſs of their Lives.

The Night being paſs'd by all this amiable Company in a Tranquillity which enabled them to enjoy the Pleaſures of the enſuing Day, *Alphonſo* no ſooner heard *Urania* was dreſs'd, than he came into her Apartment: That amiable Lady knew too well the ſecret Longings of an amorous Heart, to impute this Viſit wholly to Civility;

and judging that it was not to ſee her alone he made that Viſit, would not diſappoint his Wiſhes, but giving him her hand, led him immediately into the Chamber where his adorable *Camilla* was probably expecting to receive his Devoirs. They were ſoon follow'd by the reſt of the Company: and after the uſual Civilities being over, they all adjourn'd into the Great Hall, where the Converſation began with the uſual Spirit and Vivacity.

It muſt be confeſs'd, (*ſaid* Orophanes) that there are no Enjoyments ſo ſweet as thoſe the Country affords. A Retreat well choſen, has Charms in it ſuperior to all the Court or City can produce. It has, according to my taſte of Pleaſure, (*replied* Urania) but there are many of a different Opinion: I know a great number of People who prefer even a perplexed and noiſy Life in the Town, to all the Tranquillity they might enjoy in Retirement. There are ſo, (*added* Orſames) and I have often wonder'd to ſee Men of great Eſtates in the Country, viſit it no oftner than is neceſſary for receiving their Revenue; and appear ſo perfectly attached to the Court, that to ſee them there, one would imagine their whole Dependance lay on the Favour of ſome Great Man, when in reality they have no other Buſineſs but to make up for themſelves a weight of Cares which Heaven never deſign'd to load them with. Methinks, ſuch Men are Enemies to their own Tranquillity, and can ſcarce be thought in their right Senſes.

But it is not for every one (*reſumed* Orophanes) to bury himſelf in the Charms of a Country Life: 'Tis in the power of ſome People to be vaſtly ſerviceable in a publick Station. Should *Dorimenus* prefer the Pleaſures of Philoſophy to the Cares of thoſe great Employments he ſo worthily

fills up, what a Loſs were it to the World! Men are not born only for themſelves; and when Heaven ſends a great Genius into the World, 'tis doubtleſs with a deſign that others ſhould be the better for it. But it is not of a Retirement which altogether excludes the Publick, (*ſaid* Julia) there are Times for all Things; and in my Opinion, a Perſon who ſometimes unbends himſelf from the World, is more fit, at his return to it, for the management of his Affairs, than he who is fatigued with one inceſſant Application. A Relaxation of Thought is certainly a help to the refining it; and I know no part of the many Excellencies *Urania* is miſtreſs of more to be admir'd, than that ſhe can be gay, or ſerious, diverting or inſtructive, according as the Seaſon, or the Company requires.

You ought not to bring me for an Example, (*replied that Lady*) for I confeſs myſelf of a Humour and Taſte, perhaps, too particular in this Point: It is neither in Solitude, nor the Hurry of the World I take delight, yet would chuſe to live perpetually in either with the Object of my Affections. ——— Shew, Pomp, and Grandeur, the Luſtre of a Court, or the moſt entertaining Company without him I love, would want a Charm to fix me in their Circle; but the moſt unfrequented Shade, nay, the wildeſt and moſt ſavage Place, would confine my utmoſt Wiſhes, bleſs'd with the dear Engroſſer of my Soul.

I read in the Countenance of *Thelamont*, (ſaid Orophanes *ſmiling*) a mixture of Pain and Pleaſure at this Declaration of *Urania*'s, which it is not in my power to forbear making the Company obſerve; and I think he could not give a greater Teſtimony of the abſolute Command he has over his Paſſions, than in reſtraining before us thoſe

Tranſ-

Tranſports with which his Heart is overwhelm'd, at ſo obliging a Confeſſion.

I aſſure you, (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) that if I demonſtrated not the exceſs of my Joy, at this diſcovery of *Urania*'s Tenderneſs, it was leſs in regard to *Decorum* than to the *Reſpect* I owe herſelf; the Name of Husband has not baniſh'd from my Mind, the Qualities of a Lover; and I have that opinion of all preſent, that none of them would have been affronted if I had given the greateſt Looſe to the Emotions of my Paſſion.

No, I dare anſwer in the name of all, (*ſaid* Camilla) and as we ſuffer'd your Eyes to ſpeak at full the Dictates of your Heart, without interruption, we ſhould certainly, with pleaſure, have given your Tongue the ſame liberty. But as we were ſpeaking of the Charms of Solitude, (*purſued ſhe*) I do not find any Perſons who enjoy ſo little of the Tranquillity it inſpires, as thoſe who have the government of it in their hands. A King never has the opportunity of indulging himſelf this way.——— He can never be retir'd. ——— Never taſte the Sweets of a relaxation from Buſineſs and from Cares,——— Wherever he goes, he is followed by his Affairs.——— His Preſence always makes a Court ——— and his Ears are for ever perſecuted with Complaints and Interceſſions.

The Sweets of Command are however ſo attractive (*ſaid* Alphonſo) that thoſe who once have taſted it, find ſufficient to compenſate for the Pleaſures it deprives them of. ——— The Cares of Empire are perpetual Glories; and few there are who are willing to exchange the illuſtrious Perturbation for that Repoſe you ſpeak of: Thoſe who for a private Life have quitted

Sovereignty, have ſeldom continued long in it, without repenting that they did ſo, and on the firſt occaſion reſumed that Power they ſeem'd ſo weary of.

Yet is there nothing ſo truly glorious as ſuch a Retreat, (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) when doing ſo is founded on juſt Reaſons, and the Reſolution maintain'd with firmneſs. *Amurath* the Second, Emperor of the *Turks*, was a Prince ambitious, valiant, indefatigable, and always employ'd in ſome great Deſign: There was in his Reign no ſuch thing as Power in the hands of the *Viſiers*; thoſe who bore that Name, durſt not decide any Affair of conſequence, till after they had communicated it to him. He was a Man fortunate in War and Peace, and might have paſs'd for the greateſt Prince and braveſt Captain of his Time, if his Cruelty and Barbarity had not tarniſh'd the Luſtre of his Virtues.

It was he who firſt eſtabliſh'd that Militia which continues to this day, and are called *Janizaries*. They are properly the Body-Guard of the *Grand Signior*, and a Party of them always watch in the outward Apartments while he ſleeps. This great Prince had prepared for his Son and Succeſſor *Mahomet*, a Way for the moſt glorious Conqueſts that ever had been made in *Aſia* and in *Europe*: He train'd him to the uſe of Arms, and accuſtom'd him to War from Infancy. He made him witneſs of the Victories he gain'd in *Albany* and *Hungary*; and of that celebrated Battle with *Uladiſlaus* King of *Poland*, where that valiant Monarch was ſlain by the hand of *Amurath*.

After theſe Exploits, he took a Reſolution to put an end to his Toils and to his Triumphs, and quitted the Empire to his Son *Mahomet* under

der the Regency of his Uncle *Caly*, and retired among the *Derviſes*, believing he ſhould there find a Repoſe which the Sovereign Authority denied him. He liv'd a Year in this Retreat, enduring all the Reſtrictions laid on the meaneſt Novice. The *Chriſtians* being inform'd of his Abdication, hoped now to re-eſtabliſh their Affairs, and brought into *Turky* a puiſſant Army under the Command of *Presbyter John*; the Regent aſſembled all the *Turkiſh* Troops, and made head againſt the Invader, but the *Chriſtian* Army being much more formidable, he durſt not truſt to the hazard of a Battle, ſince *Amurath* was not there in Perſon.

That Prince, knowing the Importance of this Affair, went out of his Hermitage, and putting himſelf at the Head of his Army, ſo much animated them by his Preſence, that the *Presbyter* was entirely vanquiſh'd, and with the ſcatter'd Remnants of his Followers, driven back into his own Dominions. Peace and Security thus reſettled in *Conſtantinople*, the victorious Emperor ſent word to his Son by one of the *Baſhaws*, to make good Uſe of the Conqueſt he had gain'd him, and retir'd the next day to his Retreat.

I never think of this Action, but I think it ſo truly great and noble, that it ought to be regiſtred as an Example the moſt memorable of any I have heard of. —— Where ſhall one find a Theme of Admiration like that of an Emperor, who loved and adored by his Subjects, in the full Vigour of his Age, cover'd with Laurels, and reſplendent with a thouſand Victories, forſook the Triumphs he ſo juſtly merited, and turn'd his Back on Pomp and Power in ſcorn of Thanks; as tho' his buſineſs in the World was only to *deſerve*, not to *receive* Applauſe.

Had

Had he ſtopp'd here (*ſaid* Orſames) he had died an Honour to the Race of Man; but, alas! he did not always maintain that Greatneſs of Mind; his Reſolution flagg'd, and he again found Charms in Greatneſs: He long'd to reſume that Empire his Son was in poſſeſſion of; and being inform'd of the Day in which the *Divan* were to aſſemble, he left the *Derviſes* under the pretence of going to hunt, and when he was leaſt expected, appear'd before that Great Aſſembly of the States; and with an Air grave and unconcern'd, walk'd up to the Throne, where he ſat down with the ſame Looks of Awe as thoſe he wore before he quitted it.

Judge of the Aſtoniſhment *Mahomet* was involv'd in; but knowing the Cruelty of his Father, he delayed not a moment his Submiſſions; he caſt himſelf at his Feet, acknowledg'd him for his Emperor, and reſign'd into his hand the Sovereign Authority, which he maintain'd till death. At his deceaſe, *Mahomet* reſumed the Reins of Empire; he had all the Virtues of his Father, but he ſurpaſs'd him in Barbarity: It was this Prince who re-edified *Conſtantinople*, and added to the *Ottoman* Dominions, four Kingdoms, twenty-two Provinces, and above two Hundred conſiderable Cities: he increaſed the number of the *Janizaries*, which he maintained by a Tribute exacted from his conquered Enemies. It was alſo his cuſtom, after he had taken a Town, to ſelect a certain number of Boys, which he cauſed to be brought to *Conſtantinople*, and educated near him: thoſe which proved the wittieſt, and moſt handſome, he made Eunuchs, and qualified them for Pages in the *Seraglio*; and the ſtrongeſt and moſt robuſt, were enter'd among the *Janizaries*.

This is a Proof (*replied* Florinda, *perceiving he had*

had done ſpeaking) that Retirement is not for Kings; they are born for the World, for Rule and Government, and cannot quit it without blemiſhing their Reputation.

It is, however, (*ſaid* Camilla) a much nobler Action to *quit* than to *reſume* Power, after having once abandon'd it. That of *Amurath* had doubtleſs been very great, had he remain'd conſtant in his firſt Reſolution, or if he could even have diſſembled his Diſcontent. *Charles* the Fifth, perhaps, had not leſs Regret than the Emperor of the *Turks*, but the greatneſs of his Spirit kept him from diſcovering it; tho' 'tis highly probable had he, like *Amurath*, return'd to Power, he might have been with the ſame alacrity receiv'd.

The difference of Nations (*anſwer'd* Orophanes) makes a difference in Junctures. *Amurath* was cruel, but he was both fear'd and lov'd by his People: *Charles* had left a Succeſſor worthy of reigning; the Subjects had peaceably ſubmitted to his Rule; and we cannot tell if the *Spaniards*, and ſome other Nations, would have permitted *Charles* to have reſumed a Crown which he had reſign'd with ſo much formality: To have attempted, and fail'd, would have render'd his Character as contemptible in the World, as it had been glorious. Diſſimulation was therefore highly neceſſary in his Circumſtance; and is indeed ſo in a thouſand others relating to Princes.

Nothing can be more true than what you ſay, *Orophanes*, (*added* Thelamont) a Prince ought not to be without Diſſimulation, 'tis one of the Qualifications neceſſary to reigning. One can never too much admire the Wiſdom and Prudence of *Lewis* the Eleventh on the occaſion of that League which was form'd againſt him by the Duke of *Burgundy*, his Son, and a vaſt Number of other Great Men. This

This great Politician knew perfectly well that they had Correſpondencies in all the Provinces of the Kingdom ; that they had Intelligencies even in the Court ; and that the Conſpiracy was not only againſt his State, but Perſon alſo : But inſtead of endeavouring to detect, or bring any of them to Juſtice, he called ſeveral of the chief of them into his Privy-Council, ſeem'd to make them partake of his moſt ſecret Thoughts ; and by repreſenting to them his Deſigns in a quite different Light from what they were, oblig'd them to take falſe Meaſures, to diſconcert them : Diſſembling always with addreſs, he reſerv'd the Puniſhing or Pardoning what was tranſacted againſt him, till he ſhould have nothing to fear. By this means did he countermine all their Plots, and make his Enemies fall into the very Snares they had prepared for him. He conceal'd with care the Number and Quality of this great Faction, becauſe the Reputation of the Conſpirators might attach others to their Party. In fine, he had the Art to prevent and countermine all that they could invent againſt him ; and without making any Noiſe, or ſhowing the leaſt outward Signs of Reſentment, this dangerous Combination was broken off, and diſſipated. This manner of Proceeding is an excellent Pattern for all Princes and great Miniſters ; and is what we call diſſembling *à propos*. The Senate of *Rome* condemned *Vectius* and *Tarquinius*, for accuſing *Cæſar* and *Craſſus* of being Accomplices with *Catiline* in his Conſpiracy ; judging with Reaſon, that if ſuch Men were known to have been concern'd in it, their Names might induce others to favour that Party.

Saluſt reports the Perplexity he found *Cicero* in, on the like occaſion ; being extremely rejoyced that

that he had diſcover'd a Conſpiracy, which, if carried on, might have been of dangerous Conſequence to the Republick, was very much at a loſs how to determine about the Puniſhment of ſome great ones who were concerned in it; but he at laſt reſolved to take no notice that he knew them to be guilty, and let the whole Weight of Juſtice fall on the meaner Criminals, whoſe death would neither inſtigate much Compaſſion, nor Deſire of Revenge.

Moderation is, in theſe Caſes, of infinitely more ſervice than Severity, (*ſaid* Orſames.) The Emperor *Nero* was guilty of great Imprudence, as well as Cruelty; on the very Imagination of any Deſign againſt him, he puniſh'd all ſuſpected Perſons with death: The Innocent ſuffer'd promiſcuouſly with the Guilty; and frequently his beſt Friends, and moſt faithful Servants, were treated as Traitors. Hence it followed, that in a little time he had none in his Dominions but thoſe that were ſo in reality. He became an Object of Terror and Hatred to his Subjects; eternal Troubles and Rebellions made his Reign a Hell, and at laſt put an end to it with his Life.

The Senate of *Carthage* (*added* Alphonſo) behaved with a great deal of Wiſdom, when they were inform'd that ſome of the principal of their City deſign'd to poiſon them at a Feaſt which was annually made on a certain Day; inſtead of apprehending the Perſons accuſed, they contented themſelves with making a Decree to forbid the celebration of this Feaſt; by which means the Conſpirators were diſappointed, and the Citizens ignorant that any ſuch Deſign had been in hand.

Cæſar

Cæſar (*ſaid* Felicia) being apprized that thoſe of *Autun* were forming a Rebellion, and that they had ſollicited ſeveral Cities of the *Gauls* to join with them, received the Ambaſſadors of thoſe People as he would have done Perſons ſent by his beſt Friends: He careſs'd them, and accepted their Excuſes for the ill Treatment they had given his Cohorts in their Country; and diſſembling his Reſentment, anſwer'd them with a great deal of ſweetneſs, That the raſhneſs of a few young Men ought not to be imputed to a whole Nation, and that he bore the ſame Affection to them as ever. Fearing, however, a general Revolt among the *Gauls*, he gave orders for aſſembling his Troops in one great Body, and ſending them into the Country, ſtruck ſuch a Terror into the Inhabitants, that the Heads of the Faction were immediately ſeized, and deliver'd up to be puniſh'd as *Cæſar* ſhould ordain. He owed this intirely to his good management in concealing from the Ambaſſadors his Diſguſt, who at their return, perſuading their Maſters that *Cæſar* was ignorant of their Deſign, made them delay the execution of it till too late.

Titus Livius ſays, that *Martius Rutilius*, the *Roman* Conſul, perceiving that his Soldiers in *Capua* ſeem'd inclin'd to mutiny, caus'd a Rumour to be ſpread, that they ſhould continue in Garriſon there the following Year; thinking by that means to make them delay their Intention: The Succeſs anſwer'd his End, and before the end of the Summer, he diſperſed them into ſeparate Quarters, and cauſed the Authors of the deſigned Revolt to be puniſh'd in other Places.

There are a multitude of Examples which prove of how much advantage the Art of Diſſimulation is to Perſons who have the management

of

of publick Affairs; and that where Force is wanting, Spirit and Prudence very well ſupply its place.

I find nothing in your Quotations but what are juſt, (*anſwered* Orophanes) however we cannot well judge of Actions which we have not been witneſſes of: If we go by Report, we are liable to be deceived two ways; either the Partiality, or Miſtake of the Hiſtorian: Beſides, many things appear in the Accounts given of them, to be unpardonable Crimes, which we ſhould, perhaps, have a quite different opinion of, could we dive into the Motives which occaſion'd them to be committed. And on the contrary, there are great Actions done by People, who, 'tis poſſible, have other Reaſons than we imagine for effecting them. A good Deed is not always the conſequence of a virtuous Mind; nor is an ill one of a vicious Nature: but both ſpring from a variety of Cauſes, which, without knowing the Perſons, are impoſſible for us to fathom.

'Tis true (*ſaid* Orphiſe) yet if we disbelieve all Hiſtory, we ſhould be at a loſs both for Examples and Precepts. All we can do, therefore, is to examine the Reputation of the Author, which if we find clear, and unprejudiced by his hatred to the one Party he writes of, or love to the other, I ſee no reaſon but that we ſhould give credit to his Evidence: For if we are to depend on nothing but what paſſes before our Eyes, we ſhall be in great danger of a univerſal Uncertainty, the Heart being, as *Orophanes* truly obſerves, the chief Guider of the Actions, it is not for Humanity to ſearch the dark Receſſes of that hidden Part; and we may poſſibly be as much deceiv'd even in an intimate Acquaintance, as by the Teſtimony of an Author. It

It muſt be confeſs'd, however, Madam, (*replied* Alphonſo) that the World has greatly been impos'd on by Hiſtorians: There is a little Treatiſe called *Memoirs of* Charles *the Fifth*, which has been quoted by many Authors. This Book, in ſpeaking of the Houſe of *Farneſe*, mentions the Murder committed on the Perſon of *Peter Lewis Farneſe*, as occaſion'd by that Emperor, becauſe he was ſuſpected to take part with *France* againſt him: But, in my Travels to *Italy*, I happen'd to meet with a Manuſcript, written by a Perſon of Quality and Spirit, immediately after the death of that Prince, and is now in a very fine Library at *Placentia*. I believe my Memory will ſerve me to repeat as much of the Contents, as will prove the falſity of that Accuſation againſt the Emperor.

The Family of the *Farneſe*, though it was very antient and illuſtrious, owed its Elevation to *Paul* the Third of that Name, who bore the Papal Dignity. He gave to Prince *Lewis Farneſe* the Dutchies of *Caſtro* and *Camerania*, he being before poſſeſs'd of *Parma* and *Placentia*. He was the moſt luxurious and amorous Man of his Time; and in the exceſs of his Deſires, when he could no other way accompliſh them, had recourſe to Violence, even tho' it were on the Wives and Daughters of Men of the greateſt Quality.

Theſe daily Enormities drew on him an almoſt univerſal Hatred, three parts in four of the principal Lords in his Dominions enter'd into a Combination againſt him: the Prince by ſome means diſcover'd it, but not being able to find out the Names of thoſe chiefly concern'd, he gave no other teſtimony of his Diſcovery, than to be ſo much on his guard that it was impoſſible

to attempt any thing againſt his Life. To ſecure himſelf as much as poſſible, he fortified the Caſtle of *Placentia* where he had his Reſidence, and never ſtirr'd out without a great Number of Perſons to attend him, who he knew were wholly devoted to him.

Thoſe of the Nobility who were guilty, ſuſpecting they were diſcover'd, liv'd in continual fear, and the Prince finding it impoſſible for him to fathom the bottom of this Buſineſs, was in a State of little leſs perplexity.

There liv'd at this time, in the *Appenine* Mountains, a Woman who paſs'd for a Sorcereſs; in this diſtraction of Mind he had the Weakneſs to give into the vulgar Notion of putting Faith in ſuch Things, and diſguiſing himſelf, and accompany'd only by one Servant, he went to conſult her on the Conſpiracy againſt him; deſiring her, if it lay in the compaſs of her Art, to inform him of the Names of thoſe who were chiefly concern'd in it. She told him the Names of thoſe who would be moſt fatal to him were engrav'd on his Money, but neither by Promiſes nor Threatnings could he prevail on her to utter more.

If he was before extremely diſquieted, he was now infinitely more ſo, and reſolving to ſecure himſelf if poſſible, tho' it were by the moſt bloody means, he made an Invitation to all the Nobility in general to come to the Caſtle of *Placentia*, were he pretended to give a Ball for the Celebration of his Birth-day: deſigning as ſoon they were enter'd to have the Gates ſhut, and the whole Building blown up by Gunpowder, which he had privately convey'd into the Vaults. The Invitation being general, no body in the leaſt ſuſpected that he had any other Intention than what he ſeem'd to have, and the moſt guil-

ty among them apprehended not that they were in any danger. Nothing could have hindred the execution of this barbarous Project, if he himſelf had not done it: He was imprudent enough to communicate the Secret to a Favourite Valet de Chambre with whom he liv'd in a particular familiarity; You will ſoon ſee (*ſaid he to him, with an Air of Contentment*) a Blow that will aſtoniſh the whole World; and then gave him the detail of his whole Deſign.

This Domeſtick being paſſionately in Love with a young Woman, who alſo belong'd to the Houſhold of the Prince, out of the exceſs of his Paſſion, betray'd to her the Secret his Maſter had repos'd in him, forgetting that ſhe had a Brother who liv'd with one of the Lords deſtin'd to Deſtruction, and whom to preſerve ſhe would, in all probability, give notice of the danger, which ſhe immediately did; he ran to his Superior with the Diſcovery, and it was preſently known to all the Nobility. They conſulted together what was beſt to be done both for their Safety and Revenge, and it was determin'd among them not to neglect the Opportunity the Prince had offer'd, but to go all together to the Caſtle with the ſame ſhew of Friendſhip with which they had been invited, and before the Prince could make his eſcape from the Caſtle, as they did not doubt but he would do for his own Security, plunge their Daggers in his Breaſt.

The fatal Day being arriv'd, every thing was acted as they had plotted it, and the unhappy Prince died of a thouſand Wounds. He was no ſooner fallen, than they all departed from the Caſtle, and had recourſe to the Governor of *Milan* for Protection, who readily afforded it, and

ſent

ſent with them a great number of Troops, who entering *Placentia* with little oppoſition, form'd a Garriſon there. The City was by this means ſubjected to *Charles* the Fifth, which I ſuppoſe gave the firſt riſe to that Aſperſion thrown on him, of having been the Abettor of the Murder.

The Words of the Sorcereſs were thus made out, as ſhe had told him the Names of thoſe moſt fatal to him were engraven on his Money, the Word *PLAC.* which is an abridgment of *Placentia*, contain'd the firſt Letters of the Names of the principal Conſpirators, *Palaviciny*, *Lando*, *Anguiſciolo*, and *Confalonieri*, who they ſay gave him the firſt Stabs. I will not defend the veracity of this laſt Article, being able to give but little Credit to things of this nature; but it is the Tradition of the Country, and whether true or not, does not hinder the more probable part of the Hiſtory from clearing *Charles* the Fifth of the murder of this Prince.

See! (*reſum'd* Orophanes, *perceiving* Orſames *had finiſh'd his little Hiſtory)* how dangerous it is to believe all one reads, and how wicked to write more than one knows! The latter is indeed (*ſaid* Thelamont) a Fault I never can forgive in thoſe who practiſe it——. It is not only impoſing on the preſent, but alſo tranſmitting to a long Series of future Ages thoſe Falſities which the Perſon who writes them finds it his Intereſt to have believ'd——No Man's Reputation is ſafe in ſuch Hands, and I know not if there can be a greater Miſchief; it is a living Murder, and the innocent Reader is perhaps a thouſand Years after drawn in to be an Accomplice in the Crime, by a Quotation from theſe lying Originals.

As *Thelamont* was ſpeaking, a Page came in to inform them that Dinner was on the Table: on which this agreeable Company were conducted by *Urania* into the Hall, where they ſat down with their uſual Freedom and Good Humour. The Repaſt was no ſooner over, than they went into the Cloſet of Books, and *Alphonſo* began the Diſcourſe in this manner.

We have here enough (*ſaid he*) to relieve us from any Quotations, the Truth of which are uncertain; for I can eaſily judge that *Thelamont* and *Urania* would not load this Library with any Authors, but ſuch whoſe Veracity may be rely'd on. I cannot boaſt (*anſwered he*) of having taken that Care: *Urania* has, I aſſure you, the ſole Merit of rendering it perfect. If you think it ſo (*interrupted ſhe ſmiling*) I believe no body will find fault, becauſe there is no Conteſtation on the Things which you alledge. There would never be any in the World, (*ſaid* Orophanes) if all Men were alike knowing: but it muſt be confeſt that ſince we have had ſo many hiſtorical Dictionaries, Journals, and Memoirs of a certain kind, an infinite number of Perſons content themſelves with reading, that ſuch and ſuch things were in general, without examining into the Particulars, or by what means brought about; this lazineſs, or belief of being ſufficiently inform'd, makes People frequently fall into groſs Errors in Quotations, and expoſes them to the Cenſure of thoſe, who, by a deeper ſearch, make themſelves Maſters of the Cauſes by which ſuch Accidents are produced.

I have a Friend (*ſaid* Thelamont) of great Merit, he has an excellent Genius, is eloquent in Diſcourſe, and an excellent Grammarian, Philoſopher, and Phyſician: but has neglected the read-

reading of Hiſtory ſo much, that he is often ſtrangely perplex'd to find Authority for what he undertakes to prove. That is to ſay, *added* Julia, that there is no occaſion for Dictionaries. No, *anſwer'd* Urania, they are certainly uſeful to revive in the Memory thoſe things which one knows, but of little ſervice to inſtruct in thoſe of which one is ignorant; the intent of Dictionaries and Journals being, in my Opinion, no more than Abridgments of Facts, which one ought to be acquainted with, and which oblige one to look up to their Source, which is no other thing than the Hiſtory itſelf.—I know a learned Man of this Age, that calls theſe ſort of Works the Library of the Ignorant.

After this, *ſaid* Camilla *laughing*, no Perſon in this Company will ever dare to look into a Dictionary again: but let us quit this Subject, and ſuffer me to give you a little Story which I read laſt night, and which diverted me ſo much, that I reſolv'd to repeat it to you the firſt opportunity. This amiable Lady paus'd a moment or two after theſe Words, and finding they were all prepar'd to give Attention to what ſhe was about to deliver, began the Narration ſhe had promis'd in this manner. In the moſt ſavage Hearts, *reſum'd ſhe*, we ſometimes find the ſparks of Honour and Generoſity, which, had they been cultivated by Education, or improv'd by Virtue, might have render'd the Owners worthy of immortal Fame. *Meſemorte* the famous *Corſair* of *Barbary*, who, by degrees, arriv'd at ſupreme Authority in *Algier*, when he was no more than Captain of a Galley, being oblig'd frequently to put in on the Coaſt of *Africk* near *Oran*, he had commenc'd an Acquaintance with one of the Chief of the Tribes of *Maurs*,

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I have a Friend (*ſaid* Thelamont) of great Merit, he has an excellent Genius, is eloquent in Diſcourſe, and an excellent Grammarian, Philoſopher, and Phyſician: but has neglected the read-

reading of Hiſtory ſo much, that he is often ſtrangely perplex'd to find Authority for what he undertakes to prove. That is to ſay, *added* Julia, that there is no occaſion for Dictionaries. No, *anſwer'd* Urania, they are certainly uſeful to revive in the Memory thoſe things which one knows, but of little ſervice to inſtruct in thoſe of which one is ignorant; the intent of Dictionaries and Journals being, in my Opinion, no more than Abridgments of Facts, which one ought to be acquainted with, and which oblige one to look up to their Source, which is no other thing than the Hiſtory itſelf.—I know a learned Man of this Age, that calls theſe ſort of Works the Library of the Ignorant.

After this, *ſaid* Camilla *laughing*, no Perſon in this Company will ever dare to look into a Dictionary again: but let us quit this Subject, and ſuffer me to give you a little Story which I read laſt night, and which diverted me ſo much, that I reſolv'd to repeat it to you the firſt opportunity. This amiable Lady paus'd a moment or two after theſe Words, and finding they were all prepar'd to give Attention to what ſhe was about to deliver, began the Narration ſhe had promis'd in this manner. In the moſt ſavage Hearts, *reſum'd ſhe*, we ſometimes find the ſparks of Honour and Generoſity, which, had they been cultivated by Education, or improv'd by Virtue, might have render'd the Owners worthy of immortal Fame. *Meſemorte* the famous *Corſair* of *Barbary*, who, by degrees, arriv'd at ſupreme Authority in *Algier*, when he was no more than Captain of a Galley, being oblig'd frequently to put in on the Coaſt of *Africk* near *Oran*, he had commenc'd an Acquaintance with one of the Chief of the Tribes of *Maurs*,

a ſort of Prieſts who inhabit that Coaſt, whoſe Name was *Chiou-Alem.*

Among the Praiſes which this Man gave *Meſemorte*, he exaggerated the happy Opportunities which ſo frequently offer'd themſelves to him, of ſacrificing to their great Prophet *Mahomet*, the Life of ſome Chriſtian or other: he told him, that it was not to be wonder'd at that his Arms were always ſucceſsful, when, by ſuch Offerings, he ſecured himſelf the Favour of the all-powerful *Alha.* He made a long Harangue on the Subject, and concluded it with an entreaty, that he would ſend one of the Chriſtian Slaves he had on board his Galley, to fall a Victim on a high Mountain which he pointed to him at ſome little diſtance from the Sea-ſide, to the end, he ſaid, that he might obtain ſome extraordinary Favour he had to ask of *Mahomet.*

The Propoſal extremely ſurpriz'd *Meſemorte*, but a Deſign ſuitable enough to the Extravagance of the Requeſt immediately coming into his head, he told *Chiou-Alem*, that he would not oppoſe his Zeal, and that the next Morning at Sun-riſing he would ſend a Chriſtian to the place which he had appointed. The other was highly ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, and ſent him abundance of Refreſhments to the Galley.

The *Corſair* had on board a *Spaniard* nam'd *Don Gaſpero de Souſa*, aged about five and thirty Years, a Man of approv'd Valour and Intrepidity. After having order'd him to be call'd, he communicated to him the barbarous Requeſt which had been made him by *Chiou-Alem:* He told him, that wiſhing to let him ſee the Folly and Impiety of his miſtaken Zeal, he had made choice of him who he believ'd a Perſon every way qualify'd for the Attempt.

Don

Don Gaſpero, charm'd with the Praiſes and Diſtinction with which he found himſelf honour'd by his Patron, aſſur'd that his Behaviour ſhould not contradict the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of him, and that he flatter'd himſelf with a Belief that he ſhould be able to cure the *Maur* of forming for the future any ſuch Deſigns.

The Morning no ſooner was arriv'd, than this magnanimous *Spaniard* appear'd on the Mountain, having under his Habit, a good Sword, and a ſtrong Oaken Plant.

He had not been there many moments, before he perceiv'd *Chiou-Alem* approaching, full of Satisfaction for his imaginary Victim: As he came near, he drew a Sword which he had in his Hand for the intended Sacrifice, and looking up to Heaven, Accept, *O Prophet! cry'd he*, the Offering I am about to make thee of this Chriſtian, and proſper all that I ſhall undertake hereafter for this pious Act I am now about to do. With theſe Words he came within Sword's reach, but being about to plunge it into his Breaſt, how was he amaz'd to find him not only in a condition of defending himſelf, but alſo that he attack'd him ſo furiouſly, that he was preſently diſarm'd, and forced to fly with his utmoſt ſpeed! *Don Gaſpero* however, having no intention of killing him, made no farther uſe of his Sword, but purſued him to the very Door of his Habitation, beating him, as he ran, with the Stick which he had brought with him for that purpoſe.

The Heroick Slave, after this Expedition, return'd to the Galley, where *Meſemorte* was extremely diverted at the recital in what manner the *Maure* had been entertain'd. In a few hours

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after he came to complain of the ill treatment he had receiv'd from the Chriſtian; but *Meſemorte* putting on a Countenance extremely Grave, anſwer'd him in this manner: When I make an Offering of this kind, *ſaid he*, to *Mahomet*, it is of Victims which I have fought with, and overcome at the Peril of my own Life——thou haſt neither combated nor vanquiſh'd this Chriſtian, and it is not with *Holocauſts*, ſuch as he, that our Prophet would be pleas'd.

This unexpected Reply, join'd to the ſhame of his defeat, cover'd *Chiou-Alem* with Confuſion; he retir'd ill ſatisfy'd with his Viſit, and the Moral of *Meſemorte*, who rewarded the Courage of *Don Gaſpero* with his Liberty, and many rich Preſents at parting.

I think, *ſaid* Orphiſe, when *Camilla* had done ſpeaking, that this generous *Corſair* was worthy of the Dignity to which he afterwards arriv'd: had all Men in Power ſuch Sentiments, thoſe beneath them would find Virtue the ſureſt way to Preferment. As *Urania* was about to make ſome anſwer to theſe Words, ſhe happen'd to caſt her Eyes on *Florinda*, who had hers intently fix'd on a little Manuſcript ſhe had in her hand: I believe, *ſaid ſhe*, that the amiable *Florinda* can ſecond *Camilla* in a very agreeable Inſtance of Generoſity, if ſhe pleaſes to favour us with a repetition of what ſhe has been reading.

How are you ſenſible, *anſwer'd that Lady*, that the Subject of my Entertainment has been Generoſity?——You are too far diſtant to diſcern the Title of this Book——In truth, my dear *Urania*, *purſu'd ſhe ſmiling*, it muſt be that you have either the Spirit of Divination, or that there is nothing in this Library with which you are not acquainted.

No,

No, I aſſure you, *replied ſhe*, it is to neither of theſe Reaſons I owe my Knowledge; but if you look round the Room, you will find, that that is the only one made up in that Form.—— I will tell you (*continued ſhe*) by what Adventure it fell into my hands: Happening to be walking pretty early one Morning in the *Tuilleries*, where I had appointed to meet *Thelamont*, becauſe I could there entertain him with more Freedom than at home; I was beginning to accuſe him in my Mind of the little exactneſs he maintain'd, in obliging me to tarry for him, and ſat down on one of thoſe fine Seats of which you know that delightful Place is full. As I was indulging my Diſcontent, a Man of a good Air and Preſence ſeated himſelf near me; he had in his hand a little Roll of Paper, and taking a little Inkhorn out of his Pocket, he began to write on it. I obſerved that he often blotted out and interlined, which made me imagine it was Verſes he was compoſing. When he had finiſh'd, he put up his Ink and Pen, and careleſly threw the Paper into his Hat, which, as he was making a low Reverence to me, fell out. I had too much Curioſity to ſee what it contain'd, to give him notice of his loſs; and after ſtaying a little, to ſee if he would miſs it, and come back, perceiving he did not, took it up: I had juſt begun to read it, when *Thelamont* appear'd; but at my return home, peruſed it with a vaſt deal of pleaſure; not only becauſe I found it a very agreeable Hiſtory, but alſo that the Perſons concern'd in it were perfectly known to me, tho' the Names and Country are diſguiſed by thoſe very different from the reality; and I aſſure you, that tho' I am acquainted with the Incidents, I ſhall receive as much pleaſure in hearing you read

read it, as any in the Company who are moſt ſtrangers to it.

I conſent to give you and myſelf that Satisfaction, (*anſwered* Florinda) but I beg you will eaſe me of a little fear I am in, which is, that the Time which the Gentleman paſs'd in the *Tuilleries*, could not poſſibly be ſufficient to compoſe the ſmalleſt Hiſtory; I very much ſuſpect it is not finiſh'd. When I took it up (*ſaid* Urania) the ſame Doubt poſſeſs'd me, but had the pleaſure to find it abſolutely compleat, which makes me know, that it was only the Cataſtrophe that he was writing at the time when I obſerv'd him. I am extremely glad to hear it (*reſumed the other*) and ſince you tell me, that I ſhall have my Curioſity ſatisfied with the Concluſion of the Affair, ſhall willingly go over that again to the Company, which I have already read to myſelf. With theſe words ſhe open'd the Manuſcript, and began in this manner:

The Hiſtory of GANORET.

IN one of thoſe Provinces belonging to the *Gauls*, which are called the *Septimanie*, is an illuſtrious Family, not only for its Antiquity, but alſo for the Number of great Men which have deſcended from it; who by the Services they have done their Country, have dignified that Diſtinction with which they have been honour'd.

The

The Name of them is *Ganoret:* One of the Chiefs of them having the good fortune to diſcharge with great ſucceſs ſome Affairs of Truſt repoſed in him, was made choice of by the King in an Expedition which demanded an equal ſhare of Valour and Conduct: It was againſt the too aſſuming Power of the Church of *Rome*; the *Pope*, who then was pretending a Right to diſpoſe of all the Temporal Dignities in the Univerſe, and that there was no Crown'd Head who ought not to acknowledge he held his Authority from him.

He was ſo far ſway'd by this arrogance of Diſpoſition, that whoever did not readily comply with his Demands, were certain to receive a *Bull of Excommunication*, and to have their Subjects diſpenſed with for their Oath of Allegiance. All the Monarchs of the Earth trembled, and, tho' with regret, ſubmitted to this new Authority. The King of the *Gauls* was the only one who reſolved rather to loſe his Sceptre, than hold it by a Condeſcenſion he thought ſo unworthy: On which refuſal, the *Pope* proceeded with him as he had threatned, and found People daring enough to faſten the *Bulls* on the very Gates of the Palace.

The King, enraged beyond Expreſſion, aſſembled together the States of the Empire, declared to them the unreaſonable Proceedings of the *Pope*, and the Affront put upon the Crown. They ſeemed full of juſt Reſentment at the Injuſtice, and intreated their Monarch to employ their Lives and Fortunes to revenge ſo great an Indignity, and, without any heſitation, aſſign'd a Fund ſufficient to carry on a War with the Holy See.

The

The Perſon made choice of to head the Forces being *Ganoret*, he acquitted himſelf of that Employment with ſo much Glory, and ſo effectually bowed the aſpiring Pride of *Rome*, that at his return, he was look'd on as the Guardian Angel of the *Gallick* Honour, and neither King nor People thought they could too greatly recompence his Services. He had the general Love and Admiration of the latter, and by the former was decreed a Penſion during Life of an Ounce of Silver a day, in value two *Livres*; an Annuity in thoſe times very conſiderable.

But as he was alſo a great Stateſman, as well as good Soldier, he was beſides this honour'd with the Charge of Lord High-Chancellor of the *Gauls*; in which Employment he alſo behaved himſelf ſo worthily, that inſtead of an Ounce of Silver *per* Day, the King gave him three Lands in the *Septimanie*; the one a *Marquiſate*, the other a *Barony*, and the laſt a *Lordſhip*; on condition the Titles ſhould extend only to the Male Heirs of his Family, entirely excluding the Females.

Notwithſtanding the great Riches of this Family, the younger Sons applied themſelves to raiſe their Fortunes, or enter'd into a Condition which took from them the want of any; one went into the Army, and another was initiated among the Society of the *Druids*. ——— *Daubargues*, the elder Son of a younger Branch of the Family, was one of thoſe who diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in Arms: He was brave, well made, amiable, full of Wit, Spirit, and Good Humour, and in fine, wanted no Perfection neceſſary to acquire the Eſteem of the World, and the Tenderneſs of his Kindred; both which he poſſeſs'd in as great a degree as he could wiſh, or indeed was poſſible to attain. After

After having diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in ſeveral Battles, which the *Gauls* at that time had with a neighbouring Nation, in which he proved that he did not in the leaſt degenerate from the Noble Blood he ſprang from, he went to paſs a Winter with his Father, who had his Reſidence in one of the Provinces of the *Septimanie* : He was received by him with that Affection which could not be refuſed to his Merit, independent of the Power of Kindred ; and after the firſt expreſſions of Joy, which the ſight of him inſpir'd, were over, he was carried to pay a Viſit to the Lord *Ganoret*, Head of the Family, and Lieutenant-General for the King, over all the Provinces of the *Septimanie*. He welcom'd this young Warrior with a million of Tokens of Reſpect and Kindneſs ; but not all the Teſtimonies of Friendſhip which he received from this Great Man, had half the Influence on his Heart, as the Beauty of one of his Daughters, a young Lady of about fifteen Years of Age ; and indeed imbelliſh'd with every Perfection that Nature, and the Advantages of Education can beſtow.

But it was not in a hopeleſs Flame he languiſh'd : he ſoon had the unſpeakable Satisfaction to obſerve his Merits had made little leſs Impreſſions on her Mind, than her Charms had imprinted on his : Nor is it ſurprizing that two Perſons, equally amiable, equally accompliſh'd, ſhould feel for each other Sentiments more tender, more paſſionate than the Power of Blood inſpires ; and that Love ſhould make a more than ordinary progreſs in Hearts which ſeem'd by Heaven ſuited to each other. It was with the moſt ardent Devoirs that the young *Ganoret* found herſelf treated by *Daubargues* ; and it could

could not be but with an infinity of Satisfaction he perceiv'd they were ſo favourably receiv'd by the lovely *Ganoret*. ——— This reciprocal Contentment giving them only the Sweets of Love, they were little prepared for the Anxieties of it, nor gave themſelves the leiſure to reflect on the Difficulties which might poſſibly attend the purſuit of their mutual Deſires.

Old *Ganoret* perceiv'd the firſt Intelligences of their Eyes, and from day to day induſtriouſly inform'd himſelf what paſs'd in the Hearts of both; and finding his Daughter equally enamour'd, it gave an alarm to his Ambition, which made him reſolve to put a timely ſtop to the Progreſs of their future Paſſion. He commanded her to avoid the Preſence of this dangerous Relation; and if by any Accident ſhe came where he was, to alter the whole Form of her Behaviour, and to treat him as a Stranger. This unexpected Decree gave ſo terrible a Shock to her Inclinations, that ſhe now knew the Force of the Paſſion ſhe had entertain'd; and as ſhe had before been all Obedience to the leaſt Look of her Father, ſhe now had courage to rebel ſo far, as to let *Daubargues* know by a Letter the Misfortune which had befallen her, and to intreat him not to believe the alteration of Carriage to him, which ſhe was obliged to put on, aroſe from any other Motive than Compulſion; aſſuring him of her eternal Tenderneſs, and that ſhe would find means to ſee him in ſpite of the Reſtraint ſhe was laid under.

But never was a Soul touch'd with a more ſenſible Affliction than that of the young *Daubargues*, at the receipt of this Letter: he had never endeavour'd to defend his Heart from loving that which appear'd ſo worthy to be lov'd.

And

And as moſt People, eſpecially of the younger Sort, are apt to flatter themſelves with what they wiſh, he foreſaw not the Obſtacles which lay in his way to Happineſs. His Birth, his perſonal Merit, and the Expectations of raiſing his Fortune, as he had already done his Reputation by the War, made him believe that the Lord *Ganoret* would overlook the ſmallneſs of his preſent Eſtate, and prefer him rather than a Stranger to the poſſeſſion of his Daughter, and thoſe Treaſures he had amaſs'd: And this Idea had ſettled itſelf ſo firmly in his Head, that the Diſappointment appear'd infinitely more terrible than otherwiſe it would have done.

The young Lady, however, was punctual in her Promiſes; ſhe found means for many private Interviews: but though the Proofs ſhe gave him of her Affection were highly dear to him, yet the little they contributed to make either him or herſelf happy, gave a damp to all his Raptures; their Converſation was intermingled with Sighs and Tears: and tho' the Moments they paſs'd together were all that either of them valued Life for, yet were thoſe Moments taken up with Perturbations ſuch as only afforded them a ſad Society in Miſery.

If ſo diſconſolate when in the Preſence of the dear Object of his Paſſion, with what a heavineſs of Heart did he languiſh out the tedious Hours of Abſence? Old *Daubargues* was too tender a Father not to take notice of this alteration in his Son's Countenance and Deportment: He had, as well as *Ganoret*, diſcover'd the mutual Tenderneſs of the young Lovers, but knowing how greatly his Son was in the Eſteem of all the World, did not much doubt the ſucceſs of his Amour, when it ſhould be diſcover'd; nor perhaps

haps ſuffer'd much leſs in the Diſappointment, than did the equally enamour'd Pair.

Being one day alone with his Son, he took that opportunity of queſtioning him concerning the Affair; but the Enquiries he made were in ſo ſoft and gentle a manner, that the other made no ſcruple of revealing to him the whole matter, and appear'd ſo ſenſibly afflicted with the Rigour of *Ganoret*, and ſo full of an unvanquiſhable Tenderneſs for his fair Daughter, that the old Gentleman left unurg'd thoſe Arguments which he had prepar'd in his Mind, and employ'd this firſt Converſation only in Conſolement.

But afterwards reflecting, that to ſooth his Griefs was not the way to leſſen them, he repreſented to him, tho' with great ſweetneſs, the Vanity of perſiſting in a Paſſion which now ſhew'd itſelf to be altogether fruitleſs. As for the Tenderneſs *(ſaid he)* with which you are favour'd by the young Lady, methinks, it ſhould rather add to your Diſtreſs by ſo much the more as one would wiſh thoſe we love partakers only of our Happineſs: 'tis therefore a cruelty to her, as well as to yourſelf, to endeavour to keep alive a Flame which may conſume you both. —— Abſence and Reſolution may, in time, extinguiſh it, and reſtore you to that Peace, which I am certain neither can find enough in an unavailing Conſtancy, to compenſate for the loſs of.

Daubargues had too much good Senſe not to acknowledge the Juſtice of his Father's Reaſonings, but then he had too much Love to be capable of being ſway'd by them. —— The Time, however, arriving in which he was obliged to return to the Army, he forgot not ſo much what was owing to his Honour and his Duty, as to neglect being one of the foremoſt

in

in the Field, but he found means before his departure to take a private Leave of the charming *Ganoret*; and never was any Adieu more touching; nor were ever Oaths of Fidelity made and obſerved with greater Sincerity, than thoſe which were mutually given by theſe afflicted Lovers. —— Being obliged at laſt to ſeparate, he went with a Heart full of Love and Deſpair to the Army, where he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by many Acts of Valour in two very famous Battles.

But as the buſineſs of his Love did not prevent him from the attachments of his Duty, no more did thoſe of the War, nor the daily Hazards to which he expoſed himſelf, make him leſs ardent in his Affections to *Ganoret*, nor in the leaſt efface the character of Lover in him: He fail'd not to lay hold on every occaſion of writing to his Father; and all his Letters were full of expreſſions of Paſſion for that amiable Lady. The old Gentleman lov'd him with a Tenderneſs which could not diſpenſe with omitting any thing for his Conſolation; and taking on himſelf the charge of a Confidante, he deliver'd Letters from his Son to his Niece, and carefully convey'd her Anſwers to him; but in the midſt of this, did not ſo far throw off the quality of Parent, as not to adviſe and command him to do his utmoſt to ſuppreſs a Paſſion which had not the leaſt probability of being ever fortunate.

Some Years paſs'd on in this Situation, till *Ganoret*, ſtill increaſing in favour, had an additional Employment, which obliged him to be near the only Brother of the King, and Heir Apparent of the Crown. He had Apartments allotted for him and all his Family in the Palace of that Prince, and our Lovers now began to think themſelves more than ever undone, not only becauſe

being removed a great diſtance from old *Daubargues*, they had loſt the ſatisfaction of hearing from each other; but alſo becauſe that living in a populous Court, and *Ganoret* Daughter of a Man belov'd and eſteem'd in ſo peculiar a manner, would be compell'd to receive Addreſſes, ſome of which might, perhaps, be more agreeable to her Father than thoſe of *Daubargues* had been: Nor were they deceiv'd in this Conjecture, it was his deſign to match her, the firſt Offer that ſhould be made, to what he look'd upon as his Intereſt.

But Heaven, without whoſe aſſiſtance human Projects are but vain, thought fit to render thoſe of *Ganoret* abortive. ——— He fell ſick of an incurable Diſeaſe, and died in the Palace of the Prince he ſerved. Never was a Loſs more regretted than his: the whole Court mourn'd for him as for a Sovereign Prince; and to do juſtice to his Character, ſetting aſide his Ambition, never Man had greater Virtues, nor had behaved more worthy of the Honours conferr'd on him. ——Immediately after his death, Madam *de Ganoret*, his Widow, having obtained the Guardianſhip of her Children, which were only two Daughters, was preparing to put them in poſſeſſion of thoſe Lands their Father enjoy'd in the *Septimanie*; but before ſhe ſet out on her Journey, ſhe met with a hindrance to it in this manner.

A *Druid*, Brother to the deceaſed *Ganoret*, and elder than *Daubargues*, being the next Male Heir, notwithſtanding his Function, put in his Claim, and demanded the whole Eſtate as his lawful Property. Madam *de Ganoret* depended on the Strength of her Friends, and did not much doubt but that her Intereſt, and the Remembrance of her

her Husband's Services, would carry the Cauſe in favour of his Children. —— The Affair was brought before the King and Council, and the *Druid* having in his Youth liv'd much at Court, being educated with the Preſumptive Heir to the Crown, who tenderly lov'd him, found enough to eſpouſe his Pretenſions; beſides, it being known, that purely out of zeal for his Good, he had abandon'd all the Pleaſures which could tempt luxurious Youth, and employ'd his Time wholly in Acts of Charity, and in inſtructing the Ignorant, he had gain'd ſo great an Eſteem thro' all the Provinces of the *Septimanie*, that he received little leſs Honours than thoſe that govern'd. In fine, the Friends of both were powerful, and it occaſioned no ſmall Diſputes among the diſintereſted Part of the World, in what manner the Deciſion would be made.

Among the reſt who appear'd for the *Druid*, was the Prince of *Gauls*: and ſo conſtant was he in the Friendſhip he had contracted with him when both were very young, that he left nothing undone which he thought might influence the Council in his behalf. The King himſelf could not but think his Pretenſions juſt, becauſe he had given the Territories in queſtion to *Ganoret* and his Male Heirs, of which this worthy Man was the neareſt. —— However, the great Eſteem he had for the Memory of the Deceaſed, and his Compaſſion for the Complaints of his Widow and Children, made him loth to determine againſt them, and therefore left it entirely to his Council to order the Affair as ſhould in their Judgments appear moſt fit.

The Proceſs making a great noiſe, it drew together moſt of the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom, and moſt of them being attached either

to the one or the other ſide, the Pleadings were long and remarkable; but it was at laſt concluded in favour of the *Druid*, who was decreed the true Inheritor of all the Titles, Eſtates, and Poſſeſſions of the late Lord *Ganoret*.

It would be impoſſible to repreſent in its true Colours the Rage of Madam *de Ganoret* at this Decree; ſhe ſaid and did things in the face of the whole World unworthy of her Sex and Quality——— Never was Deſpair carry'd to a more extravagant pitch; and the Beholders imagin'd nothing more, than that it would drive her to ſome violent Courſe. It was indeed a very cutting Reflection to ſee herſelf at once depriv'd of all the Pomp and Grandeur to which ſhe had been ſo long accuſtom'd, to ſee her Family ruin'd beyond all hope of a Relief, to be under the neceſſity of putting her two Daughters, both beautiful as Angels, among the Veſtals, there to finiſh a Deſtiny which was expected to be moſt glorious; theſe were certainly very juſtifiable Cauſes for Grief; but her's was ſo extravagant and outrageous, that it in a great meaſure deſtroy'd all the Pity ſhe would elſe have found.

The firſt Emotions of her Paſſion were not abated, when the young *Daubargues* being return'd from the Army, came to make her a Viſit, with a deſign to give her what Conſolation was in his power; but ſhe regarding him as the next Heir to the *Druid*, and the Man who, after him, was to profit by her Misfortune, took his Civility as an Inſult, and treated him in the rudeſt and moſt indignant manner, bidding him be gone, and never more appear before her.

'Tis eaſy to believe the Affliction of young *Ganoret* was extreme, to ſee the good Intentions of her Lover ſo cruelly miſconſtrued: She durſt

ſpeak

ſpeak to him no otherwiſe than by her Eyes, but they inform'd him of things which made him readily forgive the ill Treatment he receiv'd from her Mother; and burning more than ever with a Deſire of proving, that it was not her Fortune, but Perſon to which he had been devoted, he wrote to the *Druid* his Uncle in the moſt humble and pity-moving manner, that he would be pleas'd to allow him ſome ſmall Part of thoſe vaſt Poſſeſſions he was to enjoy at his Deceaſe, that it might by that Preſent be in his power to allay the Fury of Madam *de Ganoret*, and lay the Foundation for his own future Happineſs with her lovely Daughter, to whom he told him he had long ſince been contracted as firmly as Oaths could make him.

The wiſe *Druid*, who had then form'd a Deſign in his Mind, which in the Execution ſurpriz'd all the World, read the paſſionate Expreſſions of his Nephew with a vaſt deal of Compaſſion, but teſtify'd not the leaſt Signs of it in his Anſwer; commanding him in it with the utmoſt Auſterity to rejoin the Army, and not to neglect what he ow'd to himſelf and Family in the purſuit of Glory for a fruitleſs Expectation, which would only expoſe him to new Affronts from a Woman whoſe Paſſions had left her not the Uſe of Reaſon. This Letter involv'd *Daubargues* in all the Deſpair of a Man truly in love: He accus'd his Uncle of the moſt inhuman Cruelty, and found more Juſtice even in the Uſage he had receiv'd from Madam *de Ganoret*, than in this from him.

The lovely Object of his Affections in the mean time felt in the midſt of her Misfortunes a kind of Conſolation that the Loſs of her Fortune had preſerv'd her from the Dangers to which

before ſhe was expoſed; ſince her ill Stars depriv'd her of the Hope of ever becoming the Wife of *Daubargues*, ſhe thought herſelf not entirely miſerable in being paſt the Fear of being compel'd to be ſo to any other Man; and found a Sweetneſs in the Contemplation of that Retirement which was terrible to her younger Siſter. The Accompliſhment of that Deſign was now all ſhe deſir'd, but it was defer'd almoſt a whole Year, on the account that Madam *de Ganoret* had ſome Affairs to ſettle, which the Diſorders of her Mind would not permit her to go about with that Calmneſs which was neceſſary to the Nature of them.

During this time, the *Druid* employ'd himſelf diligently in improving the Lands which were in his poſſeſſion, and embelliſhing the Houſes of Pleaſure belonging to them, in a manner ſuch as made them ſeem rather the Palaces of a King, than the Country-Seats of a private Subject. Theſe Tidings being brought to Madam *de Ganoret*, increas'd her Reſentment and Hate to the *Druid* to ſo violent a degree, that it almoſt depriv'd her of her Senſes, and left her not the Capacity of doing any thing but what ſerv'd to give Demonſtrations of her Deſpair and Rage. But in the midſt of theſe tumultuous Agitations, as ſhe was one day in her Cloſet with her two Daughters, endeavouring to inſpire in their Minds the ſame Horror at the name of the *Druid* which ſhe felt herſelf, her Woman came running in to acquaint her, that he was come to make her a Viſit, and deſir'd to ſee her immediately.

If her Fury before was beyond all Bounds, join'd to the Surprize ſhe was in, it made her ſeem all Frenzy; ſhe look'd on this Viſit of the *Druid* as the moſt brutal Affront that could be given;

and

and as ſoon as ſhe recover'd herſelf enough to ſpeak to be underſtood, which at firſt ſhe could not do, ſhe order'd the Woman to bid him be gone that moment, or ſhe would forget all the Decorums of her Sex and Quality, and revenge the Inſults he put upon her with his Blood. The *Druid*, who was by this time at the Door of the Cloſet, and was witneſs of her Paſſion, told the Woman ſhe might ſpare herſelf the pains of relating to him the Commands of her Lady, he having heard it from her own Mouth; but in the room of that, deſir'd ſhe would go back, and let her know he had an Affair to communicate to her of the laſt Importance. The Woman having done as he enjoin'd, Oh Heavens! *cry'd Madam* de Ganoret, for what unknown Crime am I expos'd to this Perſecution! Cannot the Palace of the Prince, who vouchſafes to protect me from other Injuries, defend me from this Inſult?——Go, *continued ſhe*, and make the cruel Man retire, or prepare to receive my Ponyard in his Breaſt. The Woman, who was perfectly acquainted with her Lady's Diſpoſition, and trembled for the Conſequence of this Adventure, intreated him with Tears in her Eyes not to inſiſt on his Requeſt, nor venture the Fury of a Woman who had not the power of moderating it. But he, as calm and unconcern'd as ever, again aſſur'd her he would not leave the Palace till he had perform'd the Buſineſs which had brought him there, which could be done by no other means than by a meeting with Madam *de Ganoret*; but that if ſhe pleas'd, he would withdraw into another Room, and attend her Return of Reaſon and Moderation. The Woman came again with theſe words, and the eldeſt of the two young Ladies feeling ſomething at her Heart which

ſeem'd an Omen of Good-Fortune, fell at her Mother's feet, and bathing them with her Tears, It is for us, Madam, *ſaid ſhe to her*, it is for the Misfortune of your Children which makes you appear ſo different from what you have been accuſtom'd to; you have not ſo much hatred for our Uncle, as you have love for us: I conjure you, therefore, Madam, in the name of that Love which makes the only Happineſs of our Lives, that you will vouchſafe to hear what it is the *Druid* has to communicate———he is not, perhaps, ſo guilty as you imagine, our Deſpair makes us blind to his Virtues: however, Madam, he is rever'd by the whole World; and it cannot be poſſible that a Man of ſo much Merit can come with a deſign to inſult the Afflicted——— Sacrifice, I beſeech you, one moment of your Reſentment to my Entreaties; liſten to him this once, nor refuſe this Favour to your Daughter, who begs it on her Knees.

A Diſcourſe ſo moving, and ſo reaſonable, could not fail of the Effect it aim'd at; and, tho' it was with an inexpreſſible Violence to her Paſſion, Madam *de Ganoret* made a ſign with her Hand that the attending *Druid* ſhould be admitted: but, as ſoon as he appear'd, it was not in her power to reſtrain herſelf from venting the ſtruggling Fury in her Soul, in Words the moſt ſhocking and ſevere that ever were utter'd by outragious Woman, wild with imagin'd Wrongs; all which the *Druid* patiently endur'd, not offering to interrupt her, till ſhe had ſpoke all that her Indignation could ſuggeſt; and when he ſaw ſhe grew more calm, reply'd to what ſhe had ſaid in theſe Terms:

I purſued not the Decree, *ſaid he*, which put me in poſſeſſion of my Brother's Lands with any mer-

mercenary End of enjoying them myſelf, nor to tranſmit them to another Family after my Deceaſe: no, Madam, I had a View more lawful, and I hope you will own more generous, in ſeeming to appear againſt you. I am ſenſible of the tender and reſpectful Paſſion which my Nephew *Daubargues* has long languiſh'd under for the eldeſt of your Daughters; and I know alſo, that when you were in poſſeſſion of the Eſtate, you had little conſideration of their mutual Love; and you had no other Intention, than to diſappoint him, not only of his Right of Inheritance, but alſo of that which was infinitely dearer to him. I have therefore quitted my Retirement, and again enter'd into the buſy World, on purpoſe to fruſtrate a Deſign which yourſelf cannot but think cruel and unjuſt, when cool Conſideration gets the better of Reſentment. I have augmented and embelliſh'd the Lands I depriv'd you of: But, Madam, I have not taken that pains for myſelf, but for your Daughter, to whom I make a Preſent of them on condition ſhe will give her hand to my Nephew. In finiſhing theſe Words, he ſeem'd to forget his Character, and falling on his Knees to Madam *de Ganoret*, entreated ſhe would forgive the Diſpleaſure he had caus'd her, by feigning himſelf her Enemy.

The Aſtoniſhment of that Lady was ſo great, that for a conſiderable time ſhe had not the power either of anſwering, or raiſing him from that Poſture; the Joy, the Tenderneſs which ruſh'd into her Soul on ſo unexpected a Turn of Fate, immediately after that Extremity of Rage and Hate, with contradicting Force, depriv'd her both of Speech or Motion. A Flood of Tears at length venting ſome Part of the o'erwhelming

whelming Paſſions, ſhe embraced him, and as ſoon as her words found utterance, call'd him the Guardian-Angel of their Family, the Father of her Children; and was, in fine, as extravagant in the Demonſtrations of her Gratitude, as ſhe had been a little before in her Reſentment. The two young Ladies, but in particular the Beloved of *Daubargues*, took their turns to thank him: And, when the firſt Tranſports of Reconciliation were over, to aſſure them he meant no otherwiſe than he ſaid, he took Pen and Paper, and wrote to *Daubargues* an account of all that had happen'd: Madam *de Ganoret* would needs add a Poſtſcript, to entreat his Pardon for her late Unkindneſs, and aſſuring him of her Conſent to make his future Happineſs. The Charmer of his Soul alſo deſir'd to ſubſcribe her Name, and it was immediately ſent away.

The Talk of this Adventure preſently run through the Palace; every body rejoiced at the good fortune of Madam *de Ganoret*, and admir'd the Generoſity of the *Druid*; and as never Woman was poſſeſs'd of greater and more magnanimous Sentiments than the illuſtrious Conſort of the Prince, who had given ſhelter to this diſtreſs'd Family, ſhe was peculiarly charm'd with this Action; ſhe ſent for the *Druid* into her Cloſet, and after giving him thoſe Praiſes his Wiſdom, Goodneſs, and Diſintereſtedneſs deſerv'd, order'd him an Apartment in her Court, till he ſhould ſee the happy Union accompliſh'd between his Nephew and the beautiful Daughter of *Ganoret*. It was with a million of Retributions he accepted the Favour offer'd him by this excellent Princeſs; and *Daubargues* in a little time arriving, the Nuptials were celebrated with the utmoſt Magnificence, the King himſelf aſſiſting

ſide of a Fountain, and renew'd the ordinary manner of their Converſation.

The Hiſtory of *Ganoret* (*ſaid* Camilla) has awaken'd in me a Curioſity which I could never yet get ſatisfied, of knowing what theſe *Druids* are: I have read much of them, but never could meet with a Book which could inform me of their Cuſtoms or Manners. If *Thelamont* pleaſes, (*anſwer'd* Urania) he can eaſily gratify that Deſire, and I doubt not but he will be without much difficulty prevail'd on. It will be a Deſcription (*added* Orophanes) worthy of his Eloquence, and that vaſt Memory he has, which enables him to be eternally the maſter of what he once has heard. All the Company joining with *Urania* and *Orophanes* in this Requeſt, it muſt not have been a Perſon of *Thelamont*'s Complaiſance who could have refuſed.

You engage me (*ſaid he*) in a Diſſertation long and difficult, but I muſt obey in giving you what Hints my Obſervation has furniſh'd me with. You muſt know (*continued he*) that *Julius Cæſar* made three Diviſions of the *Gauls*; the firſt and moſt conſiderable is the *Celtick*, the ſecond the *Belgick*, and the third the *Aquitanick*; they had for their Limits the *Pyrenees*, the *Alps*, the *Rhine*, and the *Mediterranean*.

The *Druids* were diſperſed in this vaſt Country under a Chief, of much the ſame nature as our *Pope*, who had an Authority ſo extenſive, that he was fear'd and reſpected by all the different Eſtates of the *Gauls*, of which the *Druids* held the firſt Rank. —— It was a Society extremely numerous, and Nobles and Plebeians were equally received; no diſtinction of Birth among them, provided they had other Conditions and Qualities neceſſary for their Introduction,

which

which were principally theſe: To be perfect Maſters of good Manners, a Fluency of Wit, a Depth of Judgment, and Perſons not deformed.

Before they could be initiated into the Myſteries of Religion, they were obliged to apply themſelves to ſtudy for the ſpace of twenty Years, to learn and retain in their Memory, Theology, Philoſophy, and the Laws: None of the Scholars being permitted to keep by them a ſingle Sheet of their Leſſons, which were always deliver'd to them written in *Greek* Characters.

When, according to the Opinion of thoſe appointed to inſtruct him, the Pupil was perfectly vers'd in every thing neceſſary for him to know, he was received with many long and laborious Ceremonies into their Order. The *Druids* ſeem'd to be ſo many Sovereigns, not only as to Matters of Religion, but alſo of the Criminal and Civil. They had the power of ordaining Rewards and Puniſhments; and whoever refuſed to ſubmit to the Judgment decreed by them, were expoſed to all manner of Misfortunes: In the firſt place depriv'd of aſſiſting at any Religious Ceremony; and as the *Gauls* are full of Superſtition, a Man under this Sentence was look'd on by the others as the worſt of Human Kind; every one ſhunn'd his Society, none would continue any Commerce or Affair with him; he was abandon'd by his Father, by his Mother, by his Wife, and by his Children; the Doors of Juſtice were always ſhut againſt him, he was liable to all manner of Inſults and Ill-treatment; he was render'd incapable of poſſeſſing any Charge or Dignity; he died without Honour, without Pity, without Sepulchre.——— Behold! (*interrupted* Alphonſo, *at theſe words*) this is what they call knowing how to keep People in ſubjection!

Ne-

Never did the Religious of any Age (*reſumed* Thelamont) preſerve ſo great an Awe over the Laity as did theſe *Druids*. The chief of the Nobility, nay, the very Prince himſelf, either thro' Fear, Policy, or Superſtition, ſubmitted his Will to theirs: All the Sovereign Magiſtrates conſulted them in any Deciſion of importance; and almoſt all the great Families in the Kingdom thought it their greateſt Happineſs to have ſome one of it among them, who might be the Protector of the reſt.

They had a General Aſſembly every Year at *Chartres*, which being in the middle of the Kingdom, was a Place conſecrated and deſtined for that purpoſe; there liv'd their Grand *Pontificate*, and there they decided all Matters relating to Religion. They always open'd this Meeting with an Act of Devotion, which conſiſted in making a Proceſſion through one of the Foreſts of that Country, which is at preſent called *la Beauce*. The many Ceremonies they had as they paſſed, made the Pilgrimage continue ſeveral days; in all which time they neither eat nor drank any thing but Water, and Bread baked on Straw by the Heat of the Sun. It was with great Solemnity they marched, every one of them bearing a Branch of *Miſletoe*, cut down with a golden Hatchet, which they always carry'd with the greateſt Reverence to the Place where they perform'd their Myſteries.

After this they ſacrificed a Man in the view of the Publick, maintaining, among others, this cruel Error, That God would no otherwiſe be appeas'd, and that 'twas neceſſary one ſhould die for the ſecurity of the reſt; and by this Offering they imagined their Country would be ſafe

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Cæſar, in the Sixth Book of his Commentaries, ſays, That in certain Places among the *Gauls*, they had Idols made of a prodigious bigneſs, which contain'd in their Bodies a great number of living Men, who were carried in theſe great Machines to a Fire, and burned at once, believing this the moſt acceptable Sacrifice to the Deity: Nor was it Criminals, but the moſt innocent Perſons they choſe for Victims.——— O more than ſavage Superſtition! — Yet were theſe *Druids* look'd upon as *Oracles*, and conſulted by all the neighbouring Nations as the chief Favourites of Heaven.

'Tis ſaid that the greateſt Place of their Devotion was that where the *Chriſtians* have ſince erected a magnificent Temple dedicated to the *Mother of God*, which has been ſo much admired at *Chartres*. There is under ground a Chapel dug in a Rock, with a large Pair of Stairs to deſcend to it; the Portal is made in the ſame manner, and on the Frontiſpiece there is engraved in *Latin* this Inſcription:

To the Virgin who bears the Child.

I have been told by the Miniſters who officiate in this Temple, that the common Opinion of the Country is, That *God* having endued theſe *Druids* with ſuch great Wiſdom, had added to it the Spirit of Prophecy, which had made them ſee the Myſtery of the *Holy Incarnation* Ages before it happen'd.

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I have been told by the Miniſters who officiate in this Temple, that the common Opinion of the Country is, That *God* having endued theſe *Druids* with ſuch great Wiſdom, had added to it the Spirit of Prophecy, which had made them ſee the Myſtery of the *Holy Incarnation* Ages before it happen'd.

The *Gauls* believe themſelves deſcended from *Pluto*, and for that reaſon were uſed to count their Time by Nights, and not by Days, like other

other Nations. They pretended a Right over the Life or Death of their Women: When a Man died, the Parents and Friends aſſembled together; and if they had any Suſpicion of the Wife, they put her to Torture in order to bring her to Confeſſion, and if found criminal, ſhe was burn'd, after having ſuffer'd before Death, all that Cruelty could inflict. Their Funerals were extremely magnificent, but full of Horror, it having been the Cuſtom to burn with the Deceaſed all that he lov'd when alive, even to his Animals, his Slaves, and ſometimes his Children.

This is all (*continued* Thelamont) that my Memory can furniſh me with concerning the *Druids*, or the *Gauls*; but had *Julius Cæſar* had the ſame Spirit of Prophecy with the *Druids*, and could have foreknown the Curioſity of the amiable *Camilla*, he would certainly have left a fuller Account, to have enabled me to oblige her.

This Raillery (*ſaid* Camilla) is no more than I deſerve for a Puniſhment for the Trouble I have occaſioned you: but I am well content to bear it, ſince I have reaped ſo much Advantage by it. But in revenge, I will inform the Company, that you have mention'd nothing but what my Curioſity had before made me acquainted with; tho' I muſt own, I learn'd the Particulars in ſo wild and inconnected a manner, that being able to form no direct Idea, they ſlipp'd out of my Mind, and muſt be forc'd to do you juſtice, and acknowledge the Obligation I have to your Memory and Elegance of Expreſſion. I find indeed (*added* Orſames) that Memory is the greateſt relief that Wit can have; it not only makes it ſhine with double Luſtre, but is always ſupplying it with ſomething New and Entertaining.

It

It is true (*ſaid* Urania) that a good Memory is a vaſt help to Converſation, but it is yet more neceſſary to great Actions. A noble Soul cannot remember a Benefit without being rewarded; but there are many People, who, I believe, are guilty of Ingratitude merely through an involuntary forgetfulneſs. *Lewis* the Fourteenth had the Ideas of every thing that had happen'd to him always preſent in his Mind; among many other things of this nature recounted of him, I will only mention one, which will give you an Inſtance not only of his prodigious Strength of Memory, but alſo of how much ſervice it was to him in enabling him to do a thing which fill'd his whole Court with Admiration.

This great Monarch, whoſe Care was always watchful to prevent the Deſigns of his Enemies, as his Courage was intrepid in encountring them, having received private Intelligence that *Ghent* was beſieged, caus'd a Rumour to be ſpread abroad, that he would begin the War on the Coaſt of *Almaine*, and in effect ſent a great number of Troops with an order to encamp on the *Sarre*.

The Enemy being informed of this, and fearing for *Almaine*, removed great part of their Army to that ſide. The King ſeeing that they had took the Feint, ſaid at Night, as he was ſitting at Supper, Ghent *is inveſted, and we muſt go anon to raiſe the Siege.*

This News ſurprized all that heard it, and involved them in the greateſt Perplexity imaginable, how to get themſelves in a readineſs to follow the King, who, the moment he had finiſh'd his Repaſt, began his March, which continued all Night, with as many as could attend him; the reſt were order'd to follow with all poſſible

ſpeed. Early in the Morning he found himſelf before the Abbey of *Buſſilly*, near *Aubanſon*; he demanded of ſome of his Attendants, a Manchet and a Cup of Drink; but the Proviſions not being arrived, there was no ſuch thing among the Soldiers. The Father *Procureur* (for ſo are they called who officiate for the *Abbot* in his abſence) being advertiſed of this, came out immediately with a Glaſs of Wine, and a Piece of Bread, and preſented it to the King on his knees: but not contented with that Proof of his Reſpect, believing that thoſe who follow'd his Majeſty, were equally diſtreſs'd, he order'd Tables to be ſpread on the Road all the way they march'd, that ſo they might refreſh themſelves without any loſs of time. The King and all the Nobility were extremely delighted with this Teſtimony of the good Father's Zeal; and ſcarce was any other thing the Subject of Converſation till they came to *Ghent*, where the more material buſineſs of the War drowned all other Conſiderations.

Fifteen Years paſs'd over ſince this Adventure, at the end of which the King's Confeſſor brought him a Liſt of ſeveral vacant Benefices, among the number was the Abbey of *Buſſilly*; but that he told his Majeſty he had diſpoſed of to a Friend of his own. *No*, (reply'd that great Prince) *I think I have given it to one the moſt worthy of it.* The Confeſſor ſurprized, asked to whom? *To a Man whom I command you to find out*, (anſwer'd the King:) *'tis the Perſon who was Father* Procureur *of the Abbey of* Buſſilly *at the Siege of* Ghent. The Confeſſor durſt not but obey, and immediately writ to all parts in ſearch of him, who being at laſt found, repair'd to Court. The firſt Place the King ſaw him in, was at the Celebration of the holy *Maſs*, and perfectly know-

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ing him again, cried to the Confeſſor, and ſome others that ſtood by him, *Behold the Abbot of* Buſſilly! Then approaching him, ſaid, *You ſhall ſee this day, that a good Action, ſooner or later, never goes without its Recompence.*

All the Company approved this little Quotation of *Urania*'s, and admired the good Fortune of the *Procureur*, which had given him an opportunity of being made known, and obliging a Prince who never forgot any thing.

The Diſcourſe of this Adventure took them up till the hour of Supper arrived, which occaſion'd this amiable Society to quit the Gardens for the Table. That agreeable Freedom with which *Urania* treated her Friends, always added new Pleaſures to the reſt of the Entertainment; and one might ſay, that in thoſe Moments which moſt reminds us of our Mortality, there was an Elegance of Wit and Spirit, which ſeem'd to elevate them above their Specie.

As the Night was extremely fine, they had no ſooner ſupp'd, than they returned to the Garden. As they were walking, *Urania* took notice that *Julia* was making ſome Efforts to get from the hands of *Orſames* a Paper which he held, and approach'd them with a kind of fear that ſome unlucky Accident had happen'd: But thoſe Apprehenſions ſoon vaniſh'd, when ſhe heard *Orſames* laughing ſay, No, my dear *Julia*, you muſt ſubmit to the Laws you are under, and I will ſo far exert the Authority of a Husband, as to ſuffer no part of your Merit to be conceal'd. If I could have believ'd (*anſwer'd* Julia) that you would have become ſo arbitrary, I never would have truſted you with the Secret of theſe Verſes.

The Diſpute between them increaſing, *Urania* came near, and embracing *Julia*, What, (*ſaid ſhe*)

my lovely Friend, do you repent making the Man you love, the Confidante of your Wit? —— Come here, (*continued she, obliging her to join the Company*) the reading of this Paper shall serve to punish you. *Julia* laugh'd, and suffer'd herself to be overpower'd. Every body was interested in this little Adventure, and intreated *Orsames* to communicate the Secret. I design it, (*answer'd he*) but to justify *Julia* in some measure, for making it so to her Friends, I must inform you, that to-morrow being the Birth-day of *Philemena*, she was willing to let her know she did not forget it, and took up a Pen and writ these Lines with an intent to send them, after having a little look'd over, and corrected them; and I suppose it is because that is not yet done, that she was desirous they should be concealed. She made me the Confidante of her Amusement, on condition I should not betray it; but I found something so agreeable, and full of Spirit in the Verse, that it made me take a Resolution to break the Promise I had made her. In speaking these words, he open'd the Paper, and read the Contents to the Company, which were as follows.

To PHILEMENA.

After allowing what to Heaven is due,
My next Regard must sure be paid to You;
To whom not only I my Being owe,
But for all Joys which do from Virtue flow.
'Twas by your Precepts my unpolish'd Mind
Knew to correct its Ills, and Thought *refin'd!*

What-

Whatever Marks are in my Conduct ſhown,
The Good is Yours, the Errors all my own.
May your Example ſtill point out my Ways,
While on I traverſe Life's uncertain Maze.
My Soul, thus ſteer'd, muſt new Improvements gain,
And the falſe World ſeek to enſnare in vain!
O may you live your Julia *long to bleſs!*
And when call'd hence to nobler Happineſs,
May your bright Image leave a Track behind,
Which never may forſake my grateful Mind!
My Memory a faithful Mirror prove,
Till I'm like you, all Purity and Love!

All the Company ſeem'd infinitely pleas'd with this little Copy of Verſes, every one complimented the fair Author; the modeſt Fear ſhe had expreſs'd in having them expos'd, ſeem'd to add to the Value of them: Some time was taken up in Praiſe and Admiration, and *Orſames* appear'd raviſh'd with the Encomiums which were made on his beautiful Conſort; and though he ſaid the leaſt, teſtified by his Eyes that he felt a Delight ſuperior to what any of the reſt, dear as the amiable *Julia* was to them, could be ſenſible of.

It muſt be confeſs'd (*ſaid* Alphonſo) that this Houſe inſpires one with Wit: I never had the leaſt notion of writing Verſe, nor can flatter myſelf with the Hope of ever becoming a Proficient in the Art, yet I could not forbear compoſing ſome Lines laſt Night; and finding they will go to a very agreeable Tune now in vogue at *Paris*, I will venture to communicate. He no ſooner concluded theſe words, than he began to ſing with a Voice perfectly harmonious, the following Stanza's:

Ah, how pleaſing 'tis to love!
When Beauty alluring,
And Kindneſs curing,
The raviſh'd Heart does move!

Endleſs is the Lover's Joy,
New Paſſion inſtilling,
And Deſire ſtill thrilling,
Give Delights that ne'er can cloy!

There was ſomething ſo graceful in his Manner while he ſung, that it added to the ſweetneſs of the Compoſure, and both together were too inchanting not to exact the utmoſt Praiſes of thoſe who heard him. *Thelamont*, *Urania*, *Orſames*, *Julia*, *Orophanes*, *Felicia*, *Florinda*, and even *Camilla* herſelf ſtrain'd her Modeſty to entreat he would repeat the ſame delightful Sounds. He was not backward in complying with ſo obliging a Requeſt, but all the time had his Eyes intently fix'd on *Camilla*, ſparkling at once with Pleaſure and Deſire in ſo intelligible a manner, that it drew unceaſing Bluſhes into the Cheeks of that amiable Woman.

You are, indeed, inſpir'd, (*ſaid* Orophanes, *laughing*) but 'tis eaſy to know your Maſter; and that as delightful as this Place is, without the Preſence of a certain Perſon in it, the Groves, the Shades, or the refreſhing Streams, would fail to make your Muſe exert itſelf in Numbers ſo tranſporting. We are all (*anſwered* Thelamont) Pupils of the ſame Science, and have ſufficiently experienc'd what Love can do; nor is it to be doubted that the charming *Camilla* wants the power of enforcing the extremeſt Proofs of it.

These words were followed by new Praises of the Genius of *Alphonso*; and 'tis possible they would have continued in that Theme much longer, but that the Night being pretty far spent, and *Orphise* obliged to depart next Morning, they thought it convenient to leave her to her Repose. Every one retir'd to their respective Apartments, satisfied with the Enjoyments of this Day, as they were with all the others they pass'd together: Neither did the Night want its Charms both to the married and the unmarried; the former in possession of their Felicity, thought themselves highly indebted to their good Fortune, and the latter feeding Expectation with the Hope of Happiness to come.

The End of the Ninth Day.



La Belle Assemblée.

The Tenth Day.

NOtwithstanding the Pleasure *Orphise* took in the Society of *Urania*, and her amiable Companions, the impatience she had to compleat the Happiness of *Alphonso*, made her not hesitate to deny herself the satisfaction of continuing in it. The Sun no sooner appear'd than she arose, and when dress'd, took leave of those who on any other Motive would not have suffer'd her to quit them. After her departure, they all retired into the Apartment of *Julia*, where the Conversation ran for some time on the Adventures of *Cleodon*.

For my part (*said* Orophanes) I can't help thinking there is something supernatural in the Story he related to us; nor can I any way conceive it possible that a Maid wholly savage, should in so little

little a time, and by ſuch means, be render'd ſo perfect and accompliſh'd as he has deſcribed *Felidia*. I do not ſee, (*interrupted* Felicia) any thing ſo extraordinary in that. *Felidia* was not conceived by a Savage, and tho' born among them, had nothing of their Blood. The Daughter of a *French* Man, and *Engliſh* Woman; how is it ſurprizing that Nature ſhould conſerve its Faculties amidſt the Prejudice of ſo different an Education? Indeed, (*added* Urania) I find nothing in it but what I can eaſily reconcile to Reaſon: to me it is more aſtoniſhing, by what means a Human Creature finds the way to tame the wildneſs of Lions and Tygers, and make them grow familiar to him.

If they are not abſolutely familiar, (*ſaid* Thelamont) 'tis impoſſible to render them obedient: *Pliny* reports, that *Mark-Antony* was the firſt that ever was ſeen in *Rome* with his Chariot drawn by Lions, which he had in the time of the Civil Wars, after the Battle of *Pharſalia*. The People look'd on this as a kind of Prodigy, which ſeemed to preſage, that thoſe moſt fond of Liberty, ſhould one day be obliged to ſubmit to the Power of one ſole Maſter. And I cannot but believe *Mark-Antony* would have been that one, had not he by a fatal Paſſion ſubjected himſelf to the Yoke of a Woman, who made him loſe all the Glory of his great Actions, the Honour of his Triumphs, his Empire, and at laſt his Life.

The *Romans* (added *Alphonſo*) were not the only People who took it as an ill Omen, to ſee Men ſubject to their Command the King of Animals: The *Carthaginians* had the ſame Idea, when *Hanno* their General firſt found the Method of training Lions in ſuch a manner as he could

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lead them by a ſingle Ribbon thro' the Streets, with the ſame facility as Dogs. They inferr'd from this View, that they had every thing to fear from a Man who had the Art to tame thoſe furious Beaſts: They thought it a much eaſier Task to enſlave the Liberty of a People, than to tame Savages; to prevent therefore that Evil, they accuſed him on Suſpicion, and order'd him to be baniſh'd the Republick.

Certainly (*ſaid* Julia) the People of thoſe Times muſt have little Underſtanding, to fall into ſuch Errors. Do we not ſee, every day, the fierceſt Animals brought here, and tamed by Men, the moſt rude and ignorant that can be? And would it not be a ſhame for us to fear any thing from Creatures, who think no farther than the little Profit they make by ſhewing thoſe Beaſts? This Reflection of *Julia's* (*replied* Camilla) is pleaſant, but I believe it was from the Novelty, that made the *Romans* and *Carthaginians* draw theſe Preſages; *Hanno* and *Mark-Antony* being the firſt they had ever ſeen, who could uſe Lions in that manner. But I am perſuaded, that if neither of them had ever practiſed this terrible Art, the former had not eſcaped Baniſhment, nor the other been leſs charmed with *Cleopatra*.

The *Romans* (interrupted *Thelamont*) were full of Superſtition, it muſt be confeſs'd; yet in ſpite of that one Error, never People had ſo many illuſtrious Qualities. I know not one of their good ones (*reſumed ſhe*) that is wanting in you, therefore may venture to reproach you with one of their Faults, which is the Severity with which both they and you ſeem to treat the Conſtancy of *Mark-Antony* in his Paſſion for *Cleopatra*. I think it not impoſſible to prove that ſhe is very much wrong'd, when made the Reaſon of her Lover's

Ruin.

Ruin. Ah, charming *Camilla*, (reſumed *Thelamont*) that Story is too generally known for you to take her part. All the World allows, that but for the Beauties of that ambitious Queen, *Mark Antony* had been among the Number of the Greateſt Men. But is it not poſſible (*ſaid ſhe*) that without her the ſame Misfortunes might have happen'd to him? There is very little probability that they would, (*anſwer'd* Florinda) and tho' I know you are of a different Opinion from what you ſeem, having told me a hundred times, that you cannot conceive how a Man, who knew the World ſo well as *Mark Antony*, could ſuffer himſelf to be impos'd on by a Woman ſo practis'd in Deceit; I will relate to you one Paſſage between them, which ſhall oblige you to ſilence in her defence for the future.

After the Battle of *Actium*, in one of thoſe ſumptuous Feaſts which *Cleopatra* ſo well knew how to make, having taken notice that *Mark Antony* had every thing taſted before he eat or drank of it; and taking this Caution as a Proof of his miſtruſt of her, ſhe reſolv'd to cure him of it by a way which I think very extraordinary. It was the Cuſtom of thoſe Times to wear Chaplets of Flowers on their Heads, whenever they celebrated any Feſtival: the Queen of *Egypt*, who always took care to adorn and embeliſh that which her Lover was to wear, had it now dipp'd in the moſt dangerous Poiſon that could be got. And when, by a thouſand little Artifices, unknown to modeſt Wives, ſhe had filled him with Emotions ſuch as ſhe wiſh'd to inſpire; in fine, when he became infatuated between Love and Wine, ſhe propoſed to him to throw the Flowers from his Chaplet into his Cup, and drink it. He taking what ſhe ſaid only as

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the effect of the preſent gaiety of her Humour, immediately went about doing it; but as he was lifting to his Mouth the pernicious Potion, *Hold*, Mark Antony! (*cry'd ſhe*) *and know what it is that's in my power to do, if I had the will.* —— *Thoſe Flowers are by my order tinctured with the rankeſt Poiſon.* —— *Now judge, if the Suſpicion thou ſeemeſt to have of me, could at all times defend thee from my Treaſon, if it were poſſible I could ever form any Deſigns to thy Prejudice, or could live without thee.* On finiſhing theſe words, finding he heſitated to believe her, ſhe ſent that inſtant to the Priſon, and ordering a Criminal condemn'd to death to appear before her, made him drink of the Cup, on which he immediately expired before them.

In my opinion (*ſaid* Julia, *perceiving* Florinda *had done ſpeaking*) this Method of preventing any Suſpicion for the future, had ſomething in it ſo ſhocking, that had I been in the place of *Mark Antony*, it would rather have increaſed it, and I ſhould never have thought myſelf ſafe in the power of a Woman who could be capable of ſuch an Action. I believe, after this (*added* Alphonſo) that *Camilla* will never attempt a Vindication of *Cleopatra*. No, doubtleſs, (*anſwer'd ſhe, laughing*) nor I aſſure you, I never did, but for the ſake of maintaining Converſation, and being ſo agreeably refuted as I am at preſent,

We muſt acknowledge then (*ſaid* Orophanes) that a Man is very unfortunate in being charmed with ſome ſort of Women. Yes, certainly, (*anſwer'd* Thelamont) but a Monarch is of all others moſt ſo: 'Tis impoſſible for them ever to know a real Paſſion from a counterfeit; or whether it is themſelves, or their Grandeur, that is beloved. Then neither can a King, according

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to that Rule (*ſaid* Julia) ever be much in love himſelf, ſince it is impoſſible for a true Affection to dwell with a perpetual Diſtruſt. If they believe the Object of their Paſſion returns it not but becauſe of the means they have of conferring Favours, they cannot have any other than a mean Opinion of the Perſon who yields with that View; and where Eſteem is wanting, Love is but weakly founded. Thoſe Women, therefore, who ſetting aſide the *Greatneſs*, really love the *Perſon* of the King, are equally unhappy.

Methinks, (*replied* Urania) the difference is eaſily diſtinguiſh'd: When a Woman is influenced by a true Paſſion, ſhe not only never demands any thing, but alſo fears to receive, leſt ſhe ſhould be ſuſpected of a mercenary View. A Prince may think himſelf belov'd when his Miſtreſs deſires no other favour from him than a return to her Affection, when ſhe troubles him not with Petitions, either for herſelf or Friends; nor ſeems taken up with any other Care but that of pleaſing him; and accepts the Preſents he makes her, only thro' fear that a refuſal may offend him: ——Such a Behaviour, I ſay, proves that ſhe loves him for his own ſake, and leaves no room to doubt, but that if he were of a leſs elevated Station, her Affection would be the ſame.

If Men were capable of making thoſe Reflections when they were in love (*ſaid* Orophanes) they would never have a Miſtreſs during their whole Life; for I believe there are but few Women of this Character to be found. However, (*anſwered* Felicia) I am ſo far of *Urania*'s mind, that 'tis eaſy to be ſeen; though I believe it very difficult to be Miſtreſs to a King, and remain without Ambition.

Of

Of all the Paſſions (*ſaid* Orſames) that is the moſt dangerous, when it finds entrance in a female Heart, of what Rank or Quality ſoever ſhe be: Into what a Whirlpool of Miſchiefs did it not plunge the Queens *Brunhault* and *Fredigond*. 'Tis true, (*added* Thelamont) however the difference of their Deſtinies, though equally criminal, is a thing which has often given me many ſerious Reflections; and methinks ſerves to prove, that Providence, which can do nothing but what is juſt, has its ſecret Reaſons for Events which are unfathomable by Human Eyes. Of theſe two Queens, the one died a violent Death, and by an exemplary Puniſhment, and the other with all Tranquillity expired in her Bed.

You have named two Women (*ſaid* Camilla) that I never think on but with Horror; nor am I able to conceive how in a female Mind, Rage, Hate, and Envy, all at once, could be carried to a height ſo exceſſive. Thoſe Paſſions (*anſwer'd* Florinda) are ſo near a-kin to each other, that they may be eaſily blended in the ſame Breaſt; and when all together, cannot fail of exciting the Perſon they agitate, to the moſt violent Extravagancies.

You muſt pardon me, lovely *Florinda*, (ſaid *Thelamont*) if I am not of your mind, and cannot help telling you, that you are greatly miſtaken when you confound Rage and Envy with Hate. *Rage* is an accidental Movement of the Soul, which ariſes from the Injuries or Inſults one receives; is fierce and ſtormy for a time, but on the leaſt Submiſſion or Reparation, is reduc'd to a Calm. *Hate* is of a different nature; and of that Paſſion there are many ſorts; the Natural, the Brutal, the Melancholy, and the Human: but

but that which is generally called *Hate*, is a Horror and Averſion in the Creature for every thing contrary to its own Being, or prejudicial to its Contentment: For example, the Sheep hates the Wolf; the Pigeon, the Falcon; as being Enemies by Inſtinct, and Perſecutors of the Life of the other. —— The *natural* Hate is an Antipathy which is born with us for certain things which we cannot ſee, ſmell, or touch without Horror, and to which not all our Reaſon has the power to reconcile us. The *brutal* Hate is the effect of a ſavage and barbarous Diſpoſition; the Perſon poſſeſs'd of it, is not content with having killed his Enemy, he muſt drag, tear, and deform his Body after he is dead. Such was the Hate of *Thomyris*, Queen of the *Maſſagetes*; having cut off the Head of the Grand *Cyrus*, ſhe plung'd it in a Baſon full of Blood, ſaying at the ſame time theſe words, *Satisfy thy ſelf with Blood, thou moſt Blood-thirſty.* That which is called *melancholy* Hate, proceeds only from an abundance of bitter Choler, which fuming into the Head offenſive Vapours, torments thoſe poſſeſs'd of it. Theſe ſort of People feel a kind of Horror at every thing that bears the name of Pleaſure. —— They fly Society; the Light is painful to them; — they delight only in deſart Wilds, and dark Receſſes, ever wiſhing to be what they are not, and deteſting what they are. The *human* Hate is that which is rooted in the Heart, and is a Malady of the Soul no otherwiſe than as it is united to the Body; and may be ſurmounted by Reaſon and Virtue: it takes its Riſe from Injuries being done, as either in our Eſtates, our Reputations, our Perſons, or in that of our Friends; this frequently excites us to Revenge, and may juſtly be called Inveterate; when once

in-

indulg'd, it becomes incurable; Time but augments it, and Advice but irritates and provokes it. 'Tis therefore the Poets tell us, that when *Antigone* having condemn'd the two Brothers, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, to be burn'd; and ordering them to be fix'd on Stakes ſo near each other, that the ſame Fire kindled both at once, he beheld the Flames divide, and, as it were, warring with each other, even when the Bodies were conſum'd, and made him cry out, *Alas! their Hate lives after their Death; it will not ſuffer their very Aſhes to mingle.*

How different, then, (*continued* Thelamont) are the Emotions which proceed from Rage, from thoſe occaſion'd by Hate! *Rage* is a vehement, but ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, and often relapſes into Grief for the Effects it has produc'd. *Hate*, on the contrary, renders the Soul void of Pity, and coolly ſeeks the deſtruction of its Object. Then, as to *Envy*, there is certainly no Vice ſo odious, ſo truly deteſtable, nor is ſo much the demonſtrative of a baſe and vile Nature; it cannot bear to ſee another happy, or beloved; it delights only in Misfortunes; is the implacable Enemy of Vertue; has no other buſineſs than to calumniate and detract; it ſeeks the deſtruction of all People uninjured and unprovoked, and aims at univerſal Ruin. *Rage* is turbulent, noiſy, and outrageous. *Hate* may eaſily be diſcover'd; but the Efforts of *Envy* are the moſt dangerous, and leaſt of any to be warded off. *Rage* may be excuſed when urg'd by Wrongs too great for Human Patience to ſuſtain; and *Hate* ſometimes is juſtifiable, as in the caſe of the Enemies of God and our Religion; the Diſturbers of our Country's Peace, the Muderer, the Night-robber, the Negromancer, with ſuch we ought never to

hold

hold commerce, to receive no Obligations from, nor on no account to love, any farther than Chriſtian Charity obliges. But *Envy* has none of theſe Motives to alledge in her Vindication: beſides, it draws a train of other miſchievous Vices after it, or rather, it is a complication of them all: Infidelity and Diſſimulation are inſeparable from it, becauſe thoſe poſſeſs'd of it ſpare not thoſe neareſt to them by Blood or Affinity, nor by whom they have moſt been truſted; and never diſcover, unleſs ſome Accident betrays it, the lurking Venom, being themſelves aſhamed of a Paſſion, whoſe only aim is to promote Ruin. There are ſome ſorts of *Hate* which neither deſtroy the Generoſity, nor Magnanimity of the Mind; but *Envy* chaces thence every Idea that bears the name of Virtue. It is of that malignant quality, that it not only renders the Soul which harbours it incapable of good Actions, but alſo is frequently the Cauſe of black'ning the Mind, as well as Reputation of the Object; and this is an Aſſertion I believe I can eaſily make out in three words: *Envy* gives birth to *Calumny*; and as nothing ſo much excites our Rage, as to find ourſelves traduced, the great, or brave Actions we have done, repreſented in a quite different light from what they ought, to the eternal ruin, perhaps, of our Intereſt and Fame, ſo if we long retain the Image of ſuch an Injury in our Minds, *Rage* by degrees grows up to *Hate*; and the moſt noble, and beſt Nature in the world, by this means, is corrupted and made guilty of a Paſſion which otherwiſe it never would have been acquainted with. In fine, it is ſo wicked, ſo pernicious an Emotion of the Mind, that even I, who have not, to my knowledge, ever felt the effects of it, can ſcarce ſpeak of it without experien-

cing ſome part of that Deteſtation which I have been deſcribing.

I too am ſenſible (*ſaid* Alphonſo) of the ſame Sentiments; methinks I feel every thing you have been ſaying, and am ſtruck with a horror which I am not able to expreſs, at the thoughts how liable every one is to be injur'd by that dreadful and worſt Fury, which is ſuffer'd to haunt the Minds of degenerate Humanity.—— For my part (*added* Orophanes) tho' I am ſorry that ſuch Vices are permitted to diſturb the more ſociable World, yet I find a ſufficient Conſolation in the Reflection, that they ſerve to make the Virtues, which eſcape their Infection, appear more bright; and that they have given a new occaſion for *Thelamont* to enchant our ears, as he has done in this incomparable Definition of them.—— I ſee (*interrupted* Urania) that you are about entring into Encomiums, which tho' I allow to be exceeding juſt, yet entreat you to defer till another time, becauſe I am juſt now inform'd that Dinner's on the Table.— In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe aroſe, and taking *Julia* under the arm, went toward the Hall, to which they were immediately follow'd by the reſt of the Company. The pleaſures of eating could not ſo much take up this agreeable Society, but that they found time to give *Thelamont* thoſe Praiſes his charming Spouſe had before hindred him from receiving; and in ſpite of his modeſty, he was conſtrain'd to hear himſelf ſpoken of as the moſt amiable Man in the world, and who alone could be worthy the tender Affection of *Urania*.

They adjourn'd to the Library as ſoon as Dinner was over, where every one being ſeated, *Orſames* began the Converſation in this manner: I am troubled, methinks, (*ſaid he*) when I reflect how

how little Credit reigns in the generality of Mankind, and how frequently we injure the Confidence which we ought to have of thoſe that are ſincere; nothing can be more ſatisfactory than the Praiſes which come from the Heart, but they are ſo often mingled with Flattery, that the fear of not diſtinguiſhing juſtly between them, makes us uneaſy at receiving either.

I ſee (*replied* Thelamont) that this diſcourſe is on me: but I aſſure you, my dear *Orſames*, that I am not at all miſtaken in the Motives which induce this Company to give me their Approbation: I know perfectly well that it is ſincere, and proceeds from a Friendſhip which ſcorns Deceit; but I cannot have ſo good an opinion of myſelf, as to believe I merit what you ſay, tho' that I have of you, makes me not doubt the truth of your words.

It is not among Friends (*ſaid* Camilla) that we are to look for Flattery, but in the Addreſſes to the Great, which in my opinion have always ſomething in them perceivably ſordid and ſelf-intereſted. 'Tis true (*added* Florinda) Courtiers ſeldom give themſelves much trouble to conſider who they ought to praiſe, but who will moſt gratefully receive it; and knowing that Flattery is a Poiſon eaſily ſwallowed, are laviſh enough of it, becauſe they frequently find an advantage in it, and are ſure never to be called to an account for making imaginary Virtues, which 'tis poſſible they might, for pointing out real Vices. —— I do not remember ever to have heard (*ſaid* Urania) a more noble way of puniſhing Flattery, than that which *Lewis* the Twelfth made uſe of. This Monarch was perſecuted with a great number of Courtiers, who imagin'd they pleas'd him in the fulſome Applauſes they

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were always giving him; and being inceſſantly reminded by them of ſome ill Offices which had formerly been done him by the Domeſticks of his Predeceſſor *Charles* the Eighth, he eaſily perceived whence this Zeal proceeded; and judging rightly that it was not ſo much for his Service as their own Intereſt, they kept him in continual remembrance of the Offences of others, he reſolved in his mind to let them ſee he was not to be impoſed on by thoſe Arts. In the mean time, they perſevered in their Remonſtrances, and entreated he would take a Liſt of all thoſe Perſons Names by whom he had been diſobliged. Willing to ſee how far they would carry it, he complied, and put a Croſs under every one of them. The Courtiers now not doubted but that they had at laſt compaſs'd what they ſo long had aim'd at, took care the Perſons whoſe Names were ſo marked, ſhould know what had been done; adding withal, that the King only waited till he had conſider'd what ſort of Puniſhment he ſhould inflict upon them. Conſcious of having merited his Diſpleaſure, they no ſooner were inform'd of this, than they fled, ſome one way, ſome another, ſcarce knowing where to conceal themſelves. Which when the King was told, he ſurprized the whole Court by theſe memorable words: *What cauſe have they to fly?* (ſaid he) *Do they not know the Croſs is the Proof of Payment; and that by the Merit of the Croſs all their Sins are forgiven?* He gave his Orders that inſtant, that they ſhould be recalled, and at once reſtored them to their Places and his Favour; by this Act of Bounty and Generoſity, ſilencing all future Sycophants, and acquiring the Love and Admiration of the deſerving Part of his Subjects.

This

This (*ſaid* Julia) is indeed an amiable Proof of Piety, join'd with an uncommon Greatneſs of Soul. A Prince who can forget the Injuries done to him, makes Friends of thoſe who before were Enemies; and who in the room of Puniſhments beſtows Pardon and Recompence, is doubly worthy of a Crown.

Since we are fallen (*ſaid* Alphonſo) on the Sayings of Great Men, I find one that is recorded of *Lewis* the Fat, which I think very well deſerves to be remembred; and teſtified at once a very great Preſence of Mind, and alſo an equal Share of Courage. In a Battel which this Monarch had with the *Engliſh*, having advanced a little too far beyond the Army, an *Engliſh* Soldier ſeiz'd on the Bridle of his Horſe, crying out at the ſame time, with a loud Voice, *The King is taken! Taken!* (anſwer'd he) *Doſt thou not know, that he that is worthy of the Name of King, is never to be taken?* And with theſe words gave him a Blow with ſo much force upon his Head, that he cleft his Scull in two, and breath'd out at once his Life and his Preſumption.

I proteſt to you, (*ſaid* Orophanes) that I never hear any Examples of this Preſence of Mind, without being extremely ſurprized:— I know that in cool Blood, and in occaſions where there is no great danger, 'tis eaſy to have thoſe bright Repartees; but to be enough maſter of one's Self, and Thoughts, in ſuch an Exigence, is what I cannot comprehend, and I believe is peculiar only to Heroes. This Reflection (*replied* Orſames) is certainly juſt; but we muſt agree that there is nothing more neceſſary than Preſence of Mind to all who are Generals, Miniſters of State, Kings; and, in a word, to all Mankind in general, who would undertake any great or ha-

zardous Enterprize. Speaking of this, brings to my mind an agreeable Reproof of *Lewis* the Eleventh. This Monarch having conferr'd the Government of *Cambray* on *Marafin*, a Man whose Courage render'd him worthy of that Honour, but of a Humour so avaritious, that he pillaged the People of the Country, in a manner as if he had rather conquer'd them by force of Arms, than had been deputed to rule over them by their lawful Sovereign: Among other things, he took several Relicks of Gold out of their Churches, and order'd them to be made into a Chain, which he wore about his neck. Being on some Business obliged to come to Court, he had on this Ornament, which as soon as the Lord *Briquebec* saw, having had a perfect Intelligence of his Behaviour, he fell on his knees in token of Adoration. *Lewis* the Eleventh comprehending what he meant, push'd him gently back, as he was approaching *Marafin*, with these words; *Worship it*, Briquebec, *but touch it not.* All that were present, fell into a laughter at this Repartee; and *Marafin*, in the utmost confusion, went out of the Presence that moment. It was indeed a pleasant manner of upbraiding an ill Action without severity, (*said* Urania;) in saying to *Briqu bec*, *Worship it, but touch it not*, he reminded *Marafin* of the Reverence he ought to pay to things sacred, and of the Prophanation he had been guilty of. There is something inconceivably charming, methinks, in this kind of Satyr, which, while it corrects, gives not offence. I am also extremely pleased with these sort of Answers, which with a noble boldness conserve the Dignity either of those who make them, or the Masters they serve. Such as that of *Rochemain* to *Charles* the Fifth: This Emperor having besieged in Person the City

of

of *Foſſan*, the *French* Gariſon deputed the Seigneur *Rochemain* to compliment him: The firſt Gratulations being over, *Charles* the Fifth told him, he ſhould ſee his Ordnance, and the Form in which he made his Army, ſaying, he doubted not but the Sight would be pleaſing to him. *To a martial Man* (replied *Rochemain*) *martial Objects are delightful, yet ſhould I confeſs a greater Satisfaction to find it in Diſorder, than in that Beauty and Regularity your Imperial Majeſty deſcribes.* This Anſwer making the Emperor know he had to do with a Man of Wit, encreas'd his deſire of ſhewing him his Forces; he therefore mounted, and accompanied him in Perſon, riding thro' all the Troops, and making him obſerve the Decorum and exact Diſcipline which appear'd in the whole. After the Review, he ask'd him, if he thought any other Prince in *Europe* had the Power to bring into the Field ſo great an Army. *Yes, my Lord*, (anſwer'd *Rochemain*) *the King, my Maſter, whenever he pleaſes, can ſend one more numerous, without being obliged to other Nations, but wholly compoſed of Gentlemen of his own Kingdom.*

It is true, (*ſaid* Camilla) there is ſomething very great and noble in theſe kind of Repartees, which, without failing in that Reſpect, which ought always to be paid to a Crowned Head, maintain the Dignity and Intereſt of the Monarch to whom the Speaker of them is a Subject. But (*continued ſhe, with her accuſtomed Gaiety*) it would be a ſhame for me to be the only one who have nothing remarkable to relate; I ſhall therefore give you one Inſtance of the nature of thoſe you have been ſpeaking, and came from the mouth of a Monarch whoſe Memory will be always dear to us. After *Henry* the Great had quieted the Troubles of his Kingdom, he ſet himſelf to look into the

Condition of Affairs, and labour'd ſo ſucceſsfully for the Good of *France*, that he gained the love of his Subjects more than perhaps any Prince before him ever did. It happen'd one day, that the Numbers of thoſe who came to make their Court to him were ſo great, that every Room in the *Louvre* was crowded in ſuch a manner, that the King could not, without ſome difficulty, paſs through them.——— The Captain of the Guards crying out, *My Lords, you preſs upon his Majeſty — Give back* ——— This great Prince made anſwer, *No, my Nobles do not incommode me; they preſs only on my Enemies; it is by them I have gain'd my Battels, and brought Conqueſt home.* ——— He accompanied theſe words with a Sweetneſs, which ſubjected the very Souls of thoſe who heard them; and he had the ſatisfaction to obſerve in all the Faces of this illuſtrious Company, tokens of a Joy and duteous Affection, which could not flow from a ſuperficial Homage, and forced Reſpect. The pleaſure it gave him to behold what he ſo much wiſh'd, was ſo infinite, that he proteſted to the Duke *de Sully*, that he knew not if ever in his life he had known more. ——— This is, indeed, (*ſaid* Thelamont) the moſt certain way a Prince can take to become as much maſter of his Subjects *Hearts*, as he is of their *Perſons*. An obliging Word from a Sovereign, is often preferable to the greateſt Recompences: And I dare maintain, that abſolute Authority is more acquired by Love than Fear; and he who would be formidable to his Enemies, ſhould firſt endeavour to render himſelf dear to his People. The Reſpect we bear his Dignity, is, in a manner, forc'd, when only cemented by Cuſtom and Duty, and our Obedience cold and languiſhing; but when the

the Clemency, Generoſity, and Affability of a Monarch, obliges us to add Love alſo to that Duty we are bound to have for him, with what a zealous Fervor do we ſerve him? There is nothing we would ſcruple, to pleaſe him; our Lives, our Fortunes are at his devotion, and we receive the news that they are uſeful to him with joy. ——— But I believe (*continued he*) that 'tis time for our Reflections to give place to the Pleaſure of a Walk, and it would be a kind of an offence to Nature to neglect the Charms ſhe offers us in this fine Afternoon.

I find (*ſaid* Florinda, *ſeeing him riſe*) you are reſolved to be exactly juſt to every thing, but I know not whether the Delights abroad will be able to counter-balance thoſe more improving ones your Converſation affords us here.

No matter (*replied* Urania, *ſmiling*) a Tour or two round the Garden, will be no hindrance to our entertaining ourſelves according to our Inclination. ——— In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe led the way toward the Terraſs, where being followed by her amiable Gueſts, they walk'd ſeveral times backward and forward, indulging Contemplation with that delightful Proſpect: After which, they ſeated themſelves on thoſe fine green Banks, which overlook'd the River, and *Felicia* looking on the Company with a certain Meaning in her Eyes, which ſeemed to prepare them for ſomething extraordinary ——— I think myſelf obliged (*ſaid ſhe*) to let you know that *Urania*, by an exceſs of Modeſty, has fail'd in the execution of that Law ſhe herſelf eſtabliſh'd among us.——— She has written a Hiſtory, the reading of which is certainly our due; and I percceive ſhe deſigns to wrong us of that Pleaſure, by her having thus long conceal'd

a Work in which we are ſo deeply intereſted as it is hers. —— Indeed (*replied* Urania) I thought not of it; but I find *Felicia* could not be ſatisfied to be let into the Secret herſelf, without making you all partakers of it.

This is the firſt time (*interrupted* Orophanes) that ſhe has diſcover'd any Secret to promote our ſatisfaction; for my part, I can ſcarce yet forgive the Myſtery ſhe made of the Hiſtory of *Olimpia*, which we were intirely ignorant of for ſix whole Days after ſhe ſpoke of it. She was there made a Confidante, (*ſaid* Julia) and could not betray the Truſt repoſed in her. — But here the Caſe is different: for ſhe told me of it this morning, and that ſhe came by the knowledge of this Hiſtory but by chance, *Urania* having never truſted her with it. —— I foreſee (*cried* Camilla) that *Orophanes*, in accuſing *Felicia*, and *Julia* in defending her, will deprive us for ſome time of the Hiſtory we expect from *Urania*. I will therefore put a ſtop to it, (*ſaid* Thelamont) and as I have the moſt right to diſpoſe of the Works of *Urania*, I condemn this to your immediate Peruſal.——— Nay, (*continued he*) I will go further yet, to puniſh her for having made a Myſtery of it ſo long, and oblige her to read it to you. I know too well (*replied ſhe, laughing*) the Duties of that State into which I have enter'd, to refuſe this Command; but imagine not that the Adventure I am about to read, is the effect of my own Fancy.— I found it in a *Spaniſh* Manuſcript; there was ſomething in the Story which pleaſed me, I tranſlated it, and ſhall be very well recompenſed for my pains, if it may afford any Diverſion to my Friends. In confidence that it will, Madam, (*ſaid* Alphonſo) I intreat you in the Name of the whole Company, that you will

not

not delay the promis'd Satisfaction. *Urania* would not ſuffer herſelf to be preſs'd any farther, but taking the Manuſcript out of her Pocket, began to read it to them.

The Hiſtory of LEONORA de VALESCO. *A* Spaniſh *Novel.*

AFTER the Uſurper, *Oliver Cromwel*, had confirmed his Power by the Death of *Charles* the Firſt, King of *England*, his Sovereign, he endeavour'd to render himſelf formidable to his Neighbours, and to gain Advantage by the Diviſions which were at that time between *France* and the Houſe of *Auſtria*; and while he amuſed the Ambaſſadors of both theſe Powers, with equal hopes of becoming wholly on their Party, he was forming Projects without the cognizance of either. There was alſo at the ſame time reſiding at *London*, an Envoy Extraordinary from the King of *Spain*, to whom *Cromwel* made Propoſals which had the appearance of the ſtricteſt Amity; and tho' he was then ſending out to Sea a Fleet of Seventy Ships, in which were contain'd Eight Thouſand of his Soldiers, the *Spaniards*, deceived by the Careſſes he gave their Miniſter, were the only People who were not alarm'd at ſo extraordinary a Preparation: But how great was their Surprize, when ſoon after they received Intelligence, that theſe Naval Forces, commanded by Vice-Admiral *Penn*, were deſigned

ſigned to make a Deſcent into the *Canary* Iſlands, and from thence to ſend two Thouſand Men to *Barbadoes*. There was now no room to doubt the Falſhood of *Cromwel*, nor that he had any other Intention than to deprive them of the Dominions they had in the *Weſt-Indies*.

They ſent ſeveral Packet-boats to theſe Places, to apprize them of the approaching Danger; who being happy enough to arrive before the *Engliſh* Fleet, made them put themſelves in ſo good a poſture of Defence, that the others but in vain attempted an Invaſion. Being diſappointed of their hopes on the *Canaries*, or *Barbaboes*, they took a Tour to *Jamaica*, where they met with better Succeſs, plundering moſt of the Inhabitants of *Port-Royal*. In a Deſcent they made on the Coaſt of *Buenos Ayres*, they rifled the Houſe of a *Spaniſh Nobleman*, called *Don Bernardo de Valeſco*, finding it altogether without Defence, and no other Perſons in it, than *Leonora*, only Daughter of the beforemention'd Grandee, and ſome few Servants, whom they ſlew as they were endeavouring to oppoſe them, and took the young Lady Priſoner.

Leonora de Valeſco was not above fifteen or ſixteen years of age; ſhe was charming even to an infinite degree; had the fineſt Shape in the world; all her Features formed with the moſt exact Symmetry: Yet were the Graces of her Perſon far leſs to be admired than thoſe of her Wit, and that uncommon Spirit and Reſolution, which in her earlieſt Bloom ſeemed to promiſe thoſe extraordinary things which her Maturity (as will be hereafter related) was enabled to accompliſh. She had been for ſome time paſſionately adored by *Don Fernando*, Marqueſs *de Padille*, a Gentleman well made, wiſe, valiant, young,

young, and poſſeſs'd of greater Riches than any of his Rank in all that Country. The charming *Leonora* tenderly lov'd him; and *Valeſco*, her Father, waited but till the end of the Troubles cauſed by the *Engliſh* Invaſion, to compleat their mutual Wiſhes, by uniting them in Marriage.

The Marquiſs, willing to ſignalize himſelf under the Command of *Don Bernardo*, was gone with ſome Forces toward the Coaſt where *Pen* had landed; neither of them having the leaſt apprehenſions of the Enemy's approach on that ſide where *Leonora* was left. But Commodore *Kerme* underſtanding that there was ſome conſiderable Spoil to be gain'd, took the advantage of his Principal's engaging moſt of the Troops in another place, to try his Fortune in this: which he did with ſuch ſucceſs, that, meeting with ſcarce any to oppoſe him, he became maſter of very great Treaſures in the Houſes of thoſe Perſons of note who were marched againſt *Pen*. The moment he arrived at the Caſtle of *Valeſco*, was one of thoſe in which *Leonora*, with *Beatrix* her Confidante, was amuſing herſelf with diſcourſes on her dear abſent *Don Fernando*; which delightful Entertainment being diſturbed by the Cries of her Domeſticks, and the Noiſe of the Soldiers, at firſt could not but ſpread a Terror on the Heart of this beautiful young Perſon; but ſoon ſhe overcame it, and with a Courage worthy of record, taking *Beatrix* by the hand, went down into the great Hall, where ſhe heard the Tumult, and preſented herſelf before the Enemies with a fierceneſs which render'd her not leſs lovely, and inſpired them with a Reſpect which ſecured her from any Inſults.

But theſe Sentiments of Admiration did not hinder them from making her their Priſoner with *Beatrix*: nor did ſhe, ſeeing herſelf without means of defence, make any endeavours to reſiſt, nor heſitate if ſhe ſhould ſurrender or not; but ſuffer'd them to conduct her to their Veſſel, without any tokens of Fear or Grief: Nor indeed did ſhe apprehend much Cauſe for either, not doubting but that her Captivity would ſoon be at an end, either by Ranſom, or Exchange of Priſoners.

But, alas! little did ſhe know the Effect her Charms had work'd, and that Age of Sorrows to which their too great Force had deſtin'd her. *Kerme* was become paſſionately in love with her, and would ſooner have reſign'd the Spoils of a thouſand Cities, than this more valuable Prize. He was a Man of about thirty-five Years of Age, bold, enterprizing, and vehement in his Paſſions; but with all this, he was generous, and a lover of Virtue: The Tenderneſs which the firſt ſight of *Leonora* had inſpir'd him with, gave a check to the natural fierceneſs of his Diſpoſition. He ask'd pardon for whatever Inſolencies his Soldiers had been guilty of, and aſſured her, that while under his care, ſhe ſhould meet with nothing but ſuch Treatment as ſhould ſerve to ſweeten, as much as poſſible, the bitterneſs of her Captivity.——

I am not at all terrified at the Accident which happen'd to me, (*replied ſhe, with a Spirit, which notwithſtanding had ſomething in it more engaging than the greateſt Softneſs of other Women:*) and tho' wholly unaccuſtomed to the Chances of War, ſhall not oppoſe the Will of my Conqueror while he preſerves that Regard which all Men of Honour pay to a Perſon of my Sex and

and Birth. ——— With theſe words ſhe gave her hand to *Kerme*, and ſuffer'd herſelf to be conducted by him into the Cabbin; where leaving her with *Beatrix*, he went to give the neceſſary Orders to his People: Among other things, he commanded them on pain of death, not to reveal the Name or Quality of this beautiful Priſoner, whatever enquiry might be made for her: being reſolved to detain the Perſon of her, whoſe Charms, he found, had made an eternal Slave of his Heart.

This Precaution ſtood him in good ſtead; for *Don Bernardo de Valeſco*, being immediately acquainted with what had happen'd in his abſence, diſpatch'd a Packet-boat to the *Engliſh* Fleet, offering a very great Sum of Money for the Ranſom of his darling Daughter. The Admiral took it into conſideration, and order'd diligent enquiry to be made through all the Veſſels for *Leonora*; but *Kerme*, whoſe Paſſion was every moment augmented by the more he diſcover'd of the Perfections of his charming Captive, had foreſeen the danger he ſhould be in of being obliged to relinquiſh her, and had ſpread abroad a rumour, that ſhe periſh'd by the hands of the Soldiers, at the time her Father's Houſe was pillaged. This report going from one to the other, and meeting with none who contradicted it, paſs'd at length for current truth, and the Packet return'd with this melancholy Account to the diſconſolate *Bernardo*. But tho' the Griefs of that afflicted Father were ſuch as are not to be expreſs'd, yet were thoſe of the Lover infinitely ſuperior. Never was Deſpair equal to that of the afflicted Marquiſs; not that he gave credit to the Tidings of her death: the Agonies he ſuſtain'd aroſe from a different Source.———

No,

No, my Lord, (*ſaid he to* Valeſco) *Leonora* is not murder'd; her Charms have been her Protection, and fatal only to her Adorers. —— Her Conqueror is doubtleſs her Slave, and my Rival. ——Something within me informs me it is ſo.—— The Emotions of Revenge, of Jealouſy, and wild Impatience, which ſwell my troubled Soul, will ſuffer me to have no other Thought. ——— Believe me, Sir! there's ſuch a Sympathy between us, that were ſhe dead, there would have needed no other Intelligence than that of my own Spirit to ſend me from this World to ſeek that Conſummation of our Loves in ſome more happy one, of which here Fate but flatter'd us with a deluſive Promiſe. ——— Theſe words, and ſome others to the ſame purpoſe, made a very great Impreſſion on the Perſon to whom they were addreſs'd; and the firſt tumultuous Agitations of his Sorrow being a little abated, he made a ſtrict ſearch for the Body of *Leonora*; which being no where to be found, he began to entertain the ſame Notions with the Marquiſs *de Padille*, which in a day or two were confirmed. A young Slave, one of his Domeſticks, who had preſerved himſelf by flight from the Soldiers of *Kerme*, hearing they were returned to their Ships, came from the Woods where he had been hid, and aſſured the Father and Lover of the beautiful *Leonora*, that the Subject of their Care was carried with *Beatrix* on board an *Engliſh* Veſſel. *Don Bernardo* felt a ſatisfaction in the knowledge that there was a Poſſibility of ſeeing that Darling of his Soul again, proportionable to the Grief which the news of her death had involv'd him in; but *Don Fernando* heard it with Agonies which made his Behaviour appear little different from Diſtraction!

tion! He was now certain ſhe was in the power of a Rival, and the thoughts how fatally to his Hopes that Power might be exerted, were more terrible even than thoſe of her Death.——— He ſwore eternal Hatred to the whole *Engliſh* Nation; and all that made him conſent to live, was the reſolution he took of revenging his Misfortune on as many of them as ſhould come within his reach.

Hitherto every thing conſpired to favour the Deſigns of *Kerme*: After the Conqueſt of the principal Towns of *Jamaica*, the Fleet received Orders to return to *England*, which gave a Pleaſure to this paſſionate Lover equal to the Grief of his fair Priſoner.

This diſconſolate Lady finding herſelf about being carried into the Country of her Enemies, and having heard nothing either of her Father, or the Marquiſs, not all her Stock of Fortitude, great as it was, could enable her to ſuſtain ſo cruel a Proof of Indifference with patience. Ah! (*ſaid ſhe to* Beatrix) how truly wretched is *Leonora*, abandon'd by all to whom ſhe ought to have been dear! ——— Was it for this that *Don Bernardo* bred me with ſo much tenderneſs? Did he ſeem to place his whole felicity in me, only to make me more unhappy, by throwing off all natural Affection at a time when moſt I had need of his Aſſiſtance! ——— Can he call himſelf a Father, yet ſuffer his only Child to be borne a Slave to diſtant Lands, without the leaſt Effort for her Redemption!——— *Fernando* too, whoſe Vows of everlaſting Paſſion, not a Saint in Heaven but has been called to witneſs; ——— *Fernando*, who ten thouſand thouſand times has ſworn he could not live without me, he ſees me borne for ever from him; calmly endures the

news of my Captivity; nor thinks my Freedom worth the pains of an Attempt.— Theſe Words were accompanied with Looks ſo lovely in Diſtreſs, as might have drawn Tears from the moſt barbarous.

Tho' *Beatrix* was naturally of the moſt chearful Diſpoſition imaginable, the affliction of her beautiful Miſtreſs made her fall into a deep Melancholy. —— She knew not what to think of the Silence of *Don Bernardo*, and the Marquiſs *de Padille*; yet rightly judging, that it was not want of Affection in either of them, began to reflect on every thing that might poſſibly occaſion this ſeeming Neglect; and having a great deal of Wit and Penetration, was not long before ſhe gueſs'd the truth.

You muſt not judge by Appearances always, Madam, (*ſaid ſhe*) the Silence of *Don Bernardo* excuſes that of the Marquiſs *de Padille*; for if you might fear the Inconſtancy of a Lover, you could not doubt the Affection of a Father to whom you have been ever ſo dear.— Depend upon it, there is a Myſtery in this Behaviour, which, in a little time, you will be unable to unravel.——— Yes, Madam, (*continued ſhe, ſeeing the Face of* Leonora *cover'd with a ſcarlet Bluſh*) the zeal I have for your Intereſts, renders me too attentive to every thing that paſſes, not to perceive that *Kerme* is your Adorer; and I doubt not but the Paſſion with which he is inſpir'd, has made him take meaſures to diſappoint all the Endeavours your Father, and *Don Fernando*, may have uſed for your deliverance.

If the Suggeſtions (*replied* Leonora) which thy good opinion of my Beauty occaſions thee to form, ſhould happen to be true, my Condition is not the leſs miſerable; and to be taken, perhaps,

haps, for ever, from all my Soul holds dear, is an equal Misfortune to the loſs of him through his own Inconſtancy.—— Let us, however (*continued ſhe, after a little pauſe*) with care conceal our Sentiments from *Kerme*; if he loves me, the knowledge that he has a Rival ſo near my Heart as the Marquiſs *de Padille*, will doubtleſs make him more diligent in rendring fruitleſs all the Efforts that may be uſed for the procuring of my Liberty.—— I am reſolved therefore, to leave to Heaven, the protection of my Virtue; and, without murmuring at my Fate, attend the happy moment of deliverance.——To reſign our Deſires to the Will of the Divine Diſpoſer of all things, is the moſt ſure Method we can take to obtain them; and if *Fernando* is in reality what he has ever appear'd to be, his virtuous Endeavour, and my Patience in enduring, will doubtleſs be rewarded in the end.

With theſe kind of Reaſonings did this admirable Lady fortify herſelf for all Events; and with a Reſignation never too much applauded, heard the Orders given for hoiſting Sail, nor the whole time of the Voyage was ever heard to murmur or repine at the Decrees of Providence.

The Wind continuing favourable, they arrived in a ſmall time in *England*, and *Leonora* was conducted by her captiv'd *Conqueror* to a Houſe he had in the County of *Kent*, near the Borders of the Sea; where he aſſured her with all the Complaiſance he was capable of, that he would never treat her with leſs Reſpect than he had done, forbearing to ſpeak one word of his Paſſion for many days, fearing to offend her by too abrupt a Declaration: But, alas! who can reſtrain Fire! the ungovernable Blaze at laſt broke out, in ſpite of his utmoſt Efforts to the contrary; and his

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Tongue, without the consent of his Heart, revealed the long-hid Secret, and confirm'd her in that which his Eyes had before made her but too truly guess. Tho' she look'd on this *Eclaircissment* as an addition to her Misfortune, yet she answer'd without any tokens of Indignation, contenting herself with telling him, That she depended on his Honour; and that he would always consider, that she was not in the Circumstances of a common Slave, but a Maid of Quality, subjected to his Power only by the Chance of War; and that she had a Father who she doubted not would in a short time redeem her: and concluded her Discourse with letting him know, that it was from that Father's Approbation alone he could expect to obtain a Grant of what he wish'd.

Kerme, who was really possess'd of a Passion for her as delicate as it was violent, gave her the most solemn Promises she could desire, that he would never treat her otherwise than became her Rank and Virtue, and the extreme Adoration she had inspired him with. To make her sensible by something more than Words, of the Sincerity of his Regard, he placed several Women under *Beatrix*, with orders to contrive daily some new Diversion to make her Solitude appear more agreeable, and omitted nothing which might influence her to pity that Passion which had render'd him so diligent to please her. *Leonora*, whose Soul was truly generous and grateful, could not receive these Obligations from him, without giving him in return a great share of Esteem; and perceiving him a nice Observer of all the Rules of Honour, was certain she had nothing to fear from the violence of his Passion. This reflection rendred her more easy than she had been; and tho' the Marquis *de Padille* was never from her Thoughts, and that their Separation

tion was a lively Affliction, yet was ſhe much leſs agitated than one might expect; becauſe the abſolute Dominion ſhe held over the whole Family, as well as the Heart of *Kerme*, gave her ſome hope that in time ſhe ſhould be able to bring about her Liberty, without any other Aſſiſtance than her own prudent Management.

The Commodore, who watch'd her every Motion, perceiving a greater Tranquillity in her Looks, than ſhe had worn ſince he had firſt made her his Priſoner, began alſo to taſte himſelf the Sweets of ſome Repoſe; and being perfectly skill'd in the Sciences, propoſed to *Leonora* to give her Inſtructions in Geometry, and ſome other Branches of the Mathematicks, to which ſhe gladly conſented, (not only becauſe ſhe had a very great Propenſity to all ſorts of Learning) but alſo that ſhe thought it might be a means of diverting his Paſſion, and take up that time which would otherwiſe be employ'd in entertaining her with Diſcourſes, no way pleaſing to a Soul ſo conſtant and devoted as was her's to the dear abſent Marquiſs.

But this Compliance had an Effect quite contrary to what ſhe wiſh'd; for by this means having an Opportunity of diſcovering the Greatneſs of her Genius, and the wonderful Extent of her Capacity, he became more her Slave than ever; he now adored what he before had loved, and her Beauty tho' the firſt Inducement to his Paſſion, ſeemed now the ſmalleſt of her Charms.

But while this lovely Priſoner was in theſe uſeful and innocent Occupations, ſoftning as much as poſſible the rigour of her Captivity, the unhappy Marquiſs *de Padille* knowing that the *Engliſh* Fleet had quitted their Seas, could endure no longer to remain in *Spain*; he would

needs go to *England* in ſearch of his paſſionately adored *Leonora*. Don *Bernardo* was too ſenſible of her Loſs, to oppoſe the deſign of his intended Son; and after having exchanged Vows, that in what eſtate ſoever ſhe was found, ſhe ſhould become his Wife, they embrac'd and parted: And the Marquiſs embarking in the firſt Ship which ſailed from the Harbour, happily arrived at *Cadiz*, whence he travelled by Land to *Madrid*, and from thence eaſily obtained a Paſſport to go to *England*. No Obſtructions happening to impede his Voyage, in due time he landed at *Graveſend*, and came by Boat to *London*, where he omitted no proper Meaſures to gain Intelligence of what he ſought; but tho' he ſpared no Expence either of Time or Money, the Name of *Leonora* was as ſtrange to all of whom he enquired, as had he gone in ſearch of her to the moſt diſtant *Arabia*. Some Months being paſs'd in this manner, he was at laſt obliged to return to *Madrid*, more unſatisfied and diſtracted in his Mind than when he left it: Now hopeleſs of Succeſs in retrieving the dear Object of his Affections, he bent his whole Thoughts on Vengeance againſt thoſe who had deprived him of her, and to that end ſollicited the Court of *Spain*, and made uſe of the Intereſt of his Friends, which was very conſiderable, to procure him the Command of a Seventy-Gun Ship, which he offered to man and ſupport at his own Coſt.

A Propoſal ſo generous and uncommon, made the Miniſters of State immediately grant his Requeſt, they gave him a gallant Captain to command under him, good Officers, and ſome Troops of War; and every thing being ready, he received orders to cruiſe about the Coaſts of *England*. The Wind was fair for his Deſigns,

and

and he immediately ſet ſail, longing for an Engagement with the *Engliſh*, leſs for the Glory he might therein acquire, than for the gratifying that Paſſion of Revenge which glowed in his Breaſt with an unceaſing Rage againſt the whole Nation. Two Days after he left the Harbour, he encountered with an *Engliſh* Merchant-Man bound for *Lisbon*, attended by two Frigates of 50 Guns each: He attack'd that which was under the Wind, and after an hour's Combat, ſunk it; the other Frigate having tack'd about, to gain the Wind, and come to the ſuccour of its Companion, arrived within reach of the Cannon juſt at that very moment. The Officers ſeeing what had happened, gave orders to ſhift Sails and turn back; but the Wind changing at the ſame time, their deſign was fruſtrated, and the Marquiſs *de Padille* preſently made up, and attack'd them with ſo much Vigour, that the Engagement laſted not long. The Frigate being over-power'd, hung out the white Flag, and ſuffered *Don Fernando* to enter victorious; who putting the *Engliſh* under Hatches, placed ſome of his own Officers and beſt Men on board, and taking advantage of the Wind, purſued the Merchant, who being heavy laden, and incapable of Defence, was eaſily taken, and carried to *Cadiz*.

He went immediately to Court, and gave account of this firſt Victory; the Officers under his Command gave ſuch a Character of his Prudence, his Conduct, and his Courage, that nothing was more talk'd of at *Madrid* than this young Hero. While he was waiting for new Orders, he employ'd the time in recompencing the Officers, the Soldiers, and the Mariners; and the handſome manner in which he did this,

gain'd him an univerſal Love and Eſteem among them. He refitted his Veſſel, and furniſhed it with every thing neceſſary and commodious, believing the Court of *Spain* would not ſuffer him to be long without another occaſion of teſtifying his Valour; nor was he deceived in this Conjecture: In a little time he received orders to cruiſe about the Coaſts of *Jamaica*, and to give ſuccour to thoſe *Spaniards* who were yet defending ſome of the Towns in that Iſland againſt the *Engliſh*.

While this young Warrior was executing his Commiſſion in a manner which acquired him Glory equal to his Ambition, *Kerme* received orders to convoy a Ship which *Oliver Cromwell* was ſending to *Jamaica* with a Re-inforcement of Ammunition, Soldiers, and Engineers, to make new Fortifications in the Cities they had taken. But how impoſſible is it to repreſent the Diſtraction of his Thoughts at this Command! the Opportunity of entertaining *Leonora* ſometimes with his Paſſion, was all the Bleſſing of his Life: how terrible was it then, to be obliged to leave her; leave her for ſo long a time, in which a thouſand Things might happen to deprive him of her for ever! Nor was the beautiful Captive alſo without her Troubles on this account, for if on the one ſide ſhe rejoiced at his Abſence, becauſe ſhe ſhould be rid of the Importunities of his unwelcome Tenderneſs, ſhe was on the other more perplex'd; the cauſe of his departure being to carry War againſt her Country, and in which ſhe knew not but her dear Father, or beloved Marquiſs *de Padille*, might fall. This Reflection threw her into a Melancholy equal with that of *Kerme*; both appeared ſo diſconſolate, that whoever had ſeen them, without knowing the

true

true State of their Hearts, would have believed that it was for no other reaſon than becauſe they were about to part.

But ſtrange was the Reſolution to which this deſpairing Lover had recourſe; agitated with the Idea of it, he came to the Apartment of *Leonora*, and approaching her with an Air which denoted the utmoſt Anguiſh of Spirit, he threw himſelf on his Knees before her, and *Beatrix*, who never left her Miſtreſs one Moment: I come, Madam, (*ſaid he*) to tell you that my Duty would oblige me to leave you, but the Violence of my Paſſion will not permit me to conſent. Then giving her a brief Recital of the Tour he was to make, he proceeded to tell her that he was reſolved to take her with him; but becauſe it was not conſiſtent with her Reputation, nor the Reſpect he bore her, that the Adventure ſhould be known, ſhe ſhould wear the Habit of a Man, and paſs under a feigned Name, for a young Gentleman recommended to him, as alſo ſhould *Beatrix*, who he deſired ſhould not be ſeparated from her. Behold, Madam, (*added he*) what I have determined, or if you conſent not to it, to die before your Eyes this moment.

Nothing can expreſs the Surprize *Leonora* was in at this Propoſition, but revolving immediately the Conſequences either of denying or complying with his requeſt; ſhe ſaw ſufficiently into the Diſpoſition of *Kerme*, to know he was capable of doing as he ſaid: and not doubting but his Death would ſubject her to worſe Hazards than thoſe ſhe ſuſtain'd while under his Care, without any way forwarding that Liberty ſhe ſo much deſired, ſhe anſwered him in this manner: *Kerme, (ſaid ſhe to him, with an air of Majeſty*

which

which made him tremble, all bold and reſolute as he was,) I have a thouſand juſt Reaſons to oppoſe what you require of me: But however, I will not urge them, but conſent to follow you, provided you give me your ſolemn Promiſe that this effect of my Complaiſance ſhall not embolden you to leſſen that Reſpect you have preſerved for me ſince the time the Chance of War put me into your power; and that you will not hope you are nearer becoming the maſter of my Heart, than you were the firſt moment I beheld you. I eſteem *you*, but can never *love* you;—— nor ought you to diſapprove the Sincerity with which I make you this Declaration, but content yourſelf with the knowledge that I have Friendſhip enough for you, to accompany you in the dangers of this Expedition, without deſiring more of me than I am willing to grant. *Kerme*, who waited her anſwer with the utmoſt Impatience, was ſo much tranſported at the unhoped Compliance of it, that he forgot all that was cruel in it, in the Satisfaction of having obtained her promiſe of going with him; and as Hope ſeldom forſakes the Unfortunate, he flattered himſelf with the Imagination that Time and Aſſiduity might make him more happy. He gave the charming Captive all the Aſſurances ſhe could deſire of an eternal Regard to Decorum, and the Rules of the niceſt Modeſty; proteſting, that in the whole courſe of this Expedition he would behave to her no otherwiſe, than as a Brother who loved her tenderly. After this Diſcourſe, he went out to order things proper for her diſguiſe, and left her with *Beatrix* to entertain each other on their intended Voyage. This young Maid, who had been involved in the moſt profound Aſtoniſhment at what ſhe had heard, no ſooner had the liber-

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ty of ſpeaking, than looking on her Miſtreſs with Eyes which expreſs'd the utmoſt wonder, What Madam! (*ſaid ſhe*) do you in reality deſign to accompany *Kerme*, the Enemy of your Country, the Rival of the Marquiſs *de Padille*? ——and to go with him in the Habit of a Man?——What is your Intention?——Reflect you on the Dangers into which you run?—— and can you think of them without Horror? I foreſee them all, (*replied* Leonora;) but my dear *Beatrix!* what can I do here, without all hope of eſcaping? Surrounded with a thouſand Eyes obſervant of my Actions.——Much leſs terrible are the Dangers to which I am liable in War, than the thoughts of an eternal Captivity, and with pleaſure I go to face them all, in hope of once more ſeeing my Father and the Marquiſs *de Padille*: Something within me informs me, this Voyage will be fortunate.——— The Appearance of a Man will give me Opportunities of contracting Friendſhips, and procuring Intelligence of Affairs, the truth of which, I ſhall never be able to learn while I retain my own Shape, and am here debarred from all Society but ſuch as are in the Intereſt of *Kerme*. *Beatrix*, who had a vaſt deal of Wit and Spirit, eaſily comprehended the Reaſons given her by her beautiful Miſtreſs, and urging no more in oppoſition to them, reſumed her uſual Gaiety and good Humour: I proteſt Madam! (*ſaid ſhe*) one ought to have a Greatneſs of Soul like that you are poſſeſs'd of, to form Projects of ſuch deep Importance; but for me, who have neither Father nor Lover to animate my Courage, do me the favour to tell me what ſort of Figure you think I ſhall make among ſuch a number of Men, who breathe nothing but Slaughter?——I ſhould not be a little proud of doing

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as I ſee others do, but I know very well I ſhall be wholly incapable of doing any Service to *Kerme* with thoſe Weapons with which he deſigns to honour us. *Leonora* could not forbear ſmiling at the fear of *Beatrix*, but aſſured her in a pleaſant manner, that ſhe would engage *Kerme* to place her always where there was leaſt danger.

Three Days were paſt in Diſcourſes of this nature, at the Expiration of which, *Kerme* preſented them with ſeveral Suits of Clothes made extremely Rich and Magnificent, deſiring them to wear them for ſome time before they begun their Voyage; that by being accuſtomed to ſee themſelves thus accoutred, they might know better how to behave in Habits ſo ſtrange to them. *Leonora* dreſs'd herſelf immediately after he left the Room, and appeared ſo beautiful to *Beatrix* in this Diſguiſe, that ſhe told her ſhe had never ſeen any thing ſo lovely in her Life;—— I am in danger, (*ſaid ſhe*) of falling into an Error fatal to my repoſe while I behold you thus, and 'tis highly neceſſary that while you appear as a Man, I ſhould forget I am a Woman; which I can never do till I throw off my Petticoats, and aſſume the ſame Habit with you. As they were diſcourſing in this manner, *Kerme* came into the Room; but if *Leonora* had appeared ſo charming in this new Habit to *Beatrix*, what Admiration muſt ſhe not inſpire in the Heart of him, who was the moſt devoted to her that Man could be. 'Tis certain indeed, that nothing could look more beautiful than ſhe did in this Dreſs, her lovely black Hair flowing in careleſs Ringlets on each ſide of her Face, ſet off to vaſt advantage, the matchleſs Whiteneſs of her delicate Skin, and the abundance of it, and prodigious length hanging down

below

below her Waiſt, gave her an Air of ſo much Majeſty and Sweetneſs mingled, as is impoſſible to be deſcribed. The deſire alſo of conforming herſelf to her Garb, gave her Eyes a certain Fierceneſs, which without diminiſhing their more natural Softneſs, added a new Luſtre to their Glances. It was with a Pleaſure equal to his Love, that *Kerme* contemplated the Charmer of his Soul; and finding that ſhe ſeemed very much to depend on whatever he promiſed, he reiterated his Proteſtations, that he would never treat her otherwiſe than as the deareſt of his Friends, without any regard to the difference of Sexes. All things continued to diſguiſe what *Leonora* really was, her Stature, the Majeſty of her Air, and the *Engliſh* Language, which (tho' the moſt difficult to be learned) ſhe had attained to in a wonderful manner, and ſpoke it with that perfect Purity and Elegance, that none who heard her would have believed ſhe had been born in any other Nation. As a young *Engliſh* Gentleman, therefore, and by the Name of the Chevalier *Lumly*, did *Kerme* preſent her to the Officers of the Fleet, who were then at *Plymouth* waiting only for a fair Wind to embark; none of them but what beheld her with Admiration, and ſeemed infinitely pleaſed to hear they were to have a Companion ſo agreeable.

The Weather in a few days favouring the Impatience of the Lover, *Kerme* ſet ſail with his Company, having ſent before him a Frigate of 50 Guns to the Iſland of *Jamaica*, with orders that two Men of War who then lay at Anchor in *Port-Royal*, ſhould come forth to conduct the Fleet to *Jamaica*: But they had not ſailed above two days, before he ſaw the Frigate, who by ſpringing a Leak had been retarded in her

her Voyage, and was but juſt ready to make her way, when ſhe was attack'd by a *Spaniſh* Man of War. *Kerme* had the mortification to ſee her boarded and made a Prize before his Face, without being able to come near enough to give her any Aſſiſtance; in this Vexation let us leave him for the preſent, and return to the Marquiſs *de Padille.* It was he who had taken the Frigate belonging to *Kerme*, and the Winds favouring his Intentions, carried her directly to *Buenos-Ayres*, where he was received with all the Applauſes which his Valour merited; but when he related to *Don Bernardo* the little ſucceſs he had met with in his ſearch of *Leonora*, they both endeavoured which ſhould moſt conſole the other. My Grief is without all bounds, (*ſaid Don* Fernando *to* Valeſco) and tho' you are the Father of that dear Excellence, you cannot be capable of conceiving the horrors I ſuſtain in being deprived of her; nevertheleſs, my Heart does yet retain ſome hopes, that I ſhall one day retrieve her, and that delightful Imagination makes me neglect no Means that may flatter me with the probability of an Information. I have ordered the Officers of the *Engliſh* Frigate to be kept apart, that I may interrogate them on ſome Matters, the ſuſpicion of which very much troubles me. As he ſpoke theſe Words, the Priſoners were conducted in: there was one among them who had an Air ſo truly noble, and a Deportment ſo graceful above the reſt, that both *Don Bernardo* and the Marquiſs were infinitely taken with him; You appear, (*ſaid the latter of them to him*) to be a Perſon of too much conſequence to our Enemies, to be unacquainted with their Deſigns, nor can you be ignorant that the power which the Fortune of War has given us

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over you, gives us the liberty of making what demands we pleaſe; but I am willing to wave that Authority to a Man who ſeems ſo worthy of a better Fate, and entreat you as a Perſon to whom I gladly would become a Friend, to let me know who you are, and the name of the Commander of that Fleet whoſe Purſuivant your Frigate was deſigned.

The Officer, whoſe Heart was attack'd by much the ſame Sentiments as that of the Marquiſs *de Padille*, made no ſcruple to ſatisfy him in every particular, and with a noble Boldneſs inſeparable from a good Birth, and real Merit, told him that he was of *Scotch* Deſcent, and nam'd *Montroſſe*, that the Commander of the Fleet was call'd *Kerme*, and that they were going to re-inforce the Garriſons in thoſe Towns they had in *Jamaica*. The Marquiſs having received this Intelligence, deſired *Montroſſe* to ſtay with *Don Bernardo* while he went to communicate it to the Captain-General of the *Spaniſh* Forces; after which, he return'd to him again, and looking on him, in a manner which made him know he had conceived an extraordinary Eſteem for him; I am amaz'd, (*ſaid he*) that being of a Family who have always ſeemed to have ſo ſtrong an Attachment to your legitimate Sovereigns, you now ſerve an Uſurper. *Montroſſe* could not help fetching from his inmoſt Soul ſome Sighs at this Reproach, and unwilling to appear guilty in the Eyes of a Perſon whom he already began to love ſincerely, told him, that it was not *Choice* but *Neceſſity* which had engaged him to the Intereſts of *Cromwel*; the younger Brothers in *Scotland* being but ſmall Sharers in the Wealth of their Fathers, he was conſtrain'd to accept a Commiſſion to maintain him-

himſelf in any manner proportionable to the dignity of his Name; but if he could find an opportunity to quit the Uſurper, he ſhould embrace it with Joy, ſaying that his Face was covered with inceſſant Bluſhes, when ever he conſidered that he was expoſing his Life for him who had cauſed the death of his King. The Marquiſs *de Padille*, charm'd with this Offer, tenderly embraced him, and aſſured him that if he pleaſed, he would enter him among the Liſt of *Spaniſh* Officers who ſerv'd under him; adding, that he ſhould think himſelf happy in depriving of a Man of ſo much merit one who was an Enemy to his Country, and who for his Uſurpation was juſtly deteſtable to the whole World.

Montroſſe ſenſibly touch'd with this mark of Reſpect, readily accepted the propoſal, and the Eſteem they mutually had conceived for each other, occaſioned ſuch an Intimacy between them, that neither conceal'd from the other his moſt ſecret Affairs: As the moſt material one of his whole Life, the Marquiſs *de Padille* related to him the Hiſtory of his Engagements with *Leonora*, her Loſs, and the deſpair he was in of recovering her. *Montroſſe*, who was of a brisk and enterprizing nature, offered his Service to go in ſearch of her where-ever he could imagine ſhe could be carried. When I was at *London*, (ſaid *Don Fernando*) I ſaw all the Officers who were in that Expedition in *Jamaica*, excepting one, whoſe name they ſaid was *Kerme*: I know not for what reaſon, but never do I pronounce that Name without Fury, and a ſecret Reſentment in my Soul, which I feel for no other Man:——If therefore you wiſh to ſee me reſtored to that Peace which too long, alas! I have been deprived of;——if it be true that you deſign to ſerve me,

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it muſt be in this manner: You tell me that *Kerme* is gone to *Jamaica* to re-inforce the Garriſons, I will ſend you to *Port-Royal* with the pretence of treating with him about the Ranſom of Priſoners, and during your ſtay there, you may exert that Friendſhip you ſay you have for me, in an enquiry concerning *Leonora*: you are well known among the Officers, and may poſſibly learn from them things which it is impoſſible for the utmoſt diligence of a Stranger to arrive at. *Montroſſe* aſſured him of his beſt endeavours for his Satisfaction, and ſeemed not to doubt but that he ſhould acquit himſelf of this Commiſſion with ſucceſs. Theſe Words gave a new Life to the almoſt expiring Hope of *Don Fernando*, and he got all things prepared for the departure of this faithful Emiſſary with all poſſible expedition. Nothing of moment happening to impede his Paſſage, I ſhall paſs over the particulars till the time of his arrival, where he was received by all the Officers with great Demonſtrations of Friendſhip, his Behaviour having been ſuch, as had made him univerſally eſteem'd. He laid before *Kerme* the Propoſitions he had in charge as to the publick Affairs, and as there were many Points in them on purpoſe ordered ſo as to require ſome debate before they could be anſwered, he had time to make the Interrogatories he had promiſed concerning *Leonora*; but being able to diſcover nothing of her from any of thoſe of whom he had enquired, he began to be almoſt out of hope: but perceiving the Chevalier *Lumley* to be a Perſon infinitely eſteemed by *Kerme*, he bethought himſelf of ſpeaking to him, his Affability and good Humour giving him frequent Opportunities. There was alſo another Motive which induced him to treat him with that free-

dom of Converſation; he knew he came from *Buenos-Ayres*, and tho' he durſt not ſeem to know any thing of *Don Bernardo* or the Marquiſs *de Padille*, yet he was in hope he might hear ſomething from him of thoſe dear Perſons. Accordingly it happened, as they were ſitting together one day, Since my Captivity, (*ſaid* Montroſſe) I have had occaſion to remark an Example of Conſtancy greater than I have ever read of in Hiſtory: It is of a young Grandee of *Spain*, called *Don Fernando* Marquiſs *de Padille*, who having been contracted ſome time ago to a beautiful Virgin named *Leonora*, and ſeparated from her by our Invaſion, where ſhe was taken Priſoner, has never ſince known one tranquil Hour; his whole Thoughts are bent on the means of recovering her; all his Talk is of her Beauty, and his inſupportable Misfortune: he has been in ſearch of her in *London*, has ranged the Seas, and vows to know no reſt till he either ſees her, or hears Tidings of her. He dwelt the longer on this Deſcription, becauſe from the firſt mention of thoſe Names, he ſaw ſomething of an unuſual Diſorder in the Chevalier *Lumley*, which made him imagine he was not unacquainted with the Story, and that probably he was the Perſon who had all this time concealed *Leonora*, and was the Rival of *Don Fernando*. Vex'd with himſelf, therefore, that he had diſcovered what he now thought would not only be a hindrance to his Endeavours of hearing any thing of her, but alſo engage the Chevalier *Lumley* to keep her more cloſe than ever, he thought it beſt to remove the Fears which he imagined his words had occaſioned of the Marquiſs *de Padille*, he renewed his Diſcourſe in theſe Terms; I thought, (*reſumed he*) that ſo laſting a Tenderneſs could never

never be too much applauded, I conceived for him an Eſteem which cannot be expreſſed: but ſince I left *Buenos-Ayres*, I have been informed by one who came from that place and overtook me in my way, that by the perſuaſions of his Friends, (who all believe *Leonora* dead) he has conſented to marry another, who they ſay is a young Lady of exquiſite Beauty and great Riches. With what a fiery Red was now the Face of the Chevalier o'erſpread, and how death-like a Paleneſs immediately enſued! Scarce could all his Courage enable him to ſtand this Shock, and fearing he ſhould give proofs of his Concern which were no way agreeable to the Sex he had aſſumed, nor to a Perſon who was a Stranger to the Affair diſcourſed of, he took a haſty Leave of *Montroſſe*, pretending ſudden Buſineſs. The other, who attentively had watched every motion of his Countenance, imagined the latter Alterations there to proceed from his Joy, to be told the only Man in the World who could deprive him of *Leonora* was about to give up his Right to her, by engaging himſelf with another: He was ſtrengthened in this Belief by the knowledge he had of the Intimacy between him and *Kerme*, and having been told that the Chevalier *Lumley* had but lately entred himſelf in the Army, and conſequently had not been in the Expedition at *Jamaica*, he doubted not but *Kerme* had made a Preſent of the beautiful Priſoner to him, to engage a Man of his Figure to his Service. Confident therefore that he was not deceived in his Conjectures, he made no farther enquiry, but return'd to the Marquiſs *de Padille* with this melancholy Account.

But the Affliction of that conſtant Lover (great as it was) was at leaſt equalled by that

of the diſconſolate *Leonora:* Thou ſeeſt, (*ſaid ſhe to* Beatrix, *who had taken the name of* Ovesby) thou ſeeſt if I had not reaſon to complain of the Indifference and Ingratitude of *Don Fernando:* Could he ever love me as he ought, who could forget me in ſo ſmall a ſpace as two Years?—— No, no, it was but a light and tranſient Paſſion with which he regarded me, which, tho' violent for a time, had no ſolid Foundation;—— his Change is no doubt the effect of Inclination, and he but pretends an Unwillingneſs, fearing my return, and that I ſhould have the Weakneſs to wiſh the Performance of that Contract between us. *Ovesby* was aſtoniſhed at the Recital, but could not believe it real; he went in ſearch of *Montroſſe*, to talk with him about it, but came too late: he had that moment received his Anſwer from *Kerme*, and was departed from *Port-Royal*, and this afflicted Confidante remained in the utmoſt Suſpence.

In a ſhort time after this, *Kerme* having executed his Commiſſion in *Jamaica*, prepared to go about the other part of it; which was to range the Seas, and attack all the *Spaniſh* Veſſels in his way: and he did this with ſo much expedition, that he had left *Port-Royal* before the *Spaniards* had any thing in readineſs to oppoſe him; in effect, he rode triumphant about their Coaſts, taking their Ships even in the view of their very Ports. The Marquiſs *de Padille* was half diſtracted to be retarded from his vow'd Revenge by the Dilatorineſs of the Captain-General: the Information he had received from *Montroſſe*, made him conceive a greater Hatred to the name of *Lumley* than before he had borne to *Kerme*; and the Deſcription which he had given him of the exceeding Beauty of that young Warrior,

rior, made him burn with a deſire of encountring a Rival ſo formidable to his Hopes.

For ſome Weeks had *Kerme* been abroad, and ſucceſsful in all his Undertakings, ſcarce meeting with any Oppoſition, till one day a Mariner, who was in the Scuttle of the Maſt, crying out, a Sail, a Sail! they ran immediately to the Perſpective-Glaſs, and took it to be a *Spaniſh* Veſſel, being built after the manner of that Nation. The Wind was favourable, and *Kerme* made up to it with full Sail; but coming near, he ſaw it had *Engliſh* Colours, and then took it for a Ship ſent out on the ſame deſign with himſelf, and therefore neglected any Preparations for Offence: But how great was his ſurprize, when being arrived within the reach of their Cannon, he ſaw himſelf attack'd, and that ſo warmly, that he found it required his utmoſt Courage and Conduct to reſiſt!

Theſe different Manners made him know it was a *Pirate* whom he had to deal with, and that nothing but the laſt Extremity would oblige thoſe ſort of People to yield; he therefore exhorted his Soldiers to Courage, and animated them as much as poſſible by his Example: but the Enemy preſuming on former Succeſſes, had the boldneſs, having now gotten the Wind on their ſide, to clap their Grappling-Irons on the Ship, and attempt to board her; but the *Engliſh* now did wonders, and ſeveral times repulſed them. But what was moſt ſurpriſing, was the Actions of the Chevalier *Lumley*, who with Sword in hand run into the thickeſt of the Fight, and while he ſeemed to court Danger, was only capable of giving it. Many there were who received Death from his Hand, and none oppoſing or being able to withſtand him, he was the

firſt who jump'd on the Deck of his Foes, and being followed by *Kerme* and the reſt, did ſuch things, as by thoſe who knew her Sex might be reckoned ſupernatural. Deſpair had armed her Hand, the fear of falling into the power of *Pirates*, where ſhe could have little hope of ſecuring either her Life or Honour, join'd to that deſire of Death which the ſuppoſed Infidelity of *Don Fernando* had cauſed in her, together with her natural Courage, gave her the ſole Glory of ſubduing this formidable Enemy. Thoſe of the *Pirates* who eſcap'd the Sword were chain'd and put under Hatches, and after all other neceſſary Precautions for ſecuring the Veſſel were taken, not only the Officers, but the whole Ship's Crew, join'd in one general Acclamation of Joy and Praiſe of the Chevalier *Lumley*; the Pirates themſelves acknowledging, that to the Valour of that young Hero alone it was they owed their Defeat. Tho' the ſurprize which *Kerme* was in, infinitely exceeded that which there was a poſſibility for thoſe who thought thoſe great Actions were done by a Man to feel; yet was it far inferior to the Pleaſures it gave him, to hear thoſe Encomiums on a Perſon ſo dear to him. He made him a thouſand Retributions for the Service he had done him, confeſſing that it was to him he owed his Victory; all the other Officers unanimouſly, and without Envy, approved of what their Chief had ſaid, and for ſome Hours nothing was to be heard but Applauſes of the Chevalier. But little was he capable of taſting the Glory he had acquired; Deſpair and the fear of a ſhameful Slavery having made him take that Reſolution, he thought it would have been a greater Happineſs to have loſt that Life which his Misfor-

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tunes made him weary of, than to have received the ſe Praiſes.

Kerme having found immenſe Riches in the Veſſel of the *Pirates*, which they had taken indifferently from thoſe of all Nations who were ſo unhappy to fall into their hands; he called together his whole Complement of Men, and telling them that ſince they had fought ſo well, they ſhould not go without the recompence of their Valour, and as no Perſon knew ſo well what they had done as him who led them on, and had been foremoſt in danger, it was the Chevalier *Lumley* whom he would requeſt to make a Diſtribution among them, according to the merit of each particular Perſon. The Choice he had made was univerſally approved, and tho' the Modeſty of the Chevalier would have refuſed this Honour, yet being very much preſſed, he was obliged to accept it. This Adventure gave birth to a new Admiration of his Prudence; for with ſo many Graces did he accompany this Diſtribution, that there was not one who received it but was ſatisfied with his Lot, tho' it were ever ſo ſmall, and acknowledged the Diſtinction juſt.

Among the number of thoſe who were charm'd with the Virtues of our female Warrior, was Colonel *Ivon*, a Gentleman of *Ireland*, and ſecretly a *Roman-Catholick*, and as he was a Man of great Wiſdom as well as Courage, *Lumley* had a very particular Eſteem for him; he teſtified it on all occaſions, and pay'd him a deference which the other was too much pleaſed with not to obſerve. The Chevalier reſpected him almoſt as a Father, and the Colonel regarded the Chevalier with a Tenderneſs little different from that he would have felt for a Son.

After the distribution of the Spoil, *Kerme* presented himself before the Chief of the *Pirates*, and told him he must prepare to suffer the most cruel Torments that the Wit of Man could inflict, if he did not inform him of the place where his Confederates had their Rendezvous; which he refusing to do, he ordered lighted Matches to be brought and clap'd immediately to his Fingers, as an Earnest of what he was after to undergo. *Kerme* had a certain Fierceness in his Countenance, and the Air of his Deportment, which bespoke a great deal of Resolution; and the other not doubting but he would do as he said, and feeling the present anguish, confessed all he demanded of him on condition he would spare his Life, which *Kerme* readily promised, and added also, that he would give him his Liberty: I am certain of it (then said *Sirmon*, for so was the Captain of the Pirates called,) since you have said it, and will therefore make you such Discoveries as shall deserve your favour. He then told him that he had been a *Pirate* above 12 Years, and tho' he had met with many considerable Losses, yet the Prizes he had taken from all sorts of Nations, had enabled him to keep four Ships continually at Sea: That the Magazine of the Treasures he had taken was kept in a little Island near *Surinam*, and that it was himself and Companions who had pillaged the last Fleet which the *Spaniards* had set out for *Panama*; and concluded with assuring him, that he would furnish him with the means of recovering it, with treble Advantage, from the other *Pirates*.

Kerme, charm'd with this discovery, gave him his Vow, that he should not only have his Life and Liberty, but also, if he made good his Promise,

miſe, a ſhare in the Booty equal with any of his Officers: And communicating this Intelligence to *Lumley* and the reſt, they held a Council immediately, where it was agreed that they ſhould ſet ſail for *Jamaica*, in order to get freſh Proviſions, and ſome more Troops, before they begun their attempt on theſe common Enemies of Mankind. Every thing ſucceeding according to their wiſh, they ſoon arrived at *Port-Royal*, where *Kerme* found his other Veſſels lying at Anchor expecting his coming; and having provided himſelf with every thing neceſſary for his deſigns, again ſet out with a fair Wind, and a Courage capable of undertaking the greateſt and moſt difficult Enterprizes. When they came near the Iſle, it was the advice of *Sirmon* that they ſhould ſend the Ship which was taken from him before, and that it ſhould be followed by two *Engliſh* Frigates as if in Chaſe of it; and that in the mean time, *Kerme* with the other Veſſels ſhould lie under the covert of *Surinam*, that they might not be perceived by the *Pirates*, who he knew would come to the relief of that Ship, which by the Colours they would believe to be ſtill under his Command. The thing ſucceeded as he had expected, the *Pirates* came out immediately to the aſſiſtance of their Frigate, and the Chevalier *Lumley*, who now had the Management of it, ſtill keeping up the Signal by which they were deceived, ſail'd on as if endeavouring to eſcape the *Engliſh* Veſſels behind, till the Ship ſent for his imagin'd Relief was come within reach of his Shot, and then fir'd briskly upon it; which being ſeconded by the other two, in leſs than a quarter of an Hour, the firſt of the Veſſels belonging to the *Pirates* was made a Prize. But the Chief of theſe Banditti, who from the Coaſt

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ſaw all that was done, having two other Veſſels in the Harbour ready mann'd, order'd them immediately out; who meeting *Kerme* as he was leaving *Surinam*, ſet upon him with ſo much Fierceneſs, that the Fight laſted for a long time dubious: but the Wind changing, the Chevalier took the advantage of it, and with the two other *Engliſh* Frigates made up to his Aſſiſtance, and turn'd the advantage wholly on their ſide. In fine, after a long Combat, the *Pirates* were compelled to ſurrender, their beſt Men being ſlain, and their Ships ſo much prejudic'd by the Cannon, that one of them was in great danger of ſinking. *Kerme* finding himſelf victorious, would have proceeded to make a Deſcent into the Iſland, but was hindred from doing ſo at that time by the advice of *Sirmon*, who told him that in that Iſland there were at leaſt four hundred *Pirates*, who had made themſelves a ſort of a Fortification near the borders of the Sea, on which were planted 40 Pieces of Cannon; and that he could not pretend to make an open Invaſion, without expoſing himſelf and Company to the utmoſt danger: it was therefore his advice, that they ſhould all hoiſt ſail, and pretend to retire haſtily from their Coaſts, and when it was Night return upon them unawares, by a private way, which he could well direct; and that by ſurpriſing them when they leaſt thought of it, and rendred incapable of Defence, lull'd by Security and Sleep, it would be eaſy to overcome them totally. *Kerme*, who had already profited too well by his Counſel, to heſitate if he ſhould follow it a ſecond time, renewed his Promiſes to him, and having weigh'd Anchor, ſo well deceived the *Pirates*, that they made not the leaſt preparations of Defence;

and

and landing early the next Morning on the South of the Iſland, ſo much ſurpriz'd them, that few were capable of Reſiſtance. The Chevalier *Lumley*, who laid hold on all occaſions which might afford that death he wiſh'd, performed ſuch wonders in this third Tryal of his Valour, that Colonel *Ivon*, who followed him as cloſely as he could, look'd on him as a Prodigy in Nature, ſolemnly proteſting afterwards, that in all the Battles he had been in, he never ſaw ſo much Fortitude, Courage, and Conduct lodg'd in one Man. Never was a Victory more compleat than this over theſe *Pirates*; the greateſt part of them were kill'd, and thoſe that eſcap'd fled to the Mountains, and there conceal'd themſelves: Incredible were the Sums which *Sirmon* led them to the Diſcovery of; but *Kerme* obliged the Chevalier, as before, to take upon him the Diſtribution of it, who divided between the Troops and Mariners great part of it. *Sirmon* for his good Service had a conſiderable Share, and none there were that thought themſelves ill-treated. When all this was over, *Kerme* told the converted *Pirate* that he was now at liberty, and ſhould be ſet aſhore on what Land he pleaſed with his Effects: but he deſired he might remain under his Command, ſaying, that he thought to obey a worthy Man was greater Glory than to give Laws to a thouſand Slaves; which Offer was accepted with Joy.

When all things were ready for their departure, the Chevalier *Lumley*, who doubted not but *Kerme* would take all Opportunities of endeavouring to cultivate that Eſteem he had inſpired him with, took an occaſion in this general Joy to demand of him the Command of the *Hercules*, a

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Veſſel of 50 Peices of Cannon, which was the ſame he had ſo glorioufly taken from the *Pirates*, and which was now mann'd, and deſigned to make one of the Number of the Navy. But *Kerme* reliſhed not the Propoſal, and told him, that ſince he could no where be ſo well accommodated as in his Ship, he begg'd he would not deprive him of the Bleſſing of his Preſence.

The Chevalier appeared piqued at this Refuſal, and anſwered him in a manner as if he thought the other grew jealous of his Glory, or had a ſuſpicion of his Deſigns. *Ivon*, who feared ſome ill Conſequence from this Reſentment, and who beſides had a tender Affection for the Chevalier, repreſented to *Kerme* that he could not well refuſe this Satisfaction to a Friend, and one who had ſo well deſerved a greater Honour than he required. What have you to fear, (*ſaid he*) from one who has given ſuch undeniable Teſtimonies of a Prudence and Valour ſcarce to be equal'd? Rather, ought you not to dread the loſs of a Man, whoſe Services will make the World look on your diſobliging him as the Effects either of Ingratitude or Envy? *Kerme* took ſome time in conſidering on theſe Words before he made any anſwer to them, and at laſt conſented it ſhould be as the Chevalier had deſired, with this condition only, that *Ivon* ſhould be in the ſame Veſſel with him, and on no occaſion whatever quit him. I conſent to what you will, (*ſaid he, embracing* Ivon) if you will give me your promiſe to embark with him, aſſiſt him with your advice, and in all extremes be near him. This News paſſing from one to the other, ſoon reach'd the Ears of the Chevalier, and ſettled a Calm in his Boſom which long had been a Stranger there. He now thought

thought of nothing but ſetting Sail for *Jamaica*; he put himſelf in order to take poſſeſſion of his new Poſt, and when entred ſome time, was taken up in receiving the Congratulations of the whole Navy, after which he was now at liberty to indulge his Contemplations, and abandon himſelf to that Melancholy, which the ſuppoſed Infidelity of *Don Fernando* had occaſioned. But long was he not ſuffered to give way to theſe Reflections; Colonel *Ivon* took notice of his Sadneſs, and having remarked that even in the midſt of thoſe Acclamations to which his Valour had given birth, he had ſudden Fits of Melancholy, would ſigh, and ſometimes a big Tear, in ſpite of his Efforts to reſtrain it, burſt from his trembling Eye; he took the privilege which their Friendſhip gave him, to enquire into the reaſon of his ſecret Anguiſh. You aſtoniſh me, (*ſaid he*) that after having acquired an immortal Glory, and have every thing which is requiſite to make a Man happy, as well as render him deſerving to be ſo, you can ſeem diſſatisfied with your Fate.—— Who has offended you?—— What cauſe have you for Diſcontent?——I hope you do not doubt of my Attachment to you; if you do, I will teſtify my Sincerity by any way you ſhall require:——If you have any reaſon for diſcontent, I beſeech you then reveal it:—— I lov'd you as my Son from the firſt moment I beheld you, your Actions, your Valour, and your Modeſty have ſince improved the Tenderneſs I had for you, into an Eſteem ſuperior to what I can expreſs;——be aſſur'd, that if the beſt part of my Blood would be of ſervice to you, I would not be a Niggard of it:—— Speak, brave *Lumley*, open to me your Heart, if you repine for Vengeance on ſome ſecret Enemy,

command

command my ready Arm;——or if you think my Advice may avail you aught, be assured of the best my Judgment can afford:——Do not believe that my Curiosity makes me thus pressing, for I swear to you, that my Friendship, and the Desire I have to see you easy, are the only Motives that engage me to talk to you in this manner.

These words were pronounced with an air of too much Sincerity to suffer room for any mean Suspicions, especially in a Heart so truly generous as was that of the Chevalier *Lumley*; and longing to disburthen the secret anguish which struggled for a Passage, was pleased with this opportunity of doing it to a Person of such approv'd Wisdom and Virtue: but then again, he feared to discover the Weakness of his Passion to one, whose Prudence he thought must look on it as highly blameable. Divided in his Sentiments, he knew not readily what answer to make, and remain'd some time without speaking; till *Ivon*, who took his silence as a Proof of the doubts he had of him, was beginning to renew his Protestations of an inviolable Secrecy to whatever he should reveal. I am too sensible (*said the other sighing*) of the marks of Esteem you have given me, to question either your Friendship or Capacity of obliging me; and if I have thus long forborn to acquaint you with my Affairs, it was not because I fear'd, but was asham'd of doing it:——Yes, valiant *Ivon*, (*pursued he*) I have need of your Courage, your Counsel, and your Discretion; but before I declare to you in what, (which I assure you is of more Importance than it is possible for you to conceive without being told it;) do me the favour to answer me one Question, which will perhaps

perhaps give me Courage to reply to yours.—— You are *Iriſh* I know, but are you not alſo of the *Roman-Catholick* Religion? Whatever danger, *ſaid* Ivon, there may be in avowing my Religion while I am in the Service of *Cromwel*, to prove that my Life is yours, I will not conceal from you that I have no other hope but in that Faith you have named.

To ſhow then, (*replied the Chevalier*) that I have no leſs Confidence in you, know, brave *Ivon*, that under the Habit and Name of a *Man*, in ſome meaſure eſteem'd for his Valour, you have thus long convers'd with a *Woman*, of all her Sex the weakeſt and moſt unhappy.—But, (*continued ſhe, perceiving him overwhelm'd with the moſt ſtrong Surprize*) to make you juſtly comprehend what I am, I muſt relate to you the whole Hiſtory of my Misfortunes; and in ſo doing, I hope I may in ſome ſort ſeem excuſable for a diſguiſe, which elſe I am certain a Prudence like yours cannot chuſe but diſapprove. She then made a brief Recital of her Birth, her Engagements with the Marquiſs *de Padille*, her Captivity, the Paſſion which *Kerme* had for her, the ſtrict Confinement he had kept her in, the Motives which had obliged her to conſent to appear as a Man, the Information ſhe had received of the Infidelity of *Don Fernando*, and the Reſolution ſhe had taken of avoiding Slavery by Death, among the *Pirates*: But (*continued ſhe*) Heaven would not permit me ſo glorious an End; I have had it in my power to give, but not to receive that laſt Remedy, to which Wretches like me can have recourſe. But we are now going to *Jamaica*, I ſhall be Witneſs of the Attempts made upon my native Country, and perhaps my Arm may be employ'd againſt

thoſe, whom to offend would make my Guilt equal to my Misfortunes. My Father commands the Troops which are along theſe Coaſts, and all indifferent as he has appear'd to me, I deſire nothing more than to throw myſelf at his Feet, and beg a Cloiſter for my retreat from the falſe World: You ſee, therefore, (*gallant* Ivon) that I have need of your Arm to aſſiſt me in the Deſign I have of returning once more to my Sex and Home; when we arrive at *Jamaica*, your Counſel muſt be the guide of my Actions, and on your Diſcretion and Friendſhip muſt I depend for the Conſervation of that Secret on which my Life, my Liberty, my Honour, and future Tranquillity depend.

Here ceas'd the Chevalier; but in the Soul of *Ivon* there was ſuch a confuſed mixture of Admiration, of Reſpect, of Tenderneſs, and Pity, that for ſome moments he had not the power of replying; but when he had, If I have loved you as my Son, (*ſaid he*) if I have regarded you under this diſguiſe as the firſt Hero of our Age, I now love you as my Daughter, and admire you as the moſt illuſtrious of all your Sex, nor doubt but I will take you from the hands of *Kerme*, and deliver you ſafe into thoſe of *Dón Bernardo de Valeſco*.——Heavens! (*continued he*) when I reflect on your Beauty, your Virtue, your Courage, and Fidelity, I know not how to think a Man (ſuch as you repreſent the Marquiſs *de Padille*) could ſo far degenerate from his noble Blood and the Conſtancy natural to his Nation, as to be guilty of a Perfidy unworthy of a Man of Honour. This Reflection drew a deep Sigh from *Leonora*, but depending entirely on the advice of *Ivon*, ſhe reſum'd as much Tranquillity as was poſſible for one in her Circumſtances to know.

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The Weather was at preſent ſo favourable, that it promiſed a happy Voyage, and made *Leonora* hope ſhe would ſoon be in a Condition to execute her Deſign; but all on the ſudden roſe a moſt violent Storm of Thunder, Lightning, Rain, and Wind, that the Fleet was ſeparated and diſpers'd. The Fury of the Tempeſt continued two Days and two Nights, but on the third the Skies grew clear, and the Sea calm and ſerene as before: *Kerme*, whoſe Ship had loſt ſight of all the reſt, fear'd for none ſo much as the *Hercules*, where his adorable *Leonora* was embark'd:——The Cannon were ſeveral times diſcharged, as he advanc'd toward the Coaſts of *Jamaica*, and he rejoin'd many of his Veſſels; but being able to hear nothing from any of them of the *Hercules*, and having repeated his Signal for three or four Hours without receiving any Anſwer; he doubted not but that Ship was either ſunk, or taken by the Enemy. He now reproach'd himſelf, that he had ever conſented to ſuffer the Chevalier to depart from him, and abandoned his whole Soul to a Deſpair which had no bounds.

In the mean time, the Marquiſs *de Padille*, who had at laſt received Orders to ſet ſail, now doubly animated with the deſire of revenge on the whole *Engliſh* Nation by what he had been told by *Montroſſe*, came out againſt *Kerme*, and attack'd him with a Fury proportionable to the Excitements he had to it: the Number of Veſſels in this Engagement were equal, and each following the Example of their Superiors, fir'd at each other. They fought for ſome time with little advantage on either ſide; nor did the Night ſeparate them, they continuing cloſe to each other, and at the dawn of Day

renewed the Fight with the ſame Fury as before.

Towards the middle of the Day, the Foremaſt of the Marquiſs *de Padille*'s Veſſel was broken down, at which the *Engliſh* cry'd out Victory; but in a moment after, that of *Kerme* was in the ſame State. The *Spaniards* gaining Courage at that ſight, drew more cloſe to them, and the ſmoke of the Cannon and Muſquets made ſuch a thick Cloud over the Heads of both, that it was impoſſible to ſee what was done. *Don Fernando* taking advantage of the Darkneſs and Confuſion, clap'd his Grapling-Irons on *Kerme*'s Veſſel; and animated with all the Emotions of Deſpair, and jealous Rage, performed Actions worthy to have been perpetuated to all Poſterity. *Engliſh Kerme* fir'd with a jealouſy of *Glory*, as the other with that of *Love*, did little leſs Execution: He attempted ſeveral times to board his Enemy, but was as often repulſed; *Don Fernando* had the ſame Fate. *Kerme* found himſelf cover'd over with Wounds, without feeling the leaſt Inclination to retire to have them dreſs'd. The Marquiſs *de Padille* having received a Muſquet-ſhot in his Thigh, and three or four deep Cuts with a Cymetar, was ſo far from a deſire of quitting the Combat, that his hurts ſeem'd rather to have added new Vigour to his Arm.

In fine, the Ammunition on both ſides being exhauſted, they fought Man to Man for above three Hours, and neither in the one nor the other Veſſel was there one ſingle Perſon who was not either kill'd or deſperately wounded. *Kerme*, at the head of four or five ſtill maintain'd the Fight; the Marquiſs had much the ſame Number, but thoſe few ſo maim'd and faint with loſs of Blood, that tho' the *Will* remain'd,

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the *Power* of doing farther hurt was loſt. Juſt at this dreadful Moment a Veſſel under full Sail aproach'd; it was that of the Chevalier *Lumley*, who, ſurpriz'd at this horrible Spectacle, made all the haſte he could to ſuccour theſe unhappy Wretches. The reſt of the *Spaniſh* Veſſels thinking their Commander periſh'd, made what haſte they could away from the *Engliſh*, who were alſo in ſo bad an Eſtate, that they thought themſelves happy in the others Flight.

The Chevalier *Lumley* having boarded the *Spaniſh* Ship, which was that which lay next him, found only dead or dying Men: But with what ſoul-rending Agonies was it, that he ſaw the Marquiſs, one of thoſe ſad Objects, without Senſe, without Motion, or any other viſible Sign of Life! All the Prudence, the Fortitude, the Reſentment of our Heroine, was too little to enable her to ſtand this ſhock, and ſhe had infallibly have fallen into complainings, which would have betray'd her Sex; if *Ivon*, who gueſs'd all that paſs'd in her Heart at this dreadful Interview, drawing nearer to that pity-moving Sight, had not immediately told her that the Condition ſhe beheld him in, was wholly owing to his loſs of Blood, and that he ſaw no Wounds about him in any dreadful Part. He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, than he ordered he ſhould be carefully removed into their Veſſel, where there were skilful Surgeons to attend him. After this, he prevailed on her a little to reſume her Courage; and they then went into the Ship of which *Kerme* was Commander, and finding him in the ſame Condition with the Marquiſs, they took of him the ſame care.

The firſt thing the Chevalier did, was to run to the Cabin where they had convey'd the Mar-

quiſs, and being aſſured by the Surgeons after they had ſearch'd his Wounds, that there were none about him mortal; ſome part of that Tranquillity he had lately loſt, return'd, and the natural Generoſity of his Soul carrying him to make the ſame enquiry after *Kerme*, he heard thoſe appointed to take care of him, give a Judgment of his Condition not leſs favourable.

The extraordinary Emotions which theſe Adventures had created in the Soul of *Leonora*, join'd with the Conſtraint ſhe put on herſelf in concealing them, made Colonel *Ivon* in fear that ſhe would ſink under the oppreſſive Weight of them; and taking all imaginable ways to comfort her, You ſee Madam, (*ſaid he*) by what unexpected means Providence conducts you to that Happineſs, of which you ſo lately deſpair'd, and for which I doubt you are not yet ſufficiently thankful: But I deſire you will make uſe of that admirable Reaſon with which you are ſo plentifully ſtor'd; thank Heaven who has now put in your power all you ſeem'd to wiſh, the means of returning to your Father and your native Country.——As for the Marquiſs *de Padille*, if he has been falſe, you ſee your Wrongs revenged; if true, you will ſoon have an Opportunity of diſcovering it:——either way you have reaſon to be ſatisfied with your Lot.——Moderate therefore your Inquietudes, and conceal thoſe Diſorders, (which perhaps it is not poſſible for you all at once to expel) and remember that to give Liberty to *Don Fernando* and your ſelf, demands you ſhould always appear like the Chevalier *Lumley*, like the Hero you have done:——And depend on my Zeal for your Service, my Watchfulneſs for your Security, and the Faith I have given you never to forſake

you

you in the utmoſt peril, and to aſſiſt you in every thing that is noble and worthy of you.

Words ſuch as theſe, coming from a Perſon for whom *Leonora* had the greateſt reſpect, produc'd all the Effect the Speaker of them could have wiſh'd. I heſitate not, *ſaid ſhe*, to follow your Advice in all things; I look on you as my Father; my Glory, my Honour, and my Life, are in your hands: I will do, as far as I am able, all you would have me, but I conjure you to find ſome plauſible Excuſe for our departure for *Buenos Ayres* as ſoon as poſſible. I have diſcover'd to you too much of my Soul, not to make you in part ſenſible of what I feel in the Conſtraint I am at preſent under. I cannot be ſo near *Don Fernando*, ungrateful and perfidious as he is, without relapſing into all the Softneſs and Weakneſs of my Sex; and I muſt abſolutely ceaſe to be *Leonora*, to maintain the Character of the Chevalier *Lumley*, while in the ſame Veſſel with the ſtill lov'd, ſtill amiable *Don Fernando*. *Ivon*, who underſtood Nature perfectly well, and had not always been inſenſible of that Tenderneſs with which *Leonora* was animated, aſſur'd her in the moſt ſolemn manner, that he would in a very ſhort time find the means of reſtoring her to a place where ſhe might be at liberty to behave as became her Sex and Sentiments. After this Converſation, they parted for a few hours; *Leonora* went to viſit the wounded, and *Kerme* about the Execution of his Project.

Neither *Kerme* nor the Marquiſs *de Padille* being in a condition of knowing any thing, the Chevalier had the opportunity of viſiting them often, without being oblig'd to reſtrain before them any of thoſe Emotions of which his Soul was full; he plac'd *Ovesby* in the Room with the

Marquiſs, giving that faithful Friend a ſtrict charge not to leave him a moment; and becauſe he would hereafter have no Reproaches from his Generoſity, he took the ſame care of *Kerme*, and commanded the Attendance of thoſe neceſſary to preſerve his Life, as if he had been a Perſon equally dear with the Marquiſs *de Padille*.

In the mean time, *Ivon* got ready a Shallop, and went to viſit the other *Engliſh* Veſſels, which he found in a very bad Condition; then repreſenting the unhappy State they were in, to thoſe Officers who were left alive, and the danger of being attack'd by the *Spaniards*, while they were without a Chief, he advis'd them to confer that Honour, during the Inability of *Kerme*, on the Chevalier *Lumley*, whoſe Courage and Conduct had been ſo well teſtify'd among them. This Diſcourſe, pronounced by a Man who had given many Proofs of his Wiſdom and Experience, join'd to the Love and Eſteem which the Chevalier had acquir'd, was unanimouſly agreed with, and that young Hero was immediately proclaim'd as Commander General. *Ivon* having obtain'd this, went preſently and acquainted him with the News; the firſt uſe he made of his new Power, was to take all the Riches he had found in the *Hercules*, from the other Veſſels, and put them into that in which he was himſelf; to recruit that with Ammunition, and ſome of the beſt Men which were remaining from the late dreadful Slaughter; and to ſend thoſe, whoſe Hurts rendred them incapable of doing any preſent Service, to *Jamaica*; and ſetting thoſe Veſſels on fire, which had been too much damag'd for refitting up: After which he ſet Sail for the Coaſt of *Spain*; *Ivon*, who

was

was an old Warrior, and skill'd in Stratagems, having advis'd him to pretend that he was going to make a ſmall Deſcent into ſome of the Villages by the Sea-ſide. But theſe Orders occaſioning ſome Murmurs amongſt the Soldiers, as tho ſuſpicious of a Deſign; he oblig'd him in reality to do as he had ſaid, and ſeveral poor Families ſuffer'd by this Stratagem, which nevertheleſs the Neceſſity compell'd the Chevalier, tho' unwillingly, to put in execution. They ſail'd on toward *Buenos Ayres*, under the pretence of pillaging that Place a ſecond time. The Marquiſs *de Padille* having by this time recover'd the Uſe of his Senſes, and in the Opinion of the Surgeons paſs'd all danger, deſir'd to ſpeak with the Commander. The Chevalier, not able to aſſure himſelf that he ſhould retain that Behaviour which became the Sex he appear'd to be of, and the Dignity he now bore, deſir'd *Ivon* to go to him. The Tenderneſs of this charming Maid now more than ever diſclos'd itſelf, ſhe entreated him to make uſe of his utmoſt Penetration, to dive into the Secrets of his Heart; to find out, if it was poſſible, that there was any thing for her to hope; to try him every way, and give her a faithful account of all he ſaid, and in what manner he receiv'd his Interrogatories.

Ivon having promis'd all that was requeſted of him, went to the Cabin of *Don Fernando*, whom he found in a much better condition than could be expected: I come, *ſaid he*, in the name of our Commander, to pay you thoſe Regards which are owing to your Quality and Merit; and to aſſure you, that nothing but the Fears that his Preſence would not have been pleaſing to you, has prevented him from bring-

ing you thoſe Teſtimonies of his Eſteem, which he has now order'd me to give you. In ſpeaking theſe Words, he put into his hands a little Cabinet of Jewels, which he had found in his Ship. I thank your Captain, *anſwer'd the Marquiſs*, theſe were indeed ſome Trifles that belong'd to me; but as I can very well diſpenſe with the Abſence of a Perſon, to whom I owe my Defeat; ſo I alſo believe it has not yet been in his power to make me that Compliment in Perſon: for if I may give any credit to my Senſes, I left him in a condition little better than that he inflicted on me. I hoped he was, *added he, with a Sigh*, and I am certain I did my utmoſt Endeavours to make him; it being neither the Deſire of Glory, nor the Thirſt of Avarice, which arm'd my hand againſt him: but Hate, alone, deadly implacable Hate. By this Suggeſtion, *reply'd* Ivon, it ſhould be *Kerme* of whom you ſpeak; and if ſo, I dare aſſure you, you have enough wherewith to be content: his Wounds being not only more numerous, but more dangerous alſo than yours—But to rectify the miſtake you are at preſent under, I muſt inform you, that it is the Chevalier *Lumley* who commands here, and to whom you are a Priſoner. What! *cries* Don Fernando, *with a Voice as loud and vehement as his Weakneſs would permit*; the Chevalier *Lumley!* is he your Principal?—and is he neither kill'd nor hurt? Heavens! Heavens! *continued he, ready to tear the Bandage of his Wounds in the Extremity of Anguiſh*; this is the utmoſt Malice of my Fate. We ſhould be very unhappy, *ſaid* Ivon, were that brave Man in the State you ſeem to wiſh; but, my Lord, you are yet ignorant of his Worth, and the generous Care he has taken of you; nor do

I doubt to ſee a time when you will own, that no Man in the World deſerves ſo much the Eſteem of the valiant Marquiſs, as does the Chevalier *Lumley*. *Don Fernando* could not contain himſelf at this Diſcourſe, but fell into Ravings, which ſtrangely ſurpriz'd the Colonel; but growing afterward more moderate, he deſir'd him to acquaint him in what Poſition things were: Which the other gave a faithful account of, ſtill mingling with his Relation ſomething in praiſe of the Chevalier *Lumley*; which putting the Marquiſs beyond all patience, I know enough, *interrupted he*; 'tis ſufficient that I am a Priſoner, and that the Chevalier *Lumley* is my Conqueror. *Ivon* perceiving him in an agitation, which he fear'd might be prejudicial to him, drew nearer to him, and ſpeaking in a low Voice, that he might not be heard by any other Perſon in the Room; The Friendſhip, *ſaid he*, which the Chevalier has for you, will ſerve you for Ranſom; nor will he think your Liberty too great a Price to purchaſe your Eſteem: But, *continued he*, I will ſend a Gentleman to you, to whom you may impart your Mind freely, and who will inform you in every thing you deſire to know. In finiſhing theſe Words, he preſented *Ovesby* to him; whom *Don Fernando* look'd on with Surprize, as imagining he had ſeen that Face, but in what place, he could not call to mind. *Ivon* retir'd, after having inſtructed *Ovesby* in what manner he ſhould behave; and return'd to *Lumley*, to give him an account of what had paſs'd. He found that Heroine with *Kerme*, who had not yet recover'd the Uſe of his Speech.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Surprize *Leonora* was in at this Recital of *Ivon*'s, ſhe could not com-

comprehend for what reaſon the Marquiſs *de Padille* ſhould have conceiv'd ſo violent a Hatred againſt the Chevalier *Lumley*, and form'd in her Mind ten thouſand cruel Ideas on this Averſion; but the Advice of *Ivon* brought her ſome Conſolation, and ſhe was prevail'd upon by him not to give way to the Dictates of her Deſpair, till ſhe had firſt ſeen or ſpoke to the Marquiſs *de Padille*.

Don Fernando, in the mean time, having taken great notice of what *Ivon* had ſaid to him, called *Ovesby* to him, and having made him ſit down on the Bed-ſide: Can you, *ſaid he*, without betraying the Truſt repos'd in you, inform me of ſome Particulars relating to the Chevalier *Lumley*, and in which I am particularly intereſted? ——I would very fain know if he be marry'd? or if he has a Miſtreſs in *England*, and if he was in the firſt Enterprize the *Engliſh* made on *Buenos Ayres*?

I can, my Lord, *anſwer'd* Ovesby, without any Blemiſh to that Confidence my Maſter has honour'd me with, ſatisfy your Curioſity in all theſe Points. In the firſt place, I aſſure you, he bore no Arms at the time of that Expedition you mention: nor is he marry'd; nor, (tho' never Man was more form'd to charm, or had a greater ſhare of Tenderneſs in his own Heart) I know of no Engagement he has in *England*, and further dare venture to aſſure you, with no Woman in the World. Yet I have heard it reported, *reſumed the Marquiſs with an undeſcribable Agitation*, that he was paſſionately in love with a *Spaniſh* Lady, who fell into his hands in that unhappy War, or was ſince put into his power by *Kerme*.——But, *continued he with a deep Sigh*, you are with him, are favour'd with his Confi-

dence,

dence, and fear to diſcover a thing, which I believe, for many reaſons, he deſires ſhould be a Secret. To teſtify to you that there are no Reaſons to diſguiſe the Truth from you, *reply'd* Ovesby, I will tell you ſincerely, that *Leonora*, a Lady whoſe Beauty is certainly beyond compare, has been in his power above two Years, yet is he not enamour'd of her; he is ſenſible of the Engagements between you, and wiſhes nothing more than an opportunity to reſtore her to you. Notwithſtanding, he was told by an Officer, call'd *Montroſſe*, that ſoon after ſhe was taken Priſoner, you were about being married to a young Lady of *Jamaica*. What do I hear, *cry'd the Marquiſs* de Padille, am I married!—am I falſe to the adorable *Leonora!*——But go on, generous *Ovesby*, go on, and perfect the Happineſs you have begun—tell me again, that *Leonora* is living—that ſhe is faithful, and that the Chevalier *Lumley* is not charm'd with her.—O if it be ſo, happy Combat!—favourable Defeat!—bleſs'd Captivity! a thouſand times more glorious than the moſt compleat Victory! The Violence of that Paſſion with which he look'd and utter'd theſe Words, was near drawing Tears into the Eyes of *Ovesby*. My Lord, *ſaid he*, I am ſo ſenſible of what you feel in this Juncture, that I will not one moment delay acquainting my Maſter with the Poſition of your Heart; but it ſhall be on condition that you will calm the Agitation you are at preſent in, and if you love *Leonora*, do nothing which may be a prejudice to that Life, which you ought to preſerve for her.——The Chevalier can inform you much better than I in every thing which concerns you in this Particular; but thus much I dare venture to aſſure you, that *Leonora* is

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faithful, and on the knowledge that you are ſo, will in a ſhort time be yours.

Not all the Preſcriptions of the beſt Phyſicians could have work'd that Effect on him, as did theſe Words of *Ovesby*; and regarding him with more attention than he had done, he was more convinced than ever, that he had both heard his Voice, and ſeen his Face: The more I look on you, *ſaid he*, the more I imagine that I have ſomewhere been acquainted with you; do me the favour, therefore, to eaſe me of the Suſpence I am in, and acquaint me who you are.

My Lord! *reply'd* Ovesby, *making a low Bow*, permit me to leave you without acquieſcing to this Requeſt——that is a Myſtery which is reſerv'd for the Chevalier *Lumley* to explain; nor can I do it, without being guilty of a Breach of Truſt, which would render me unworthy your Lordſhip's Regard. *Don Fernando* would preſs him no farther, and the other took his leave, telling him, that in a very ſhort time he ſhould be ſatisfy'd at full.

When the Recital of this Converſation was made to *Leonora*, that courageous Lady, who had ſo often gone in ſearch of Death with an Intrepidity becoming the moſt experienc'd and the boldeſt Warriors, was now ready to expire; Grief, Joy, Love, and Pity, made ſuch a Conflict in her Soul, that ſhe fell into a Swoon in the Arms of *Ivon* and *Beatrix*: They uſed ſuch Endeavours as preſently recover'd her, after which they both join'd in reproaching her in a gentle manner, for giving way to a Weakneſs, of which they had thought her incapable. You ſee, gallant *Ivon*, *ſaid ſhe*, *bluſhing*, that I am a very Woman, and that we ſometimes owe to an

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Exceſs of Misfortunes, a Courage which vaniſhes in Proſperity. Tho' theſe Reflections rendred her not leſs worthy of Admiration, *Ivon* was unwilling ſhe ſhould continue in them, and ſent *Ovesby* back to the Marquiſs's Cabin, with Orders to make every body retire out of it, under pretence that the Chevalier was coming to treat with him on ſome Affairs of conſequence between the two Nations. *Ovesby* executed his Commiſſion with all the dexterity imaginable, and prepared the Marquiſs for his approach; who trembling, follow'd him ſoon after, accompany'd by Colonel *Ivon*. They no ſooner appear'd, than *Don Fernando*, thinking it his place to ſpeak firſt, Valiant *Lumley*, *ſaid he*, you ſee a Man as full of Eſteem and Admiration for you, as he was once of Hatred and Jealouſy: *Ovesby* has doubtleſs acquainted you with the Cauſe, and I therefore entreat you will forget my firſt Sentiments, and remember that the latter are occaſion'd by the hope of retrieving my dear *Leonora* thro' your means. In finiſhing theſe Words, he open'd his Arms, and the Chevalier being advanc'd, threw himſelf into them; Yes, *cry'd he*, my for ever-loved *Don Fernando*, it is juſt that I reſtore to you your *Leonora*, ſince you deſire it. This Voice was too preſent to the Mind of this faithful Lover, for him not to know it immediately; he heſitated not, as he had done on the account of *Ovesby*, but not doubting but that it was the Daughter of *Valeſco* who fill'd his Arms—*Leonora! cry'd he*, my dear *Leonora!* is it you that I embrace?——Can it be poſſible?—O Heaven! thou art too good. Theſe Words were repeated a million of times over, and interrupted with Tears, Kiſſes, and tender Embraces. But at laſt, the Deſire of know-

knowing by what Enchantment *Leonora* and the Chevalier *Lumley* was the ſame Perſon, made him give a Truce to his Tranſports, to know by what ſtrange means all things came to be in the Poſition they were.

Leonora, who found in the preſent Careſſes of *Don Fernando*, too much of the ſame ardent Paſſion, which he had formerly poſſeſs'd, to doubt of his Fidelity, tenderly entreated him to moderate the Violence of his Rapture, fearing ſome ill conſequence from it in the Weakneſs of the Condition he now was; and after having preſented *Ivon* to him, as a Perſon worthy of Eſteem, and made him know *Beatrix* in the appearance of *Ovesby*, ſhe recounted to him the whole Hiſtory of her Adventures, diſguiſing nothing from him, that had paſs'd ſince the firſt moment of her being taken Priſoner by *Kerme*. Never was Man ſo fill'd with Aſtoniſhment, Love, and Admiration, as was he at this Relation; and having teſtify'd what were his Sentiments, by ſome Expreſſions of Tenderneſs, and Praiſe, he proceeded to acquaint her with all that had happen'd to him ſince their Separation. He juſtify'd *Montroſſe*, by telling her that what he ſaid concerning his Marriage, had been occaſion'd by believing him his Rival. Theſe faithful Lovers, now perfectly ſatisfy'd with each other, *Ivon* communicated to the Marquiſs their Deſign of carrying the Veſſel, with all the rich Spoil it contain'd, to *Buenos Ayres*. *Don Fernando* teſtify'd his Gratitude for ſuch Intentions by a thouſand Acknowledgments, and Proteſtations of an eternal Friendſhip; then, after having examin'd all the Conſequences of a Deſign, which was not without its Hazards, *Ivon* adviſed *Leonora* to quit the Cabin, leſt ſo

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long a Converſation with a Priſoner, ſhould occaſion any Suſpicion among the Soldiers. She knew him too ſincerely attach'd to her Intereſt, not to regard what he ſaid; and leaving *Beatrix* with the Marquiſs, went with *Ivon* on Deck, where ſhe reſumed the Character of the Chevalier *Lumley*, and found leſs Conſtraint in doing ſo, than ever ſhe had known before; by ſo much the more, as ſhe was the more free from Perplexity than ever ſhe had been, ſince firſt ſhe wore the Habit of a Man.

All this time the Veſſel was drawing nearer to the Coaſt of *Buenos Ayres*; and for the carrying on their Project, *Lumley* made ſeveral little Deſcents as they went along, pillaging the Peaſants, and taking Priſoners. The Soldiers and Mariners rejoiced, and were highly pleaſed with their Commander; but when this had continued for ſome days, *Ivon* ſelected all thoſe whom he ſuſpected, and form'd a Party of them to make a Deſcent; on which Expedition they went with Joy. They had no ſooner left the Veſſel, than he order'd to weigh Anchor, and hoiſted Sail directly for *Buenos Ayres*; the Pilot, who was an *Engliſhman*, miſtruſting ſomething, refuſed to obey; on which he ſhot him thro' the Head immediately, and put one of his own Country at the Helm. Then calling together ſome, who he knew were well affected to him, he communicated to them his Deſign, and with their Aſſiſtance, and that of the Chevalier *Lumley*, ſoon became Maſter of all thoſe who oppos'd him, and then enter'd with *Spaniſh* Colours into the Harbour of *Buenos Ayres*.

Don Bernardo de Valeſco, who was watchful of every Veſſel that came in, in hope of hearing News of the Marquiſs *de Padille*, was the firſt who

who came to receive the Chevalier *Lumley*. But how great was his Surprize, when he beheld two People whom he knew not, and to find his Knees embraced, and his Hands bathed in Tears by a young Chevalier, whoſe Beauty, and the Air of his Deportment, rendred theſe Actions doubly touching! He went back ſome ſteps, to examine the lovely Stranger with more Attention; and his Heart being, as it were, melted by ſuch Marks of Submiſſion, Nature had not much difficulty to open his Eyes, and make him know his Daughter in the appearance of this young Chevalier.——Seiz'd with the utmoſt Extremes of Aſtoniſhment and Joy, he ran to her, caught her in his Arms, and continued holding her there for a whole hour, without being able to bring forth one Word; all who were preſent, kept a profound Silence, waiting the Iſſue of an Adventure which appear'd ſo extraordinary: At laſt the ſtruggling Paſſions found a Vent; *Leonora!* my Daughter! *cry'd he out*, by what ſtrange Miracle art thou reſtored to me? Theſe few Words were ſufficient to inform the Company of the Sum of the Affair, who having lamented with *Don Bernardo* the Loſs of an only Child, now congratulated her Return in a loud Cry of Joy. After which every one drew near, and gazed on her as a Prodigy in Nature; the joyful Father was forced to make uſe of many Arguments to perſuade them to return to the City, while he went with his Daughter and the Colonel to their Veſſel, where ſhe gave him a brief Recital of all that had befallen her, with ſo much Spirit and Modeſty, that *Valeſco* could not forbear interrupting her by frequent Praiſes and Embraces; but when ſhe came to that part of her Story, which

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mention'd her meeting with the Marquiſs *de Padille*, his Pleaſure was without all bounds.

He thank'd *Ivon* for his generous Care, and having promiſed *Leonora*, that he would obtain from the Captain-General the Liberty of *Kerme*, they went all together to viſit the Marquiſs *de Padille*, who receiv'd him with his ordinary Reſpect and Tenderneſs. After many Teſtimonies of their reciprocal Contentment, he order'd both *Don Fernando* and Commadore *Kerme* to be carefully convey'd on ſhore, and lodg'd at his Houſe, leaving *Ivon* to take care of the Ship, and the other wounded Perſons. *Leonora* expreſſing a deſire to ſee *Montroſſe*, he was ſent for to meet them, and they all enter'd the City as in Triumph.

When *Valeſco* had given the neceſſary Orders at home for the Entertainment of theſe welcome Gueſts, he went to acquaint the Captain-General of all that happen'd; and as the Marquiſs *de Padille* was in great Conſideration thro' all *Spain*, and no Perſon was ignorant of his Engagements with *Leonora*, this great Commander thought himſelf happy in having an opportunity of expreſſing the Eſteem he had for both; and not only conſented that the Fate of *Kerme* ſhould be at the diſpoſal of that accompliſh'd Heroine, but alſo all the Riches which had been taken in the *Hercules*, as being the Purchaſe of her Valour.

Don Bernardo return'd with this News to *Leonora*, who, with *Beatrix*, having reſumed the Habit of her Sex, renewed her Teſtimonies of the Joy ſhe felt in ſeeing him again; after which, ſhe went to the Apartment of *Kerme*, who not till now had recover'd the uſe of his Voice, or very little of his Senſes. His Aſto-

niſhment was exceſſive, to find himſelf on a magnificent Bed, in a ſpacious Chamber, richly adorn'd and beautify'd; and every thing that was needful for him, preſented to him by the hands of *Spaniards*: but it was redoubled, when he ſaw *Leonora*, follow'd by *Beatrix*, come into the Room, and ſitting down on a Chair near the Bed-ſide, accoſt him in theſe Terms:

I know not, *ſaid ſhe*, if you are yet in an Eſtate to comprehend what I would have you know; and if that Grandeur of Soul, which has always appear'd in you, be not ſomething diminiſh'd——If ſo, I have too much Love for your Glory, not to attend till the Return of your Health ſhall give you the power of calling back your Virtue, in an occaſion which I know will require it. All this Diſcourſe, the Habit of *Leonora* and *Beatrix*, and in fine, every thing he ſaw about him, concurring to make him gueſs at ſome part of his Deſtiny; In whatever Eſtate I am, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, I ſhall always liſten to what you ſay with the Reſpect of a Man, to whom you are more dear than Life: and tho' I perceive ſome part of my Misfortune, and doubt not but I am a Priſoner to the *Spaniards*, from whom I can expect but little Mercy; yet I proteſt, that the fear of having loſt the valiant *Lumley*, is ſucceeded by an adequate Pleaſure, in ſeeing the divine *Leonora*.——I have nothing now worthy of my Griefs——it was your Death alone that had the power of depriving me of my Reaſon, and my Courage——but you live, and in that Bleſſing all other Cauſes for Deſpair are loſt.——I ſhall diſhonour in nothing the Regard you expreſs for my Glory, and am now prepared for every Event of Fate. He pronounced theſe Words with ſo much Spi-

Spirit and Reſolution, that *Leonora* no longer doubted, if ſhe ſhould purſue her firſt Deſign, and immediately recounted to him every Particular of what had paſs'd; diſcovering to him, without diſguiſe, her Love for the Marquiſs *de Padille*, and her Engagements to him, the Obligations ſhe had to *Ivon*, and the manner in which ſhe was reſtored to her native Country, and the Houſe of her dear Father. You ſee me now, (*ſaid ſhe, concluding her Diſcourſe*) in the Arms of a Father and a Husband, and that it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to return your Paſſion in the way you wiſh. Your Care of me, and your Reſpect, have given you a juſt Title to my Friendſhip and Eſteem; yet cannot you accuſe me in endeavouring to reſtore myſelf to thoſe, to whom my Duty and my Inclination have devoted me from my Infancy——I hope alſo, moſt generous *Kerme*, that when I declare freely to you, that I could not be happy without the Marquiſs *de Padille*, you have yet Love enough for me, not to think a ſhort Captivity too great a Price to pay for my eternal Peace.

You had reaſon, Madam, *reply'd he*, to believe I ſtood in need of all my Courage, to ſuſtain what you came hither to acquaint me with: I muſt confeſs it was for Misfortunes of a much leſs terrible nature I had prepared myſelf.—— The Loſs of my Command, the Defeat of our Navy, the Hurts I have endured, and my Captivity, were Woes which vaniſhed at the ſight of you;——but you tell me I muſt ſee you no more, and that I have a Rival who will ſee you without ceaſing; this I cannot think on without Deſpair. If it be true, that I have had the Happineſs to acquire your Eſteem, you would have given a Proof of it, in ſuffering me to die;

niſhment was exceſſive, to find himſelf on a magnificent Bed, in a ſpacious Chamber, richly adorn'd and beautify'd; and every thing that was needful for him, preſented to him by the hands of *Spaniards*: but it was redoubled, when he ſaw *Leonora*, follow'd by *Beatrix*, come into the Room, and ſitting down on a Chair near the Bed-ſide, accoſt him in theſe Terms:

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the Cares you have taken to preſerve my Life, ſerve but to make me the moſt wretched of Mankind. However, as I am a Priſoner to the Marquiſs *de Padille*, and hoſpitably entertain'd in the Houſe and Bed of *Don Bernardo de Valeſco*, I ought not, nor I cannot go about to hinder your Happineſs; and I know alſo, in ſpite of my Grief, that I am obliged to you, that at a time when you have nothing to fear from me, you come in Perſon to inform me of my Deſtiny, and juſtify yourſelf for the Blow you have given me.

Leonora was not inſenſible of the Efforts he made to overcome this Deſpair, and to do nothing unworthy of his Character, and the Reſpect he had ever paid her; ſhe aſſured him of her everlaſting Friendſhip, and left him to meditate on what ſhe had ſaid, and exert his utmoſt Reaſon to ſurmount his Paſſion, and the Diſappointment it had met with.

This generous Maid, who neglected nothing that might be agreeable to *Don Fernando*, would have him ſee *Montroſſe*, whom *Valeſco* had inform'd of theſe ſingular Occurrences; and it was in his preſence, that theſe two faithful Lovers ſwore to each other an inviolable Fidelity, and that *Don Bernardo* promiſed, that as ſoon as ever the Marquiſs was in a Condition, *Hymen* ſhould unite them for ever.

Soon after the Colonel, having regulated all things in the Veſſel, came to the Houſe of *Valeſco*, to take his part in a Contentment, to which he had ſo greatly contributed; and being told that *Kerme* was now fit for Converſation, deſired he might be permitted to make him a Viſit: on which, being immediately conducted to his Chamber, he no ſooner entred, than *Kerme* put-

putting back the Curtain with an Air, which teſtify'd at once both Reſentment and Grief; What *Ivon! ſaid he*, the gallant *Ivon*, in whom I placed ſo much Confidence, and whom I ſo infinitely eſteem'd for his Courage and his Virtue, has he betray'd me into the hands of my Enemies, and join'd with them to deprive me of all that was precious to me! and can he after this appear before me! No, *Kerme*, *reply'd* Ivon, I have not been treacherons to you, but faithful to my King: I took not the part of an Uſurper, but to find ſome favourable Occaſion to ſerve my Country, which groans beneath the Laws of a Tyrant, an Enemy to Altars, to the three Kingdoms, and to Nobility in general. I deliver'd you not into the hands of your Foes, but to oblige you to reſtore, what by unjuſt Violence, and contrary to the Law of Nations, you detain'd; and I hope your Virtue will hereafter make you ſenſible of your Error, and that there will come a day when you will be a glorious Inſtrument for the Reſtoration of injur'd Majeſty. It ſeem'd as if theſe Words were prophetick; for after the Death of *Cromwell*, when General *Monk* came into *London*, and was ſeconded by the Naval Force commanded by *Montague*, *Kerme* was one of thoſe who conducted *Charles* the Second to come into *England*, to take poſſeſſion of the Throne of his Anceſtors.

But he was not yet in a Condition to reliſh this Diſcourſe, and ſaid little in anſwer to it; his Health, however, day by day, returning, and his Reaſon growing more ſtrong, he was capable of making thoſe Reflections neceſſary to ſubdue his Paſſion, and the Care and generous Behaviour of *Valeſco*, the Obligements heaped

upon him by the Marquiſs *de Padille*, and the Remonſtrances made him by *Leonora*, he accuſtom'd himſelf by degrees to ſee theſe two Lovers give each other a thouſand innocent Marks of their mutual Tenderneſs, and at laſt to arrive at ſo great a pitch of Self-denial, as to be one of thoſe who preſs'd *Don Bernardo* to haſten the Celebration of their Nuptials.

To behold this Change in him, ſpread an univerſal Joy thro' all the Family of *Don Bernardo*, who had only, in complaiſance to *Kerme*, ſo long delay'd the Wiſhes of this enamour'd Pair.

The Marquiſs *de Padille* being now perfectly recover'd, every thing was got ready with all poſſible expedition, to make the Solemnization of this Marriage as magnificent as could be: and never had been greater Rejoicings in *Buenos Ayres*, than thoſe which attended the Nuptials of theſe accompliſh'd and faithful Lovers. *Kerme* having ſeen his ſtill-admir'd *Leonora* in the poſſeſſion of what alone could make her happy, took his leave, and parted for *Jamaica*, where he arriv'd without any ill Accident, perfectly cured of his Wounds, and of his Paſſion. *Ivon* ſettled himſelf in *Spain* for the Remainder of his days, and became the Chief of an illuſtrious Family. *Montroſſe* continued in the *Spaniſh* Troops, till the Reſtoration of his Maſter to the Crown of *England*, call'd him home; and the Marquiſs *de Padille*, and the beautiful *Leonora*, paſs'd their Lives in a conſtant Adherence to Virtue, which rendred them equally fortunate and illuſtrious.

Thus ended the Task of *Urania*; and ſcarce had ſhe ſhut the Book, before a confuſed Noiſe of Praiſes and Acclamations run thro' the whole

Aſſembly. Even *Thelamont* himſelf could not here preſerve that Decorum he ordinarily did as a *Husband*, but teſtified his Admiration of his charming Spouſe, in Terms befitting the moſt paſſionate Lover. The Heat of the Day ending with the Hiſtory of *Leonora*, they all adjourned to the Gardens, where they paſs'd the time till Supper, entertaining themſelves with Diſcourſes on the Adventures of that amiable Pair, who had employ'd the Pen of *Urania*. After which, they took their Repaſt with a good humour, inſeparable from this agreeable Society, and then went all together to the Apartment of *Thelamont*; and having paſs'd the remainder of the Evening, retired, at length, to taſte the Sweets of that Repoſe, which only the Virtuous and the Happy can enjoy; leaving *Urania* at liberty to enjoy the Pleaſures of a Union, ſhe ſo well knew how to deſcribe.

The End of the Tenth Day.



La Belle Aſſemblee.

The Eleventh Day.

THE Sentiments of this amiable Society were too conformable to thoſe, which *Urania* had made the Perſons in her Hiſtory inſpired with, not to make them very much intereſted in all the Incidents of it. The amorous *Alphonſo* wiſh'd to go thro' all the Dangers which the Marquiſs *de Padille* had paſs'd, ſo he were certain of arriving at the ſame Felicity. And *Camilla* languiſhed for the Fate of *Leonora:* Nor could the Beams of the Sun, when diſſipating the Shades of Night, have any power to baniſh from the Minds of theſe ardent Lovers, thoſe Miſts of Care

Care and anxious Fearfulneſs, which are ever the inſeparable Companions of a true Affection, till in ſure poſſeſſion of the Joy it longs for.

Urania, who had calmer Meditations, was not yet come out of her Chamber, when ſhe ſaw the two beautiful Couſins enter it, followed immediately after by the reſt of the Company: The Morning being unfit for walking, it was agreed to paſs the time there till Dinner. Among Perſons of ſo much Wit, and Delicacy of Soul, the Converſation could not long turn on barren Subjects; nor was it enough that what they ſaid was agreeable, it muſt be inſtructive alſo; and ſcarce one ſingle moment paſs'd without ſome one of them ſtarting a Theme, which ſhould give the others an opportunity of expreſſing the Juſtneſs of their Notions, and fine Senſe. *Camilla*, yet full of the Hiſtory of *Leonora*, after having given the beautiful Author of it new Praiſes, ſaid, ſhe could not imagine how it happen'd that a Nation like the *Engliſh*, ſo famed for Wiſdom, Courage, and heroick Fortitude, ſhould ſo frequently blemiſh the Luſtre of thoſe Virtues by an Inſtability of Temper, and a Propenſity to Revolts, Faction, and Sedition. When I reflect, *ſaid ſhe*, how they made their Lawful King, and a Prince more eminent for his Piety and Goodneſs, than for his Royal Birth, die on a publick Scaffold, I am ſeized with ſuch a Horrour, and Deteſtation, that I can ſcarce credit thoſe Reports which are given us of the *Engliſh* Nation. 'Tis an eternal Blot upon them indeed, *reply'd* Urania, and what the braveſt Actions of ſucceeding Ages will never be able to obliterate the Memory of. But ſee the ſad Effects of Ambition! it is a Paſſion which admits not the Conſiderations of either

Law,

Law, Religion, or even common Morality to reſtrain ;——it tends wholly to the Deſtruction of all that would oppoſe it ; and the Soul once poſſeſs'd of it, is capable of all manner of Injuſtice, Treachery, Cruelty ; in fine, there is no Crime but what it may be guilty of.

Moſt true, (*added* Thelamont) Ambition join'd with Courage is the moſt pernicious Quality a Man can have : For inſtance, the Conſpiracy of *Amboiſe*, and that of the Admiral *Coligny*, who having loſt four Battels againſt his King, had not the leaſt Abatement of his Valour, or that Spirit of Sedition which ſtirr'd him up continually to raiſe freſh Commotions, and foment the growing Quarrels which every day were diſordering the State between the Catholicks and the Followers of *Calvin*.

Let us a little examine this Lord, ſo illuſtrious for his Birth, his perſonal Merit, the Eſteem of his King and Country, while he continued Loyal : But after, how vaſtly to the reverſe of theſe noble Qualifications was his whole Soul perverted ! poiſoned with the Venom of Hereſy and Ambition, he became a Rebel to all Virtue ; brought the Troops of Strangers into the heart of the Kingdom, endeavour'd to ſubject the Laws, to baniſh Royalty ; and, in fine, to turn the Monarchy into a Republick. Thus was this great Man undone, involv'd in a diſhonourable Affair, in which his Glory, and at laſt his Life fell a neceſſary, but much pitied Sacrifice.

But never did there happen a more terrible Example of Sedition and Rebellion, than that againſt *Charles* the Firſt, King of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*. After a long War, Epiſcopacy was baniſhed, that excellent Prince brought to a Tribunal,

bunal, judg'd and condemn'd by his own Subjects, and at laſt executed on a Scaffold; Monarchy was extinct, and the State chang'd into a Republick: and all this was brought about by the Ambiton of *Cromwel*; who, tho' of a mean Deſcent and Education, had ſo much villanous Cunning, as to refuſe the Title of King when offered him by the Parliament, but accepted of that of Lord Protector of the three Kingdoms, which gave him an equal Authority without the ſame Hazards. Scarce can I think on that triumphant Villain without horror:——O what unceaſing Cruelties did he practiſe on the Catholicks! how did he ſubvert even the Church of *England* by their own Law eſtabliſh'd, ſilencing the Biſhops, confiſcating their Eſtates, and in fine, having the words *Religion* and *Liberty* in his Mouth, was the eternal Perſecutor of the one, and Tyrant of the other! Nor is it poſſible to mention this Affair, and not reflect on the Infidelity of the *Scotch*: That unhappy Monarch, *Charles* the Firſt, having loſt a Battle againſt his rebellious Subjects near *York*, made *Oxford* the place of his Retreat, which, to the immortal Glory of that City, perſevered in its Obedience, when almoſt all the others, either through Fear, or private Corruption, had ſubmitted. But being informed that the Traitors had a deſign of beſieging that Place, he took a Reſolution to throw himſelf into the Arms of the *Scotch*; hoping that a Nation to whom he owed his Original, and on whoſe Throne his Anceſtors had ſat for a long Series of Ages, would not fail to protect and re-eſtabliſh him. When he arrived at *New-Caſtle*, he met the *Scotch* Army, commanded by General *Leſley*, who no ſooner ſaw the King, than he paid him all thoſe Honours which

are the Due of Royalty. He threw himſelf at his feet, and preſented him with his Sword; which the King having taken out of his Hand, delivered to him again, telling him he hoped he never would make uſe of it but for his Service.

After this, the Parliament of *Scotland* gave Orders that he ſhould be treated in all things as became their King; but in the midſt of this appearance of Fidelity and Reſpect, they were contriving how to make the beſt uſe of the Power he put into their hand for their own advantage; and oblig'd *Montroſſe* and *Huntley*, who had rais'd great Numbers of Men for his Service, to lay down their Arms. The eaſy Nature of the King gave them an opportunity to practiſe the Deceits they had intended againſt him; and after having rooted out and deſtroy'd Epiſcopacy, they treated with the Rebels of *England* about ſelling this good Prince; and agreed for two Millions of Money to deliver him into their power.——Execrable and enormous Crime! which one cannot ſpeak of without being agitated by all the Emotions of Abhorrence and Deteſtation!——And after having received the villainous Hire of their Infidelity, performed the curſed Bargain, and yielded one of the beſt of Men and Kings, a helpleſs Sacrifice to the Fury of thoſe impudent and mercileſs Traitors.

You make my very Soul ſhudder with an unuſual Horror, (*ſaid* Orophanes) at bringing to remembrance that monſtrous Deed:——Nothing ſure was ever ſo touching, nothing ſo dreadful. You could not be ſenſible of thoſe Movements of Pity and of Horror, (*interrupted* Felicia) if you were a Profeſſor of that Schiſm which the Doers of that deteſtable Parricide were. The

true

true Religion gives us a Heart tender, faithful, and grateful; it gives us a juſt Senſe of the Bleſſing of Liberty, but will not ſuffer us to pay the Purchaſe of our Innocence for it; and teaches us to eſteem it a thouſand times more noble Vocation to open and ſhut a Door, if therein we may preſerve our Virtue, than to hold a Sceptre when it muſt render us criminal.—— The Ambition of the truly Religious is to be great in Piety; and I cannot believe but that the many Hereſies which are ſuffered to abound in ſome Kingdoms, have been the chief occaſion of their Troubles.

I am entirely of your opinion, (*ſaid* Florinda) and I compare the Differences of Religions to that of Languages:——Put ſeveral Perſons into a Room together, who underſtand not each other's Speech, how ſtrange a Confuſion will there be among them! 'Tis juſt ſo with theſe Profeſſors of the Faith, who tho' they mean almoſt the ſame thing, by their contrary way of expreſſing it, create a Diſunion, and will not be prevailed on to believe thoſe who endeavour to reconcile them.

It would be therefore very much for the general Repoſe, that all Men were obliged to have the ſame Faith, and to be bound by the ſame Law. And I think it very ſurprizing, that a Monarch who reigns over ſeveral Kingdoms or Provinces, cannot bring them to embrace the ſame Doctrine; we ſhould then have but few Hiſtories of Revolts and Sedition.

It is very difficult (*replied* Thelamont) for a Prince to preſerve Peace in thoſe Countries from which he is obliged to be abſent: All the Report of his good Qualities, or his Power, will be ineffectual; and if like *Julius Cæſar*, or *Hannibal*,

nibal, he maintains not Armies which give a preſent Awe among the diſtant Nations, they will give but little Credit to Dangers which they know but by Suggeſtion.

'Tis therefore extremely neceſſary, (*added* Orſames) that a King ſhould be as little abſent as poſſible from his Subjects. *Strabo* reports, that the Kings of *Cappadocia* kept their Court on the Mountain *Argée*, a Place wild and deſart, and which had many Inconveniences; but being in the Centre of their Kingdom, they could with eaſe be inform'd of all that happened, and be in a readineſs to prevent any pernicious Deſign that might be form'd againſt them.

That ſame *Strabo*, (*ſaid* Camilla) tells us, that when *Cyrus* had ſubdued the *Medes*, and extended his Empire throughout *Aſia*, he eſtabliſh'd his Throne at *Babylon*, to the end that he might know what paſſed in all the Provinces. And *Antoninus Pius* always made choice of a place where he might have News in a little time, and that if any Commotions ſhould happen, he might not have far to go for the repelling them: *Becauſe*, (ſaid that good Prince) *the Journeys of a Monarch are always expenſive to the Subjects.*

It is true, (*replied* Thelamont) but in ſpite of all the Examples we can cite, it is abſolutely impoſſible for a King to be preſent in all the places where he has Power: He ought therefore to attach to his Intereſt, ſome of the greateſt and moſt worthy Men. It ſhould be the firſt Study of a young Prince, to find out who are capable of ſerving him, and will beſt become the Offices and Employments he ſhall confer upon them. A Monarch neglecting this, is ſure to fall into irreparable Misfortunes; he can know nothing of the Truth, is oblig'd to depend

depend on thoſe about him; who without this ſcrutiny may, perhaps, be baſe enough to report things not as they really are, and deceive their Prince into Actions, which are neither for his own Glory, nor the Intereſt of his State.

A Prince who loves his Subjects is always belov'd, and it is the greateſt Bleſſing of a Monarch to be Maſter of the Hearts of his People;——it is then that he is indeed a King.—— The Union of his Subjects is the Cement of his Power; and to arrive at this Happineſs, 'tis neceſſary that the Governours of his Provinces, and who repreſent his Perſon, ſhould be Men of Experience, Wiſdom, Valour, Magnanimity, and unſhaken Loyalty and Affability. A King, when he ſubſtitutes one of theſe Vicegerents, ought to reflect that he puts into his hands part of the ſupreme Authority; that he inveſts him with one of the Flowers of his Crown, and that the Qualifications neceſſary for ſupporting his Honour in ſuch a Poſt, are very extraordinary. I do not think therefore, that there is any one thing a Prince ſhould be more diligent in, than the Examination of the very Souls of thoſe Men he means to employ in ſuch a manner: How many have forfeited the good Opinion at firſt conceived of them, thoſe who have the leaſt Acquaintance with Hiſtory cannot be ignorant. The Brother of *Edward* the Fourth, King of *England*, being made Protector of the Kingdom during the Minority of his young Nephew, became the Murderer of the Infants, whom all the Ties of Blood and Duty ſhould have obliged him to cheriſh. *John Cantecuſene*, Governour to the Son of *Andronicus*, Emperor of the *Greeks*, made uſe of the Power conferr'd on him, to invade the Empire. *Odo*, Cont

of

of *Paris*, took the ſame advantage during the Infancy of *Charles* the Fourth. The Children of *Theodoſius* loſt the Empire of the Eaſt by the Treachery and Ambition of *Stilico*, Superintendant and Governour of it.

If all theſe things have happened, therefore, in Kingdoms where the Preſence of the lawful Prince one would think ſhould ſtrike an Awe into the Subject; what may not be tranſacted in diſtant Countries, where the Monarch is leſs known than his Lieutenant, and may be repreſented to the People according to the humour of the Perſon he makes choice of. To prevent an over-great Affection between ſuch a one and the Subjects, it is forbidden by an ancient and expreſs Law, that no Governour of a Province ſhall acquire any Poſſeſſions in that place; buy Land, build Houſes, marry among them, nor ſuffer any Alliances with them in his Family. It is alſo the Wiſdom of a Monarch, never to let any one Perſon continue long in the ſame Employment; but by changing them often, let the People, whom they are to govern, ſee that their dependance muſt be on him alone; and that there was no Power ſo great, but that he could, when he pleas'd, recall, and confer on another.

The Kings of *Perſia* never ſuffered their Governours of Provinces, Cities, nor even ſmall Towns, to have the Caſtles or Fortreſſes in their power; and the Emperor *Commodus*, to aſſure himſelf of the Fidelity of thoſe he made his Vice-Roys, always retain'd their Children, or thoſe neareſt by Blood and Affection as Hoſtages.

The Kings of *Ethiopia* practiſed the ſame thing in regard to thoſe Kings and Princes who were

were their Tributaries, not only to preſerve them in their Duty, and the Fear they deſired to inſpire in them, but alſo to accuſtom the young Princes to that Reſpect they expected from them as to their Sovereign.

In *France*, under the Reign of King *Henry* the Third, to what ſevere Reſtrictions were the Governours of Provinces confin'd; obliged to relinquiſh a great part of the Salary uſually paid by the Crown to Perſons who held thoſe Offices, yet dar'd they not complain, fearing a worſe Misfortune might enſue.

A Country at a great diſtance from the Sovereign cannot but be liable to many Invaſions and Outrages, and rarely can there be found a remedy for this Evil; the immenſe Charges of ſending Troops, the time required for their Paſſage, and the care in chuſing Captains, whoſe Fidelity may be depended on, makes ſuccour come ordinarily too late, and gives time to the Enemy to eſtabliſh themſelves too ſtrongly to be repell'd. It ſhould therefore be the Buſineſs of a Prince to foreſee theſe things before they happen, and never to leave ſuch a place without ſufficient Defence for itſelf within its own Walls. And the rather, becauſe a Country thus loſt is ſcarce ever to be retriev'd again; for the Inhabitants, who ſeeing themſelves without the means of Reſiſtance, having yielded to the Invader on Condition that their Lives and Effects ſhould be ſpared, are now compelled to ſerve under their new Maſter, leſt the former one ſhould puniſh a Treaſon, which might not be repreſented to him as involuntary, tho' it were really ſo. In fine, a young Prince ſhould, from the Age he is firſt capable of it, endeavour to inform himſelf of every thing relating to the People he is born to rule,

let them be ever ſo remote from him; he ſhould be acquainted with their Laws, their Privileges, the Humour of the Nations, their ancient Cuſtoms, the Geography of the Country, the Rights both of the Subjects and the Sovereign, and be perfectly well read in their Hiſtory, that by the Examples of foregoing Kings he may find what Steps it will be moſt for his Safety and his Honour to take in his Proceedings with them.

The introducing new Laws or Religions, or abrogating an ancient Cuſtom, has frequently been fatal to the Prince who has made Tryal of it. *Spain* had yet been Maſter of the *Low-Countries*, but for theſe Innovations; nor had *Ireland* coſt *England* ſo much Money to reduce it to Obedience, had gentle means been uſed. The ſeventeen Provinces of the *Netherlands* were Hereditary to the Crown of *Spain*, but by being at a great diſtance from their Sovereign, they threw off the Yoke their Governours were endeavouring to faſten on them: *Ireland* was a conquered Kingdom, and for the ſame Reaſon was continually riſing up in Arms againſt its new Maſters and new Rules.

For this Reaſon, as I ſaid before, a Prince ought in the firſt place to gain the Love of his People: Fear will be of little ſervice, when the Perſon to be feared is at too great a diſtance to make uſe of his Authority; but Love will bring him ever preſent, and render Obedience a Pleaſure. *Alexander* was beloved by thoſe he had ſubdued by the Force of his Arms, as well as by thoſe he was born to rule over, not only becauſe of the Eloquence of his Diſcourſes, but alſo that he had the Policy to diſcharge his new Subjects from the Impoſitions which their former Maſters had laid on them, entred into the Affairs

fairs of the principal Families among them, reconciled their Differences, and obliged the Governours of his Provinces to do the ſame. Theſe Conſiderations, ſo rare to be found in a Sovereign, engaged him the Affections of all the Nations he had conquered.

This Example methinks ſhould be a Rule to all Princes, as ſhould ſome others be a Warning; ſuch as *Tiberius*, *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Maxentius*, *Denys*, and ſeveral others, who affected Humanity and Sweetneſs in mounting the Throne, but after by their Cruelties became deteſtable to all Mankind. But above all things, a Prince not born to ſovereign Power, and who has acquired the Dominion he enjoys by Force, ſhould eſteem it highly neceſſary to create an Affection for him in the Minds of his Subjects; or, what between the fear that ſome are in, and the Envy of others at his new Grandure, he will be liable to inceſſant Troubles, and perhaps fatal Commotions in the end.

For my part, (*ſaid* Orſames) I think it would be very much to the advantage of all young Princes to have a Monitor, ſuch as *Thelamont*, and alſo to imitate his manner to acquire that Love and Eſteem requiſite to preſerve the Dignity of a Sovereign.

Thelamont was about to make ſome anſwer to this Compliment, when the other perceiving his Deſign, prevented him, by reſuming his Diſcourſe in theſe Terms.

The principal Regard a new eſtabliſh'd Prince ſhould have, (*ſaid he*) in my Judgment, is to prepoſſeſs his People with a good Opinion of him at his firſt Entrance: The firſt Idea is always the ſtrongeſt, and but with very great difficulty eras'd; and had thoſe Tyrants you

mentioned, been but ordinarily cruel, their preſent Barbarities would have ſcarce made any impreſſion to the prejudice of their paſt good Actions. The chief Qualifications by which a Prince gains the Love of his People, are Affability, Juſtice, Clemency, and Generoſity. *Alexander* the Great, after the Death of *Philip* his Father, releas'd the Nation from all ſorts of Taxes, which gain'd him the entire Love of the *Macedonians*, and the Eſteem of his Neighbours. When the Emperor *Antoninus* died, *Macrenus*, who ſucceeded him, to inſinuate himſelf into the good Graces of the *Romans*, proteſted in a full *Senate* that he would never undertake any thing without their Advice, that he would ever make it his ſtudy to maintain their Authority, and the Dignity which was due to their wiſe Adminiſtrations; and offered to put himſelf and all the Power conſer'd on him into their hands, if they thought it would be of any advantage to the Publick. It is true, that generally ſpeaking, all Men are fond of Novelties; however, in matters of Cuſtom it is not ſo, a long Habitude is a ſecond Nature, and any Attempt to alter it, ſeems a Violence, than which nothing can be more offenſive. The ancient Manners of a Kingdom, a City, a Republick, are ſo dear to them that they will ſuffer every thing to be torn to pieces, rather than part with them. What but the introducing new Laws and Cuſtoms occaſioned the *Jews* to rebel againſt *Herod* ?——— The *Scythians* kill'd their King becauſe he would live according to the manner of the *Greeks*. Prince *Anacharſis* of *Syria*, a wiſe and brave Man, was murdered by his own Brother for the ſame thing. ——— *Alexander* the Great, as much beloved as he was, had like to have been maſſacred by his

own

own Subjects for affecting the Customs of the *Persians*.——*Agis*, King of the *Lacedemonians*, put the whole Realm into a Combustion, by endeavouring to revive the Laws of *Lycurgus*; and was it not to the Change of Customs, that Tyranny was imputed to *Marius* and *Silla*?

Well, (*said* Camilla) with her usual Gaiety, I fancy we have all this while mistaken the Apartment of *Urania* for the Closet of Books, by the Subject of Conversation we have chose: I confess ingenuously, that I know not how to bear a part in Discourses, which 'tis not in the least probable I shall ever have occasion to practise. Now, my dear *Camilla*, (*rejoined* Urania *laughing*) I think you judge amiss, for tho' we are not born to reign over Provinces, we have every one of us an Empire in our own Hearts; we have rebellious Passions to subdue; we have some noble Sentiments to cherish and improve. Let us therefore study in what manner to govern Subjects which are too apt to oppose each other, and dethrone the Sovereignty of our Reason; and that we may do nothing which may occasion a Dissension, let us not aim at imposing new Laws; but respecting our first Customs, persevere in Virtue, in Constancy, and Fidelity, and we then may justly boast to have reigned with as much Glory as the greatest Monarchs.

This Fashion of Government, (*said* Thelamont) is too advantageous for us to oppose it, and I dare pormise my dear *Urania*, that there is not one of her Subjects in my breast, but what will readily submit to her Laws.

All the Company applauded this Reply of *Thelamont's*, and from a Theme the most grave and serious that could be, they fell insensibly into one of the most delicate Gallantry, which

was by nothing interrupted, till word being brought that Dinner was on the Table; they all adjourn'd to the great Parlour, where having taken thoſe Refreſhments which proved them not wholly Divine, they agreed to retire to the Study.

It is only here, (*ſaid* Alphonſo) that the amiable *Camilla* will ſuffer us to talk of grave Matters, and I have juſt now a little Hiſtory in my Mind which I heard of when I was at *Rome*, and may ſerve to prove of how great danger the moſt minute Beginnings of Hereſy may ſometimes prove.

Joſeph Bory, a Native of *Milan*, was a Man of a vaſt deal of natural Wit and Spirit, to which being added a good Education and Knowledge in the Sciences, he was by all that knew him eſteem'd a Man of ſingular Wiſdom, and Skill in the Art he profeſſed, which was Phyſick: the many Cures he had done, acquired him a Reputation equal to the utmoſt of his Ambition; but he was of ſo profligate a Diſpoſition, and ſeem'd ſo entirely devoted to Libertiniſm, that tho' his Ingenuity was applauded by all the World, the ſober part of it thought it an Error to converſe with him, and in a little time none but ſuch as had need of him would be ſeen in his Company. He had too much Penetration not to ſee into the Reaſon of this, but abandon'd to his Pleaſures, he amended not his Life; but on the contrary, deſpiſed all thoſe who he thought ſhun'd him on the ſcore of his Debaucheries, and imagining his Abſence would be a ſufficient Loſs to the City, he went ſuddenly away without taking Leave, or acquainting any Perſon with the cauſe of his Departure, or the place to which he was going.

He

He was gone for above two whole Years, and ſo long an Abſence made every one believe that he was either dead, or had fix'd a Settlement for himſelf for Life in ſome other part of the World; but at the end of that time he appeared again, and with ſuch an Alteration in his Deportment, as made him ſcarce be taken for the ſame Man: All the World was ſurpriz'd.——His Air was now compos'd wholly of Humanity, his Words were modeſt, and reſerv'd; he frequented only Churches, Hoſpitals, and Priſons, doing wonderful Cures among the Sick and Wounded, and relieving the Poor with his Advice and Purſe. This pious Conduct perſuaded every body that he was become a real Penitent, and gain'd him as much Love and Eſteem, as before he had incurred the contrary; and as he had a ſecret Intereſt in what he did, he ſet himſelf to examine what Ideas the People had conceiv'd of him; and preſently perceiving that his appearances of Devotion had effaced the memory of his paſt Vices, he continued them in ſuch a manner, that in a ſmall time he was looked on as a Pattern of Piety; and ſtill executing his Function of Profeſſor of Phyſick, in which he had ſurpriſing Succeſs, none thought themſelves truly happy without the Acquaintance of the now highly valuable *Bory*. The Archbiſhop of *Milan* had ſo great a Friendſhip for him, that having a deſire to travel to *Rome*, he gave him Letters of Recommendation to the *Pope*, and ſeveral of the *Cardinals*.

He had not been long at *Rome*, before he acquired a Reputation equal to that he had raiſed himſelf to in *Milan*; nothing could be had in greater Conſideration among the People, both for his Skill and Goodneſs; and ſome of them

were of the opinion, that he owed his Succeſs as much to his eminent Virtue, as to his Study. He no ſooner found the Influence he had gain'd, than he began to inſinuate to ſome, whom he found moſt diſpoſed to believe him, that the Holy Spirit was entred into him, to maintain the Redemption of the World; ſetting himſelf equal with the ſecond Perſon in the Trinity. —— On too many did this pernicious Doctrine take effect, and being whiſper'd from one to the other, join'd with the great Cures he perform'd, which, by thoſe whoſe eaſy Faith was wrought on to give credit to his Artifices, were look'd on as Miracles, in a little time brought him a Congregation, where he eſtabliſh'd a new Form of Worſhip, and gave his Sectaries the Name of *Evangelicks:* on each of which he laid his hands, aſſuring them, that after that they would partake of that Holy Spirit with which he was animated.

It is incredible how many Proſelytes were brought over by theſe Chimæras; the number grew ſo conſiderable, that Information was given of it to the Conſiſtory, and *Bory* oblig'd to fly; he was however taken in a ſhort time, and put into the Priſon of the Inquiſition, from which diſmal Place he never returned.

By this Adventure, *ſaid* Julia, we not only prove how very dangerous all heretical Notions are; but alſo the Weakneſs of human Underſtanding, even where there is the greateſt appearance of good Senſe. For my part, *rejoin'd* Florinda, I never could comprehend how one can change one's Religion, without at the ſame time altering one's Principles.

You would think it then ſtrange, *reply'd* Felicia, that a *Presbyterian* ſhould become a *Catholick*,

lick, a *Muſſelman* abjure *Mahomet*, or a *Turk* embrace the *Chriſtian* Faith? That is not what I mean, *reſumed* Florinda; I count all thoſe, whom you have named, among the Blind; I applaud their Change, and bleſs the Power which gives ſight to their Eyes; but I cannot ſuffer that a *Catholick* ſhould turn *Heretick* or *Turk*. If the amiable *Camilla*, *ſaid* Julia, had not laid it down for a Rule, that we ſhould treat only on ſerious Subjects in this Cloſet, I could give the Company the Recital of an Adventure that happen'd about the middle of the laſt Age, which would convince *Forinda*, that there may happen Accidents which may conſtrain one to change one's Religion, even in ſpite of one's ſelf. That was not the Law of my Inclinations, *reply'd the ever-chearful* Camilla, and I believe there are none here but will gladly break thro' it for the Pleaſure of hearing you. We have talk'd enough on Politicks this Morning, *added* Urania, to allow ourſelves now to mingle ſome Gallantry in our Converſation. Neither has the charming *Julia* yet ſubmitted to the Rules we firſt ſet down to ourſelves to obſerve, and this Occaſion happens *à propos* for her to enter into them, and to give us an Infinity of Satisfaction. I wiſh, *reply'd ſhe*, I may be able to give you as much as you hope; but this I proteſt, that if the Adventure I am about to relate, be not diverting, it is not my fault, ſince I pretend not to give you a Romance, but a true Hiſtory; but in which, in my opinion, there are many things worthy of Remark. Then perceiving that the whole Company had prepared themſelves for Attention, ſhe waited not to be farther importuned; but began the Performance of her Promiſe in theſe Words:

The Hiſtory of GASAN.

LOVE, *ſaid ſhe*, in all Countries, and in all Ages, has been the Cauſe of many ſingular Events; but that which I am about to relate, has ſomething in it ſo very wonderful, that it cannot, without ſome difficulty, be received for Truth.

A Gentleman of the City of *Thoulon*, named *Gaſan*, about twenty Years of Age, the younger Son of an antient Family, was left by his Parents with a very ſmall Portion of Wealth, but with a Mind ſo much improved by Education, and all Accompliſhments worthy of his Sex; that in looking on him, or hearing him diſcourſe, the Diſadvantages of Fortune were forgot, and only what was deſirable, remembred. He had a perfect Knowledge in all the Sciences, but that of Navigation was what he took the moſt Delight in, and by which he both wiſh'd and endeavour'd to raiſe himſelf. There was no Opportunity of that kind which preſented itſelf, that he did not embrace with an Induſtry and Zeal, which demonſtrated the laudable Ambition he had of repairing, by his Genius, the Deficiencies of Fortune. A Merit ſo extraordinary in a Perſon of his Years, gained him the Love of as many as were Witneſſes of it; and there was not a noble Family in *Thoulon*, who did not caſt their Eyes on him as the Wonder of his Time, and a Youth whom all the Vertuous, and Lovers of Ingenuity, were bound to take into their Protection. 'Tis not to be

doubted,

doubted, but that without leaving the Place of his Nativity, he might have become great and rich; but a common Fate was not decreed for him: extraordinary were to be the Incidents of his Life, ſevere the Tryals of his Virtue, terrible the Extremities to which he was to be reduced, and vaſt the Rewards which were to crown his Perſeverance in Good, and ſteady Abhorrence to all that bore the name of Ill. He became acquainted with a famous Merchant of *Marſeilles*, who had a Warehouſe at *Thoulon*, and at that time was there; he was call'd *Maſodier*, he was a Man of Wit and Spirit, extremely rich, and a great Lover of Navigation: which laſt Article made *Gaſan* vaſtly charmed with his Converſation; he was no leſs pleaſed with that of *Gaſan*, and they became in a few days as intimate as if near a-kin. *Maſodier* perſuaded him to come and reſide at *Marſeilles*, offering him an Apartment in his own Houſe, and aſſured him of his Intereſt and Credit in Ships which traded to *Hamburgh* and *Conſtantinople*. Such a Propoſal appear'd too advantageous to be refuſed; he conſented to go with him, and being arrived at *Marſeilles*, there, the next day after their Departure from *Thoulon*, *Maſodier* preſented him to his Wife and Daughter, as a young Gentleman who was extremely dear to him.

The good Mien of *Gaſan*, his Wit, and that Grace with which all his Actions were accompany'd, immediately poſſeſſed them with Sentiments in his favour; but unapprehenſive of the Deſtiny which attended him, a Stranger yet to Love, and thoughtleſs of its Power, he had not armed his Heart againſt the Impreſſions which the Charms of the young Madamoiſelle *Maſodier* made on him. *Irene*, ſo was ſhe call'd, was

about

about fourteen or fifteen Years of Age; her Complection what we call a *Bruneta*, but clear, and her Skin ſmooth as poliſh'd Ivory, her Features regular, and form'd to pleaſe; a moſt delicate Shape; and all theſe Beauties illuſtrated with an Air which no Words can expreſs, tender and lively at once, commanding, yet perſuaſive: in fine, her Perfections were of ſuch a nature, as were ſufficient to make her Miſtreſs of a Heart at the firſt ſight.

Gaſan felt all their Force, and ſoon found that he ſtood in need of at leaſt as much Preſence of Mind as he was Maſter of, to conceal the new Emotions he was poſſeſſed of; but preſently turning the Effect of his Admiration into the Appearance of an unmeaning Gallantry, he complimented *Maſodier* and his Wife on having a Daughter of ſo much Beauty, and ſeem'd to railly a little on the Danger to which he was expoſed, by living in a conſtant View of ſuch powerful Charms. Both the Father and the Mother anſwer'd him in the ſame manner, taking all he ſaid for Complaiſance and Pleaſantry; but *Irene* gueſſing at his Sentiments, by thoſe ſhe was herſelf poſſeſſed of, triumphed at the Conqueſt ſhe had made, and which ſhe could not but think ſo worthy of her; and not reflecting whether ſhe ſhould endeavour to guard her ſelf from the Invaſion of a Paſſion, whoſe Joys or Anxieties ſhe had not yet experienced, ſhut not her Heart from that innocent Delight ſhe took in looking on a Man, who appeared infinitely amiable to her,

Maſodier failed not in any of the Promiſes he had made *Gaſan*; he ſettled him in his Family, ordered him to be attended, and in all things reſpected as his own Son, and was equally induſtrious

duſtrious for the Promotion of his Intereſt and Reputation. But our young Lover, who had now loſt great part of his Reliſh for publick Affairs, having every hour in the day an opportunity of entertaining the charming *Irene*, and diſcovering ſtill more of her Perfections, his Paſſion encreaſed with the knowledge how worthy ſhe was of it; nor did he love alone, the lovely Object of his Wiſhes had at leaſt an equal ſhare in the Influence of the tender God. The true Affection with which both were poſſeſſed, ſtood not in need of Words to explain itſelf, the Language of the Eyes was ſufficient to explain the Language of the Heart: nor had either of them the Power of expreſſing any other way the Violence of their Paſſion; *Gaſan* was prevented by his Fear and Reſpect; *Irene* by her Modeſty, and the Decorum which all her Sex ought to obſerve.

The ſweet Intelligence which their Eyes every hour produced, inſtructed *Gaſan* of his Happineſs; he redoubled his Devoirs, which *Irene* always received with a tender Complaiſance: and this was all the Eclairciſſement which paſſed between them for ſeveral days. But Love is not of a nature to be always reſtrained; *Gaſan* grew perfectly perplexed and angry with himſelf, that he had ſo long concealed the ſmother'd Anguiſh, he thought it unmanly to repine in ſecret, whereas an open Declaration would at once inform him of the Sentiments of his Adorable, and let him know what it was he had to hope. He had taken this Reſolution a conſiderable time, before he had Courage to put it into execution; and perhaps had been much longer yet, if *Maſodier* himſelf had not by accident given him an opportunity.

He

He went with all his Family, and ſeveral of his Friends, to one of thoſe beautiful Summer-Houſes, of which the Province of *Marſeilles* is full, in order to regale themſelves, it being in the Heat of the Seaſon: But the Charms of this delightful Situation had not the power to make the amorous *Gaſan* forget thoſe Thoughts which had for a long time been his Companions; but, on the contrary, it rather render'd him more tender, and he was now determin'd, that whatever ſhould be the Conſequence, he would no longer defer revealing what it was he felt.

Full of theſe Cogitations he went alone to walk, and his ſteps directing their courſe to an Arbor of *Jeſſamines*, in which that Country every where abounds, he ſat down on a fine green Bank, and taking out his Pocket-book, writ to *Irene* a Confirmation of that which his Eyes had inform'd her. He had no ſooner finiſh'd the Dictates of his Soul, than he began to conſider in what manner he ſhould deliver it to her, how ſhe would receive it; and a thouſand different Ideas of her Behaviour preſenting themſelves to his Imagination, he dwelt on them ſo long, that Sleep by ſoft and unperceived degrees, ſtole on his Senſes, and for ſome moments deprived both Hope and Fear of all their Force.

His Preſence was too engaging, not to make his Abſence regretted: All the Company was uneaſy that he had left them; *Maſodier* himſelf came out in ſearch of him, one way; and *Irene*, with infinitely more agitation of Mind, another. The latter had the moſt ſucceſs, and found him in the Arbor, but being juſt about to wake him, ſhe ſpied the Pocket-book lying by him; a Curioſity to which before ſhe had been a ſtranger, at this inſtant invading her, ſhe took it up,

and

and opening the Leaf on which he had been writing, found it contained theſe words:

To the Adorable IRENE.

'MY Eyes have often ſpoke to you, moſt 'beautiful *Irene*, and yours have not 'fail'd to anſwer me; but I tremble to explain 'the Language of either, and that you will 'leſs favourably receive the Declaration of my 'Tongue, or Pen, than thoſe already made 'you by my Looks.—— I love you, I adore 'you.——You know it, and have given me ſome 'tokens of being ſatisfied with the diſcovery. '—— But I am not yet happy enough to have 'it pronounced by your Mouth, and till then 'muſt ſubſcribe myſelf,

'*Your unfortunate Adorer*,

GASAN.

Irene bluſh'd a thouſand times while reading this ſhort Billet; yet was neither angry that he had writ in that manner, nor with herſelf for taking it up, but on the contrary thought it a bleſſing that no other Perſon had gone into the Arbor: and having a little contemplated on this Adventure, put the Table-book into her Pocket, and rejoin'd the Company. *Gaſan*, in the mean time, waked from his ſlumber, and ſearching for his Table-book, was in no ſmall perplexity when he could no where find it. He trembled leſt it ſhould have been taken up by *Maſodier* himſelf; or if he had not come that way, he had reaſon enough to apprehend it had been found by ſome one

on e or other who would acquaint him with it. He took courage however to return to the Company, reſolving to examine the Faces of them all with the utmoſt attention : hoping to diſcover by the Countenance, the Heart who had his Secret in keeping.

Every body was charm'd at his return ; and after having anſwer'd to ſome little Railleries made on his having abſented himſelf, he look'd full in the Eyes of all whoſe Curioſity or Indiſcretion he had cauſe to fear ; but perceiving nothing among them which could give any light to Conjecture, he at laſt examined thoſe of *Irene*, who by her bluſhing exceſſively at meeting his Regards, made him no longer in ſuſpence : he was certain that no other Perſon but herſelf had ſeen the Epiſtle, and bleſs'd his good Stars for having convey'd to her the meanings of his Soul in ſuch a manner as ſhe could not reſent. After this, he kept his Eyes fix'd on her with an Air ſo tender, ſo ſubmiſſive, and paſſionate, that ſhe could not behold him without wiſhing to relieve him from ſome part of the Inquietudes he ſeemed to labour under ; and approaching him with the pretence of ſhowing him the Picture of a Lady drawn in a Snuff-box, which ſhe took out of the hands of one in the Company ; Be more prudent another time, (*ſaid ſhe in a whiſper*) and take more care of what you write, leſt you ſhould not always find Confidantes ſo faithful and diſcreet as *Irene*. She went from him as ſoon as ſhe had ſpoke theſe words, and left him content with the Reproach ſhe had made him for his Negligence, ſince ſhe had diſcover'd no marks of Anger for the Paſſion which had occaſion'd it.

In the Evening they all returned to the Houſe of *Maſodier*, where the Company ſtaying extremely late, the Lovers had no opportunity of communicating to each other their Sentiments, and paſs'd the Night in a confuſed mixture of Hope and Fear: nor was it in their Breaſts only that Diſquiets reign'd, the Mother of *Irene* had her Repoſe little leſs diſturb'd. She had the moſt tender Affection for her charming Daughter; ſhe knew her Merit, and wiſh'd it might be her Fate to marry with a Man who would not be inſenſible of it. *Gaſan* appear'd to her to be ſuch a one as ſhe could wiſh for a Son-in-Law; and her Penetration having made her eaſily perceive what paſs'd in the Hearts of theſe two young Lovers, ſhe was contriving without ceaſing ſome means to bring *Maſodier* to be of her opinion. She knew very well that the ſmall Eſtate which he was in poſſeſſion of, would be an obſtacle which would not be eaſily removed; but as ſhe had a Soul great and generous, Virtue, and a noble Birth, were with her ſufficient to compenſate for all the Deficiencies of Fortune, and might make her Daughter perfectly happy, ſince ſhe was born to an Eſtate large enough for both. *Gaſan* and *Irene*, ignorant of the obliging Sentiments of this tender Mother, that Fear which is the inſeparable Companion of a true Paſſion, made them look on her among the number of thoſe from whom they ſhould moſt carefully conceal what 'twas they felt for each other. But the conſtraints they put on themſelves in doing ſo, was viſible to Madam *Maſodier*; and one day, when they happen'd to be both together in her Apartment, ſhe went into her Cloſet, pretending ſhe had ſome Letters to write, and left them together. *Gaſan* taking

advantage of this happy Opportunity, threw himſelf at the feet of *Irene*.—— You ſee before you (*ſaid he*) the moſt enamour'd, and moſt wretched of his Sex, if you approve not the Reſolution I have taken to demand you of your Father in Marriage. ——— For in fine, beautiful *Irene*, I ſhould die with Deſpair, if you could be capable of thinking I have dared to adore you, without hoping to be united to you for ever.——— Speak, therefore, my Charmer, every Moment is precious; pardon ſo abrupt an Interceſſion, and at once decide the Deſtiny of a Man whoſe Life depends entirely on your Anſwer.

He ſpoke with too much fervency for *Irene* to doubt the Sincerity of his words: She was perfectly convinced he loved her, but ſhe had been ſo little accuſtomed to Diſcourſes of this nature, that ſhe could not preſently get over the Confuſion this involv'd her in: but Love at laſt prevailing above all the Scruples which Fear, or her Virgin Baſhfulneſs ſuggeſted ——— I have not yet learn'd the Art of feigning, (*replied ſhe*) and as my Sentiments are too innocent to need diſguiſe, I ſhall not endeavour to give them any other force than ſuch as they have in reality.—— Know then, (*continued ſhe, bluſhing all the time ſhe ſpoke*) that I look on the Offers you make, rather as an honour to my Family, than the contrary; that I acknowledge your Merit, and am not inſenſible of the Marks you have given me of your Tenderneſs; and if you can prevail on my Father to command me to be yours, I ſhall eſteem my Obedience a Bleſſing.—— But hope not to obtain me by any other means; and be aſſured, that however cruel it may be to me, I will always ſacrifice my Repoſe, nay,

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even my Life, to my Duty, and the Will of *Maſodier.*

Irene, my dear *Irene*, *cry'd the tranſported* Gaſan, never will I entreat any thing of you, which may caſt the leaſt Blemiſh on any of your Virtues.———Bleſs'd to the utmoſt extent of my ambitious Views, in having the good Fortune not to be diſpleaſing to you, I ſcarce can think the Heavens will be deaf to my Requeſt, or render *Maſodier* ſo, when you join with me to deſire this Union. Juſt as he had finiſh'd theſe Words, Madam *Maſodier* came out of her Cloſet, and ſurpriz'd *Gaſan*, at the Feet of *Irene*; who, all trembling at the ſudden appearance of her Mother, threw herſelf at hers, while the little leſs confus'd Lover fell almoſt proſtrate on the Earth; by that ſupplicating Poſture, endeavouring to mollify the Diſpleaſure which he imagin'd ſhe had conceiv'd againſt them both: But that generous Lady, willing to relieve as ſpeedily as ſhe could, the Inquietudes of Perſons ſo dear to her, ſtretch'd out her Hands to raiſe them: And while ſhe was doing ſo, I liſtned not, *ſaid ſhe*, to your Diſcourſe, with any deſign to betray you;——but if I had, the Virtue which I find in both of you, wou'd have made me throw aſide that Reſolution:—— Since therefore your Deſigns are ſo conformable to thoſe I had form'd, make no doubt if I ſhall be of your Party.———Go, *Gaſan*, *continued ſhe*, ſeek my Husband, paint your Paſſion for *Irene* ſuch as it really is, and you have my beſt Wiſhes and Hopes for a fortunate Reply from Him.

Never did a condemn'd Criminal receive his Pardon with greater Joy, than did thoſe Lovers a Diſcourſe ſo favourable to their Deſires. *Irene*,

while ſhe kiſs'd the Hands of her Mother, bath'd them in Tears of Gratitude, and duteous Affection. *Gaſan* embraced her Knees, charm'd and tranſported beyond the reach of feeble Eloquence to utter. And this Employment ſeem'd ſo ſweet, that they had doubtleſs continu'd in it much longer, if Madam *Maſodier* had not interrupted it, by telling *Gaſan* that ſhe was already enough inclin'd to favour him, but it was now his buſineſs to gain the Father of his Miſtreſs.

This Remonſtrance made him take leave, and haſten to the Apartment of him from whom he expected a Confirmation of his Happineſs: he found *Maſodier* alone, who, reading in his Eyes that he had ſomething extraordinary to relate, immediately ask'd him what he had to ſay.

I come, *ſaid* Gaſan *to him*, to entreat a Favour of you, which, if granted, will make me the happieſt of Mankind; or, if refus'd, the moſt wretched and accurs'd.——You have promis'd me your Friendſhip in all occaſions; and one now preſents itſelf, in which nothing elſe can relieve me. I am ready, *reply'd* Maſodier, to make good my Word; therefore make no difficulty to explain yourſelf: I look on you as my Son, and will do every thing for you, as I would for him, had Heaven bleſs'd me with one.

Make me then a Son, *ſaid* Gaſan, *putting one Knee to the Ground*; and give *Irene* to the moſt tender and reſpectful Paſſion that ever enter'd the Heart of Man.——He was proceeding, when *Maſodier* going two or three Steps back from him, with all the Tokens of the greateſt Surprize, prevented him by theſe Words: What, *ſaid he*, is it my Daughter you demand as a

Proof

Proof of my Friendſhip?—— Have you the Vanity to imagine your Merit of that prodigious Value, that, without any other Conſideration, it may entitle you to the richeſt Heireſs in *Marſeilles?* If I have promis'd you my Aſſiſtance, and my Credit, it was with no other view, than to ſhield you from thoſe Inſults which Poverty draws on.——When I told you I look'd on you with the Eyes of a Father, I meant, that I wou'd regard you as the Brother of *Irene*, not as her Husband: nor will I deviate from the Promiſe I have made you; find an Occaſion in which I may be of ſervice to you, and I will perform all the Offices of a Father, and faithful Friend: but for *Irene*, think of her no more.

A ſudden Stroke of Thunder depriving him of the Uſe of all his Powers, cou'd ſcarce have had a greater Effect, than this Diſcourſe on him to whom it was addreſs'd: He was in ſo terrible a Confuſion, that he could not preſently recover himſelf enough to make any Reply; but when he did, it was in theſe Terms. I hoped, *ſaid he*, that the Knowledge of my Birth, accompany'd by ſome Talents neceſſary for acquiring thoſe Riches you ſeem ſo much to prize, might have render'd me worthy of your Alliance; and tho, according to my Judgment, there is no Man in the World who can really merit *Irene*, I flatter'd myſelf, that if ſhe was to reward the moſt tender and faithful Affection, the Choice wou'd fall on me.

I am not inſenſible of your Birth, *reſum'd Maſodier*, nor that what you ask wou'd be an Honour to my Family: but it is not my deſign to diſpoſe of *Irene* to the moſt noble, but moſt wealthy of the Pretenders to her Love. This

cruel Anſwer, from a Man whom *Gaſan* had reſpected as his Father, ſtuck ſo much at his Heart, that he went out of the Room without ſpeaking more, fearing that if he continu'd the Converſation, he ſhou'd ſay ſomething which he ſhou'd hereafter repent.

He ran immediately in ſearch of the Mother of *Irene*, to communicate to her his Misfortune. This good Lady was infinitely troubled at it; for tho ſhe knew ſo much of the Diſpoſition of her, as to believe there wou'd be ſome difficulty in obtaining his Conſent to this Match; yet ſhe did not think but that he might be perſuaded to it. She comforted the unhappy Lover as much as poſſible, and aſſur'd him, ſhe wou'd omit nothing which might ſerve to work a change in the Sentiments of *Maſodier*; and went from him that moment, with a Reſolution to do as ſhe had ſaid.

The unfortunate *Gaſan* took this Opportunity of entertaining *Irene*; ſhe was walking in the Gallery, attending with the utmoſt Impatience the Succeſs of her Lover; which ſhe too ſoon, by his alter'd Countenance and folded Arms, conjectur'd: I read, *ſaid ſhe*, in your Eyes the News you have to tell me; nor need you ſay my Father has refus'd your Suit. With theſe Words her Face was cover'd with Tears; and *Gaſan*, unable preſently to reply, threw himſelf at her Feet; and taking one of her Hands, tenderly preſs'd it between his, and put his Mouth to it with ſuch a Vehemence of ardent Love, mingled with Deſpair, as, without the Aid of Speech, demonſtrated the Diſtraction of his Soul. Never was there a more moving Scene: till this fatal Moment, *Irene* knew not the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him; ſhe had

had flatter'd herſelf with the Imagination, that ſhe had Reſolution enough to overcome her Paſſion, in caſe her Father ſhou'd oppoſe it: But ſhe now found that the Laws of Obedience and Duty, were feeble Barriers againſt a Paſſion inſpir'd by true Merit.

Gaſan at laſt having gather'd Courage enough to acquaint her with what had paſs'd between *Maſodier* and himſelf; You ſee, my adorable *Irene*, *continu'd he*, that it is my want of Wealth alone, which has drawn on me the Contempt of your Father: and I here proteſt to you, by all that is dear to me, that if my Deſpair will let me live, I will take ſuch Courſes, as ſhall remove that Obſtacle, and oblige this inexorable Man to own *Gaſan* alone is worthy of *Irene*.

Theſe Words recalling *Irene* from that profound Reſvery ſhe had been in; Yes, *cry'd ſhe, with an uncommon Vehemence in her Voice and Geſture*, live, my *Gaſan*, live to love me, and in the hope of being mine; force Fortune to do you Juſtice, ſince it muſt be by her Smiles alone you can obtain me of my Father; and I promiſe to wait the Effects your Induſtry ſhall produce, and never to forget you, or to engage myſelf to any other Perſon.

This tender Aſſurance gave him all the Pleaſure he was capable of knowing in the preſent Poſition of his Affairs; and in return to her Goodneſs, he ſwore an inviolable Fidelity, and unceaſing Diligence to acquire all that was neceſſary for the obtaining her: and after receiving all the Teſtimonies of her Kindneſs that Virtue and Modeſty would permit, they parted, judging it improper they ſhou'd be ſeen in a private Converſation, after what had paſs'd between *Maſodier* and him.

In the mean time, Madam *Maſodier*, who lov'd her beautiful Daughter with the extremeſt Tenderneſs, and reſpected *Gaſan* for the Merit ſhe found in him, had left no means untry'd, to bring her Husband to conſent to their Nuptials: ſhe had made uſe of all the Arguments her good Senſe cou'd furniſh her with; to which ſhe added, both Prayers and Tears, and every ſoft Endearment which Women practiſe when they wou'd move the Hearts of their Husbands: but he was inflexible to all, and ſo far from acceeding to what ſhe deſir'd, that he order'd her to bid *Gaſan* ſeek another Habitation in *Marſeilles*, for he ſhou'd ſtay no longer in his Houſe.

As cruel as this Command was, he was too arbitrary a Husband not to be obey'd: Madam *Maſodier* was obliged to execute it that very moment. 'Tis eaſy to judge the Deſpair of *Gaſan*; aſſur'd of the Heart of his Miſtreſs, the Conſent of her Mother, and depending ſomething on his illuſtrious Birth, how ſeverely muſt ſuch a Treatment ſhock him, from a Man of no higher degree than a Merchant; rich indeed, but of a Family infinitely inferiour to his? He reflected on himſelf for having enter'd into an Amity with him; which, if he had not done, there was little doubt but he might have made his Fortune in *Thoulon*, and ſtood in need of all the Tenderneſs with which he was poſſeſs'd for *Irene*, to defend him from flying into the utmoſt Extremities of Rage againſt her Father. But the Force of the one Paſſion ſetting Bounds to the other, he took leave of *Irene* and her Mother, without ſeeing *Maſodier*. The two Lovers parted not without renewing their mutual Vows of an eternal Conſtancy. This Interview ſo cruelly re-

redoubled the Affliction of *Gaſan*, that he went out of the Houſe, without being able to reſolve to what place he ſhould direct his Steps. He was not recover'd out of his muſing, when he met an intimate Friend of his call'd *Celimond*, who came with the *French* Ambaſſador to *Marſeilles*, in order to embark for *Conſtantinople*; he found *Gaſan* with a Look and Poſture ſo different from what he was accuſtom'd to wear, that he was very much troubled at it; and immediately ask'd him the Cauſe, and if it were of a nature which would admit of any Relief that was in his power to afford.

Gaſan was glad of this opportunity, to unboſom himſelf to one whom he knew ſo good a Friend, and preſently made him a Recital of the whole Hiſtory of his Amour, and the Cruelty and mercenary Temper of *Maſodier*. This Gentleman was of a Heart not unſuſceptible of the Power of Love; he preſently conceiv'd what it was he endur'd, and endeavour'd to conſole him as much as poſſible: but after ſome preparatory Diſcourſes, he told him, that a Man of his Age and Quality, ſhould bluſh to paſs his whole Days at the feet of a Woman, and be oblig'd for the Grandeur of his Eſtate to the Benevolence of a Wife; that ſince the Ceremony of Marriage had not paſs'd, it was nobler for him to raiſe himſelf a Fortune ſufficient to render *Maſodier* proud of his Alliance, than to obtain her by Aſſiduities, even tho they wou'd have ſucceeded: and added, that if he would follow his Advice, he would put him in the method of obtaining thoſe Riches on which *Maſodier* ſet ſo great a Value. I will recommend you to the Service of the Ambaſſador, *ſaid he*; who in a few days will embark for the *Ottoman* Court,

Court, and I doubt not but your Accompliſhments, and Knowledge in the Sciences, will ſoon procure you very advantageous and honourable Employments. This Offer was extremely pleaſing to *Gaſan*; he thank'd him for it, and entreated him to do as he had ſaid.

Celimond went the ſame Moment to acquit himſelf of his Promiſe; and ſpoke ſo much in favour of his Friend, that the Ambaſſador deſir'd he ſhou'd be immediately introduc'd. The noble, eaſy, and gallant Deportment of *Gaſan*, infinitely charm'd him at firſt ſight; he told him, that he eſteem'd it a Happineſs ſuch a Man as he expreſs'd a deſire of accompanying him in his Voyage. And the other replying, that he wiſh'd no greater Honour than to attend him, every thing was agreed on for his Departure, and they ſeparated for a little time, perfectly ſatisfy'd with each other.

Gaſan ſtaid with *Celimond* till the Ambaſſador was ready to ſet ſail; and that Gentleman omitted nothing which he thought might be conducive to reſtore him to his former Tranquillity, but to very little effect. The Pangs of Love, when abſent from the darling Object, are at leaſt adequate to all the Pleaſures of that Paſſion when preſent. He ſtudy'd nothing but how he ſhou'd convey to *Irene* the Knowledge of his Deſigns; and as no other way appear'd feazible to him, but that of ſending a Letter by *Celimond*, who was acquainted with *Maſodier*, and had been often at his Houſe, he earneſtly conjur'd him to take upon him that Office; Hope not, *ſaid he*, that I have conſented to what you deſir'd, with a deſign to forget *Irene*—— You have excited *Ambition* in my Mind, but have not chaſed out Love.——I quit not the ſight of

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the adorable *Irene*, but to ſeek that Fortune which alone can render me worthy of her.—— My Paſſion will beſt prove itſelf in abſence.—— *Irene* holds me by Tyes, which no time can weaken; and I part not from her, but with the hope of returning to be united to her for ever.

Gaſan pronounced theſe Words with too much Ardency, not to make *Celimond* know his Paſſion was not among thoſe which are eaſily extinguiſh'd, and not willing to irritate him by Counſels out of ſeaſon, he promis'd to deliver his Letter with care; and, at the ſame time, to entreat an Interview, if *Irene* would conſent to meet him the next day, at the Houſe of a Lady with whom ſhe was intimately acquainted, and who was a Friend of his.

It was not in the power of this tranſported Lover, to find Expreſſions which could teſtify, as he deſir'd, the Gratitude with which he was inſpired at theſe Words; he embrac'd him, and ſwore an eternal remembrance of his Favours. After which he writ a Billet to *Irene*, and gave it into the hands of that faithful Friend, who went that moment to the Houſe of *Maſodier*: He found all the Family exceeding melancholy for the abſence of *Gaſan*, but he took no notice of it, fearing to create Suſpicion of the occaſion of his Viſit: But the beautiful *Irene*, who knew him to be a worthy Man, and an Intimate of *Gaſan*'s, imagin'd that his coming thither conceal'd ſome Myſtery; which being deſirous to explain, ſhe deſir'd him to go with her into a Room where there was a fine Piece of Work, which ſhe had lately finiſh'd, hanging up, willing, as ſhe ſaid, to have his Approbation of it.—— They were no ſooner alone together,

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than he gave her the Letter with which he was truſted; which ſhe haſtily opening, found it contain'd theſe Lines.

To the Charming IRENE.

'THE Fervency of the Love with which 'I regard you, has created in me a ſe-'cond Paſſion.—— Ambition now directs my 'Steps; but it is the Ambition of becoming 'worthy of you, which carries me to ſeek in 'diſtant Lands that Fortune which the too great 'Profuſeneſs of my Anceſtors denied me in 'this.——The generous *Celimond* will inform 'you what it is I deſign.——If you repent not 'of the tender Promiſes you have made me, 'you will contribute by your Prayers and good 'Wiſhes to my Succeſs; which is all that can 'preſerve from Death and Deſpair the lovely '*Irene*'s

Ever faithfully Devoted

GASAN.

Irene cou'd not refrain letting fall ſome Tears while ſhe was reading; but drying them as ſoon as poſſible, I ought, *ſaid ſhe to* Celimond, to employ the little time we have together in thanking you for this Favour: but as we may poſſibly be too quickly interrupted, I entreat you to acquaint me with the Affairs of *Gaſan*, and what thoſe Deſigns are which he here mentions.

Celimond complying with her Requeſt, immediately recounted to her all that had paſs'd, and the Reſolution *Gaſan* had taken to follow the Ambaſſador to *Conſtantinople*; that he was to em-

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bark in three Days, and that it was an inſupportable rack of Mind to that unhappy Lover, to think of being ſeparated from her by ſo many Lands and Seas, without having taken a more ſolemn Farewell of her than he yet had done: and therefore entreated ſhe would favour him with a meeting at the Houſe of *Celiſe*, a young Lady perfectly attach'd to his Intereſt, and who had alſo a great Friendſhip for her.

Irene grew pale at this Diſcourſe, the deſpair and departure of *Gaſan* renew'd all her Griefs, and, quite o'erwhelm'd in Tenderneſs, ſhe readily conſented to the Interview deſired of her: after which, *Celimond* took his leave, and gave *Gaſan* an account of what he had done. The hope of ſeeing *Irene* the next Day, made him paſs that Night with more tranquillity than he had done many preceeding ones. The appointed hour being at laſt arriv'd, he went to the Houſe of *Celiſe*, where he waited not long, before the Charmer of his Soul appear'd languiſhing and negligent in her Attire, but ſo full of Charms, that had his Paſſion been capable of encreaſe, it would now have found it. After the firſt Civilities between her and *Celiſe* were over, that Lady took *Celimond* by the Hand, and withdrew into another Room, pretending ſhe had ſome private Buſineſs with him, but in reality to leave the Lovers together.

As ſoon as they were alone, *Gaſan* threw himſelf on his Knees before *Irene*, with theſe Words: I go from you, my Adorable, *ſaid he*, full of Love and Deſpair; I ſhall preſerve the firſt of theſe Paſſions till my death, but hope that you will baniſh the other from my Heart, by letting me know, as often as you have an opportunity to write, that you remember the

Pro-

Promiſes you have made, and will never love any other than this unfortunate *Gaſan.* I will always continue to give you the Aſſurances, *reply'd ſhe, with a charming ſweetneſs*; and the more unhappy you are, the more I ſhall think myſelf oblig'd to love you: but, *continued ſhe, letting fall ſome Tears*, muſt it be to *Conſtantinople* you muſt go to ſeek that Fortune, your Merit cannot procure you in your own Country?——— You are about to quit me, vaſt Seas will ſoon divide us, perhaps, for ever; but if not ſo, what ſecurity have I for your Fidelity? or, how can I aſſure myſelf that Ambition has not an equal ſhare with your Love, in exciting you to ſo hazardous a Voyage.

Thoſe little Fears ſhe expreſs'd of his Conſtancy, were ſo far from being diſobliging to *Gaſan*, that he was infinitely charm'd with them, eaſily perceiving they ſprung but from an Exceſs of Tenderneſs; but he ſoon remov'd them by Proteſtations of an inviolable Affection: he alſo at laſt perſuaded her, that it was not conſiſtent with his Honour either to ſtay at *Marſeilles* or to return to *Thoulon*, after what had paſs'd between him and *Maſodier.* Convinced of the Truth of all he ſaid, ſhe conſented to his departure, but deſired he would not go, without having firſt written to her Mother, whoſe good Wiſhes for him deſerv'd that Proof of his Complaiſance and Gratitude, which he aſſur'd her he always deſign'd. At laſt the Moment of their Separation approach'd, but how difficult was it for either of them to bring forth that terrible word *Adieu.* *Irene*, who had made *Celimond* and *Celiſe* approach, hoping their Preſence would give her more Reſolution, could not contain the exceſs of Grief which overwhelmed her whole

Soul

Soul at taking this farewel; a mortal Paleneſs cover'd all her Face, her lovely Eyes ſeem'd to ſwim in the Languiſhments of Death, and ſhe fell fainting in the Arms of *Celiſe*. What a Sight was this for the enamour'd *Gaſan!* Fear baniſh'd from his Heart all the other Emotions with which he lately had been agitated; he now forgot every thing in the horror of ſeeing expire before his Eyes all that was dear to him in the World.

While *Celimond* and *Celiſe* were applying fit Remedies for her Recovery, he fell upon his Knees, and taking hold of her Hands, by his Geſtures, and by his Words all incoherent, confus'd, and wild, teſtified the utmoſt extremity of agonizing Deſpair and Grief. *Irene* at length open'd her Eyes, and aſham'd of the weakneſs ſhe had been guilty of, endeavour'd to get free from *Gaſan*, who was embracing her Knees with the utmoſt Tranſport; but in ſtruggling, a Bracelet, to which her Picture was annex'd, fell from her Arm: *Gaſan* took it up, and following exactly the Reſpect he had ever paid her, after kiſſing it, delivered it to her again; but with Eyes which demonſtrated that he parted not from it without Pain.

Irene was not inſenſible of his Meaning, and putting back his Hand as he was about to return it, Take care of it, *ſaid ſhe*, and keep it as a Pledge of my Conſtancy, and that Affection I have promis'd you. In ſpeaking theſe Words, ſhe took *Celiſe* by the Arm, and went out of the Room, reſolving neither to ſpeak nor hear any thing more which might render her liable to fall into a ſecond Weakneſs. The unfortunate *Gaſan* follow'd her to her Chaiſe without ſpeaking, nor took his Eyes from the happy Machine which

which inclos'd her, till both were out of ſight; but when he return'd to the Houſe of *Celimond*, his Agonies were ſo violent, that they made that faithful Friend in ſome apprehenſions, leſt Death ſhould prevent his intended Voyage.

Irene was not much leſs afflicted, ſhe came home with a violent Fever, and was oblig'd to be put immediately to Bed. Madam *Maſodier* was pretty near gueſſing what it was had caus'd it, but her Husband cou'd, by no means, be brought into her Opinion; he was too inſenſible of that tender Paſſion with which his Daughter was animated, to imagine it was poſſible for it to work Effects ſo extraordinary; and being wholly devoted to Intereſt and Ambition, thought all other Conſiderations ought to give place to thoſe two great Idols of the generality of Mankind.

As he truly lov'd his Daughter, however, he neglected no Means which he thought might be conducive to her Health; but all the Marks he gave her of his Tenderneſs, ſhe receiv'd with as much indifference as was conſiſtent with her Duty; and little hope was there of her Recovery, when *Gaſan*, being in a few hours to embark, engaged *Celimond* to make a Viſit at their Houſe, and deliver a Letter to Madam *Maſodier*, and another to the Charming Indiſpos'd. That Gentleman had the opportunity of executing his Commiſſion firſt with the old Lady, by reaſon of the other's being confin'd to her Bed. The Contents of the Epiſtle ſhe receiv'd from him, were as follow.

To Madam MASODIER.

'I Go, Madam, to ſeek in other Climates 'what Heaven will not permit me to attain 'in my own. The Favours I have receiv'd from 'your Family, my Paſſion for the adorable *Irene*, 'and my Reſpect for you, will not ſuffer me to 'depart, without aſſuring you, that neither 'Time, Abſence, nor the Cruelty of a Man who 'ought, and muſt be dear to you, can ever al-'ter my Heart from its firſt Sentiments: I con-'jure you alſo to preſerve thoſe for me, who 'have been ſo good to teſtify and permit me the 'Conſolation to believe I may depend on your 'good Wiſhes, to ſee the incomparable *Irene* one 'day united to

The Faithful

GASAN.

She appear'd ſenſibly touch'd at reading theſe Lines, and entreating *Celimond* to bear her Anſwer back, ſhe preſently wrote one in theſe Terms.

To the worthy GASAN.

'I Am ignorant on what Deſign you quit us, 'but whatever it be, wiſh you all the Suc-'ceſs your Merits may expect——I have al-'ways deſired you for my Son, and have never 'look'd on you but with the Eyes of a Mother.

'Believe I infinitely eſteem you, and tender-
'ly love *Irene*, and that is enough to make you
'judge of my Sentiments; if the Continuation
'of them may be of any ſervice to aſſuage your
'Sorrows, or procure you Satisfaction, be aſſured
'they ſhall laſt as long as my Life:

MASODIER.

After this, *Celimond* was admitted into the Chamber of *Irene*, ſhe having been told he was in the Houſe, and expreſſing a Deſire to ſee him. He was introduced by Madam *Maſodier*, but that obliging Lady believing he might have a Letter, or ſome Meſſage to deliver, withdrew to a Window, and left them the liberty of Speech; which as ſoon as he perceived, he gave her the Letter. But though ſhe burn'd with an Impatience equal to her Diſtemper, to ſee theſe dear Marks of her Lover's Paſſion, ſhe conceal'd it in the Bed, till ſhe had an opportunity of reading it without having any witneſſes of the Tears it would coſt her. And only asking *Celimond* when his Friend expected to embark, and deſiring him to renew from her the Proteſtations ſhe had given him of an eternal Fidelity, ſuffer'd him to take his Leave.

Madam *Maſodier* went out of the Room with *Celimond*, and *Irene* had then time to examine the Contents of the Billet he had brought, which was in theſe words:

To my For-ever-Adored IRENE.

'MY Heart is now about to prove the Tor-
'ments of a long Abſence, but hope to re-
'turn in a manner ſuch as ſhall render me wor-
'thy

'thy the glorious Title of your Slave. I form a thou-
'ſand bright Ideas in my Mind, to enable me to
'go thro' this more than fiery Trial. I have taken
'meaſures with *Celiſe* that you may often hear
'of me.—Oh! be ſo divinely good, as to make
'me no ſtranger to what paſſes in your Heart;
'for I flatter myſelf that thoſe Aſſurances you
'have given me will be of greater force to keep
'you mine, than all that can be done againſt me
'will be able to tear me from you.— My Faith
'in you is implicit, but my Courage is too little
'to ſupport me, unleſs you join your Aid, and
'fortify me in this dreadful Separation, by fre-
'quently convincing me you never can forget

The Unfortunate, but

Ever Faithful,

GASAN.

She lov'd me with too much Ardor not to be moſt ſenſibly afflicted at the thoughts what it was he ſuffer'd, and the certainty of his departure; the Dangers to which he was going to be expoſed, joined to the Apprehenſions that perhaps ſhe might never ſee him more, made her paſs the Night in the moſt terrible Anguiſh that a Heart can be capable of conceiving; and the the Agitations of her Mind ſo highly increaſed her Diſtemper, that the Phyſicians who were appointed to attend her, declared that they could do no more; and that there was not a poſſibility for Art to reſtore her. But theſe Gentlemen are not always infallible; the Time allotted for her Death was far off, and when ſhe ſeem'd neareſt the Grave, and her Mother

weeping over her, as over the Body of a departed Child, what they took for Death was no more than a ſound Sleep, which Nature, over-wearied with long mourning, fell into; and in three or four hours ſhe awaked, ſo much better, that the Standers-by were ready to impute her Cure to a Miracle Heaven had wrought in her favour. Her Youth, and the advantage of an excellent Conſtitution, in a few days after, put her paſt danger; and as ſoon as ſhe was capable of holding any Converſation, without prejudice, Madam *Maſodier* fell into a diſcourſe of *Gaſan*; and perceiving ſhe could ſpeak of him without any Emotions which diſorder'd her, acquainted her with his departure, and ſhow'd her the Letter he had written. —— I have enough, *purſued ſhe*, to convince me of his Paſſion for you, and of the Tenderneſs you have for him; and I could wiſh Succeſs had crown'd your mutual Deſires. —— But, my dear *Irene*, ſince your Father is abſolutely againſt this Marriage, I think it my duty, as a Mother, to do every thing in my power to keep you from Deſpair.——Time and Abſence may wear off the Impreſſion you have made on him; and if ſo, I hope you alſo may be enabled to eraſe that of his.——'Tis with regret I ſpeak this; and, perhaps, the Advice I give you may not be neceſſary: yet if it ſhould, I conjure you to arm yourſelf for it, by every Remonſtrance which Reaſon is capable of making.

Irene kiſſed her hands while ſhe was ſpeaking, and could not refrain letting fall ſome Tears upon them.—— Be aſſured, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I will never do any thing which ſhall render me unworthy of thoſe Principles you have infuſed into me; but as with your permiſſion I have given

given the unfortunate *Gaſan* ſome Teſtimonies of my Affection, be pleaſed to ſuffer me to continue them till I ſhall have other Reaſons than his Misfortunes to withdraw my Heart.

Madam *Maſodier* would preſs her no farther; and in this diſpoſition I muſt leave them for a while, and return to *Gaſan*.

Celimond had not acquainted that faithful Lover with the Condition in which he left *Irene*, fearing it might obſtruct his Voyage; therefore parting from *Marſeilles* with as much Courage as a Man could do, who had left behind him all that was dear or valuable, he embarked with the reſt of the Ambaſſador's Retinue, and in due time arrived at the *Porte*. His fine manner of Addreſs, his skill in the Sciences, and the Eloquence with which he expreſſed himſelf, made the Ambaſſador look on him as an extraordinary Perſon, and conceive a very great Friendſhip for him; he ſoon became the moſt lov'd, and moſt truſted Favourite of all that were about him. He was admitted to all the Audiences; and that favour procuring him the acquaintance of ſeveral *Baſhaws*, and great Men, the Accompliſhments he was maſter of, gain'd him an univerſal Eſteem. He ſoon became perfect in the *Turkiſh* Language; and the Ambaſſador made choice of no other Perſon to treat with the Miniſters of the *Porte*, on any Buſineſs of importance: Nor did he execute theſe Commiſſions, without giving ſatisfaction to both the one and the other.

Mehemet Azan, Captain *Baſhaw*, or General of the Seas, Half-brother to the *Grand Viſier*, had ſo great an eſteem and love for him, that he was continually making him ſome rich Preſent or another. In fine, he was ſo generally careſſed and courted, that if Love had not too deeply taken

poſſeſſion of his Soul, he might have been one of the moſt happy Men in the World.

But the Image of *Irene*, and the diſtance between him and the dear Subſtance, ſtill filling all his Mind, left him no reliſh for any other Joys; and when he conſider'd the Reſpect with which he was treated, and the Indignity he had received from *Maſodier*, he thought himſelf unhappy to meet with Civilities which he expected not, and the contrary from thoſe whoſe Favour had alone the power to make him bleſs'd: but as he had left *Marſeilles* for no other reaſon than to ſet himſelf above the Contempt of *Maſodier*, he reſolved not to return to that Place till he had accompliſh'd his Intent, and to leave no means untried for that end. With theſe Views he applied himſelf induſtriouſly to Buſineſs, and had made a pretty handſome Fortune during the three Years that the Ambaſſador had his Reſidence at *Conſtantinople*. At the end of that Time, he was recalled by the King, and *Gaſan* was preparing to attend him: But the *Baſhaw* of the Seas, having taken notice of his great Genius and Capacity, could not reſolve to part with him, if there was a poſſibility of obliging him to ſtay behind. And being order'd by the *Sultan* to equip a Fleet againſt the *Venetians*, he offer'd him a conſiderable Employment in it, if he would conſent to ſerve under the *Ottoman* Power. The Propoſal was too advantageous to the preſent Ambition of *Gaſan*, for him to refuſe it; and having obtained Permiſſion of the Ambaſſador, after the departure of that great Man, was lodg'd in the Palace of the *Baſhaw*, and treated with a Reſpect which demonſtrated the Friendſhip he had for him.

The Fleet in a ſhort time being got ready, *Gaſan* received his Commiſſion, and behaved himſelf with ſo much Gallantry and Courage in that Expedition, that the *Baſhaw* had no reaſon to repent he had conferr'd ſo great a Truſt on him; and his Friendſhip ſtill increaſing with the knowledge of his Merit, he ſpoke of him in ſuch a manner both to the *Sultan* and *Grand Viſier*, that neither of them could refrain having a Curioſity to ſee this young Warrior. The *Baſhaw*, glad to oblige them, and at the ſame time do an honour to the Man he lov'd, introduced *Gaſan* before the moſt auguſt and pompous Aſſembly that any Court in the Univerſe can produce.

The Merits of this Hero here work'd their ordinary Effects: The Anſwers he made to the Queſtions asked him by the *Sultan*, and the undaunted, yet modeſt Air of his Deportment, won ſo infinitely on him, that he wiſh'd to engage for ever to his Service a Perſon who ſeem'd ſo fit for the moſt important Affairs: he communicated his Deſires to the *Grand Viſier*, who ſoon after imparted them to his Brother; but that generous Man, who really lov'd *Gaſan* for the Worth he found in him, told him, that he could wiſh there were a poſſibility of doing it; but he had perceived the illuſtrious *Chriſtian* ſo much devoted to his Religion, that he did not believe any Perſuaſions would be of force to engage him to embrace the *Mahometan* Faith.——— But added, that he would do all in his power, and would therefore adviſe the *Sultan* to ſuffer him to continue in ſuch Poſts as he was capable of ſerving him in, without renouncing his Baptiſm; and that perhaps Time, and the Honours he received among them, might work an alteration in his Sentiments.

This prudent Reply, when *Gaſan* was told it, convinced him that he had indeed a true Friend in *Mehemet Azan*; and as he aſſured him, he would never conſent to any means which might put a Conſtraint on him, he frankly own'd, that he would ſooner periſh than violate his Faith. *Mehemet*, however, adviſed him to keep that Reſolution private, and give the *Sultan* the liberty of hoping he ſhould one day ſee him a *Muſſulman*. While all theſe things were tranſacting, he fail'd not to write conſtantly to *Irene*, and receiv'd, in all her Anſwers, new Aſſurances that ſhe would preſerve her Heart and Perſon entirely for him: and this it was which encourag'd him to ſtay, hoping to raiſe himſelf ſuch a Fortune, that to ſtoop to marry the Daughter of *Maſodier*, ſhould be look'd on as a Proof of the moſt wonderful Affection.

The *Venetians* having ſet out another Fleet, the *Baſhaw* went againſt them a ſecond time, in which unhappy Expedition he was kill'd by a Muſquet-Shot: *Gaſan* was cloſe by him when he fell, and covering his Body, had it carry'd immediately down into the Cabin, giving Orders in his Name, as tho' he had been but wounded, and concealing his Death till the Fight was over, which giving the Advantage wholly on the ſide of the *Turks*, the others were oblig'd in great diſorder to retire under the Fortreſſes of *Corfeu*, leaving ſeveral of their Veſſels, which were prejudic'd by the Cannon, to become the Prey of the conquering *Gaſan*: who, cover'd with Glory, return'd to the *Ottoman* Porte, and gave notice to the Council of his Victory, and the Death of the *Baſhaw*, with the direct manner how every thing had happened.—He was immediately order'd to come to the *Seraglio*, where he was receiv'd

ceiv'd by the *Grand Viſier* with all imaginable tokens of Friendſhip and Eſteem; but the *Sultan* gave him Praiſes rarely to be heard from the Mouth of a Man who ſtiles himſelf the Maſter of the World: he made him give an exact recital of the Particulars of the Fight, which *Gaſan* obey'd him in, with a noble Boldneſs; repreſenting the Courage, Conduct, and Loyalty of the deceas'd *Baſhaw*, in terms becoming his Gratitude, and the Friendſhips he had receiv'd from him; nor did he omit making mention of every ſingle Perſon who had any way remarkably contributed to the Victory. After he had done ſpeaking; Wiſely, illuſtrious *Chriſtian*, *ſaid the Grand Signior*, did *Mahomet* confer Benefits on a Man ſo worthy of them, and who, even after his Death remembers the Friendſhips he receiv'd in Life; and doubtleſs it was as much to ſhine in thy Report, as to their Duty to me, I owe the Valour of my Navy. But while you have been doing Juſtice even to the moſt inferior Deſervers of Praiſe, you ſeem to have forgot the chief; it is thy ſelf alone, brave *Gaſan*, who ſhalt engroſs my Admiration, and receive my Favours; 'twas thy Example, which inſpired the reſt, and from thy Hand ſhall their Reward be given. He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, than he order'd the Spoil of the Ships they had taken to be enter'd in the Name of *Gaſan*, and that he ſhould diſtribute it among the Fleet as he thought proper. This Honour, the noble *Chriſtian* fain would have evaded, fearing it might create Jealouſy; but he was conſtrain'd to accept it: And the *Sultan* reſuming his Diſcourſe, As a farther Recompence, *ſaid he*, of thy Fidelity and Zeal, I give thee all the Wealth of thy Friend *Mehemet*, and when I do it, would have

thee

thee believe, that this is no more than an Earneſt of thy future Greatneſs, and the Favours I deſign to confer on thee, and which ſhall be in the power of thyſelf alone to hinder thee from receiving.——With theſe Words he left him to ſearch the Myſtery they contain'd, but it was not in his Capacity preſently to comprehend it; and he ſtood in a fix'd Poſture, and full of Contemplation, when the *Grand-Viſier* coming up to him, and taking him by the Hand, reliev'd him from the Suſpence he was in: You ſee, *ſaid he*, by what ſwift Degrees a Man may riſe to Favour; the *Sultan* has made you Maſter in one moment of all that the long Services of my Brother had acquired; I am not uneaſy, but ſincerely congratulate this Reward of your Merit, and join my Suffrage with pleaſure: But *Gaſan*, *continued he*, it is highly neceſſary, that to become yet more worthy of theſe Bounties, you ſhould no longer live in contempt of that Religion your Benefactors think it their Glory to profeſs—in fine, the *Sultan* expects you to inform your ſelf in the Laws ſet down by our Holy Prophet in the unerring *Alcoran*; and it is your omitting to do ſo, which only can prevent you from thoſe Honours he deſires to dignify you with. The Horror which at this propoſal invaded the whole Soul of *Gaſan*, is not to be deſcrib'd, tho' it was viſible enough in his Face; and the *Grand Viſier* perceiving it, What I ſay to you, *reſum'd he*, is the Effect of a late Converſation I had with our great Maſter, and in his Name I offer all your utmoſt Ambition can deſire, on this Condition——but I am not inſenſible of the Trouble you are in, I know Precepts rooted from Infancy in the Mind, are not without great difficulty eras'd—I therefore give you fifteen Days of

Con-

Conſideration, and till that time will diſpenſe with your making any reply to what I have ſaid; but I would have you reflect on the illuſtrious Fortune which ſeems now to court your Acceptance, but if once refus'd, will never, never be retriev'd. He retired haſtily as ſoon as he had ended this Diſcourſe, and *Gaſan*, diſtracted in his Mind, and wholly unfit for publick View, to prevent any Congratulations from the reſt of the Courtiers, who he ſaw waited but till the *Grand Viſier* had left him, to pay their Compliments, retired with as much precipitation, taking his way toward the Palace of the deceas'd *Baſhaw*, of which he now was Maſter; where throwing himſelf on a Carpet, he gave a looſe to the Diſorders which this day's Adventures had involved him in. He now abhorr'd his preſent Grandeur, and wiſh'd to be again reduced to his former Indigence.——What, *ſaid he*, am I come here in ſearch of Glory, and ſhall I renounce that Being from whoſe Bleſſing all true Glory muſt be deriv'd!———Has Heaven preſerved me in ſo many Dangers, for me to abandon my ſelf to Hell!—Is it for *Mahomet* that I muſt forſake my Friends, my Country, and my God!——*Irene*, *continued he*, my dear *Irene*, this would be indeed to quit you for ever. With theſe kind of Exclamations, did he give vent to the ſtruggling Paſſions of his Heart; but his Courage at length getting the better of his Fears, and his Virtue of Ambition, he fell proſtrate with his Face to the Earth, and animated with a Holy Ardor, ſwore never to falſify his Baptiſmal Vow, and to ſuffer all kind of Torments, rather than change his Religion. Having confirm'd himſelf in this pious Reſolution, he began to hope that in the ſpace of that time the

Viſier

Viſier had allow'd him to give his Anſwer in, he ſhould find ſome means of leaving *Conſtantinople*: his Bounties had rais'd him many Friends, and he doubted not but he ſhould find ſome among them who would favour his Deſign.

This Thought having eſtabliſhed a little more Tranquillity in his Mind, he began to ſettle his Affairs, and put them in a Poſture, ſuch as he might remove the beſt part of his Treaſure, whenever he ſhould find a fit Opportunity: But alas! there was an Obſtacle to his Deſigns, which as yet he dream'd not of, and was more to be fear'd than even the Diſpleaſure of the *Grand Sultan*, or the Envy of the *Viſier*.

Mehemet Azan, according to the Cuſtom of the *Muſſulmen*, having left many Wives behind him, *Gaſan* order'd them all to be brought before him, which, as ſoon as they were, he gave to every one of them large Donations out of their deceas'd Lord's Effects, and their Liberty of retiring to what Places they pleas'd. This Generoſity rais'd the Eſteem every one had of him, and nothing was ſo much talk'd of in the Court and City, as this noble *Chriſtian*.

But among the number of theſe Ladies, was a young and blooming Beauty, call'd *Roxana*, Daughter to the *Baſhaw* of *Grand Cairo*; ſhe, when the reſt went contentedly away loaden with rich Preſents, refus'd to accept any, and only begg'd ſhe might be permitted to ſtay in the Palace, which had been once her Lord's, till ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe diſpos'd of by her Father. *Gaſan* could not refuſe this Requeſt to a Woman of her Birth, and ſhe remain'd there, uſed with the ſame reſpect by the Slaves of *Gaſan*, as ſhe had been by thoſe of *Mehemet*. But far different from her Pretences were the real

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Reaſons which oblig'd her to ſtay; ſhe lov'd *Gaſan* with that Violence, which accompanies all the Paſſions of Perſons in thoſe Climates: her Eyes every hour gave him warning of her Heart, and ſpoke Deſire in keen and melting Glances; but the Perſon to whom thoſe Looks were directed, having his whole Soul taken up with another Object, regarded not their Meaning, nor gueſs'd the Conqueſt he had gain'd. She ſoon found there was not the leaſt Tenderneſs mingled with the Gallantries he paid, and that all her Efforts for the ſubduing of his Heart were ineffectual; and Rage and Pride taking poſſeſſion of her Soul, warr'd with the ſofter Paſſion, and made all Madneſs there.——What, *ſaid ſhe to herſelf*, am I neglected in my Bloom! Dares a mean *Chriſtian*, raiſed but by the *Sultan*'s partial Favour, ſlight the Condeſcenſions I have made him, and view my Beauties with the Eyes of Indifference?——— If the Women of the *Levant* are more liable to amorous Inclinations, than thoſe of other Countries, they have this Advantage, that they can, with a pretty deal of eaſe, when any Affront is offered to their Charms, reſolve with themſelves to revenge it: They love and hate to the ſame Exceſs; and not to return one Paſſion, is the ſure Method to excite another in them. Neither is there any thing they ſcruple, to revenge themſelves on the Contemners of their Beauty. *Roxana* had as much Fire as any of her Sex; and having made uſe of all imaginable means to engage him without any effect, had recourſe to the moſt cruel Revenge.

All the *Chriſtians* who have their Reſidence within the *Ottoman* Dominions, are forbid by a Law to cohabit with the *Turkiſh* Women, on pain

pain of Death, from which, if prov'd guilty, nothing but changing their Religion can redeem them. It was this Pretence that the enraged *Roxana* took, for the Ruin of this innocent Offender.——She went to the *Mufty*, and accus'd him of having liv'd with her in the moſt criminal Fondneſſes, to which ſhe ſaid ſhe had yielded, on his Oath, to embrace the *Mahometan* Religion: and marrying her, this Delegate of their Prophet, tenacious of his Rights, and implacable againſt the Profeſſors of *Chriſtianity*, aſſur'd her, that he ſhould periſh, or perform the Promiſe he had made her. The unfortunate *Gaſan* was accordingly arreſted the next day, and carried to Priſon. There is no Empire in the World, in which Cauſes are ſo ſpeedily diſpatch'd as in *Conſtantinople*; the Proceſs is begun and ended in three Hours. But in that time the Accus'd found means to acquaint the *Grand Viſier* with his Misfortune; but he ſent him word, that it was not in the power of the *Sultan* himſelf to ſave him, the Law was inviolable, and his Death certain, if he comply'd not. Immediately after he receiv'd this Anſwer, the Judge of the High Court read his Sentence. Never Man had a greater ſhare of Spirit and Courage, than had *Gaſan*; yet the Apprehenſions of ſo ſudden and unexpected a Fate, gave him a Shock, which he was not able to ſurmount: and he wrote to the *Grand Viſier*, entreating him to ſend two of the moſt learned Expounders of the *Alcoran*, to convince him of the Verity of that Religion; which if he could be, he would, without further ſcruple, become a *Muſſulman*. The *Viſier* bore this News to the *Sultan*, who, willing to ſave him, if poſſible, had order'd the Execution to be defer'd; he rejoiced

joiced to hear that this Accident had won ſo far upon him, and gave Orders to the *Mufty*, to ſend ſuch as were beſt able to vindicate their Faith. As the News of his Death had fill'd all the Courtiers, who envy'd not the Favour they beheld him in, with Affliction, that of his expected Converſion did with Joy; and they doubted not but as ſoon as he had embraced the *Mahometan* Doctrine, he would be made Captain *Baſhaw* of the Seas, in the room of his Friend *Mehemet Azan*, that Poſt being not yet diſpos'd of.

As *Julia* was proceeding, *Urania* interrupted her, by ſaying, that as ſhe believ'd this Hiſtory would yet take up ſome time before it was finiſh'd, ſhe thought it would be moſt pleaſing to the Company, to hear the end of it on the Terraſs, which over-look'd the Water; the Evening being ſo extremely fine, that they could not, without doing an injury to Nature, refrain taſting the Sweets ſhe produced. Every body approv'd what *Urania* had propos'd; and *Thelamont* added, that it would be a double Pleaſure, becauſe the little Walk would give the amiable *Julia* ſome Relaxation of Speech, and the better enable her to continue her Recital. On this they all adjourn'd to the Garden, where having walk'd two or three times backwards and forwards by a fine Fountain, they went up to the Terraſs; and every one placing themſelves as Inclination directed, they began to teſtify their Impatience for the Concluſion of the Adventures of *Gaſan*; and the obliging *Julia* reſum'd her Diſcourſe in theſe Terms.

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of GASAN.

THE *Derviſes*, (*ſaid ſhe*) ſent by the *Mufty*, in order to convert *Gaſan*, had ſeveral Conferences with him; in all which, he had the better of their Arguments; and by their chuſing rather to evade, than directly anſwer many Queſtions he put to them, he had ſome Reaſons to believe they themſelves did not abſolutely depend on the Truth of thoſe Tenets they would impoſe on him: and this Diſcovery made him hope that he ſhould ſucceed in a Deſign which he had form'd;—— he therefore by degrees ſeem'd to leſſen in his Diſeſteem of their Religion, diſputed but little againſt what they alledg'd, but all the time neglected nothing which might attach them to his Intereſt, and gain their Confidence and Friendſhip. As they now began not to doubt but he would become a *Muſſulman*, to do honour to themſelves, they gave it out, that he was as learned as valiant, and that if he became a Proſelyte, there could not be a greater Proof of the Validity of their Faith. After having made them Preſents of a conſiderable Value, to which he added, the Aſſurances of more and greater Favours, he threw off the Hypocrite, and plainly told them, he would chuſe Death rather than conſent to what they requir'd of him; but if they would join with him in an innocent Deceit, for the Preſervation of his Life, and pretend that he had embrac'd their Faith, he would not only keep it an inviolable Secret, but recompence ſo great

a Service as it deſerv'd. This Propoſal at firſt extremely ſtartled them: but reflecting that ſince he was not to be gain'd by their Arguments, the Diſputes they had maintain'd with him would redound but to their Diſhonour; they thought it better to ſuffer themſelves to be ſeduced by his Generoſity, which would give them this treble Advantage: Firſt, of ſaving the Life of a Man, to whom the whole Empire, and the *Sultan* himſelf, confeſs'd an Obligation. Secondly, the Reputation it would give them, to have converted a Man, who had been thought ſo firmly devoted to the Religion of his Country. And, laſtly, the Intereſt it would be to their Fortunes. They had no ſooner reſolv'd to comply with his Deſires, than they began to ſtudy by what means they ſhould carry on the Pretence, ſo as not to be diſcover'd. What gave them the moſt trouble, was, that the principal of thoſe Ceremonies, requiſite for his becoming a real *Muſſulman*, was always perform'd in publick: but *Gaſan* got over that Difficulty, by telling them, that he believ'd, at his Requeſt, the *Sultan* would influence the *Muſty* to permit it might be done in ſecret, by the Hands of thoſe Perſons by whoſe Arguments he feigned to be converted; aſſuring them, that after that he would go to the *Moſque*, and ſubmit to all that was deſir'd for rendering his Converſion authentick: adding, that if they would bring this about, the moment he was at liberty, he would count down to each two thouſand *Sequins*.

The Advantage was too great to be refus'd; they accepted the Proffer with joy, and ſwore eternal Secrecy. *Gaſan* took the ſame Oath; and alſo, that in all things they ſhould never

fail of his Protection. Theſe mutual Proteſtations being made, the *Derviſes* delay'd not to publiſh, that the noble *Chriſtian*, convinced by them of the Truth of their Religion, was about to perform every thing neceſſary for atteſting himſelf a true *Muſſulman*: and having acquainted the *Mufty* with the Scruple he made, it was judg'd ill Policy to loſe a Convert, who might be of ſo much ſervice to the Empire, by his Valour, and by his Wiſdom, to the Glory of their *Alcoran*, for a trifling Objection; the Ceremony being as eſſential when perform'd in private, as if a thouſand Witneſſes were preſent. And beſides, the *Mufty* had Orders from the *Grand Signior*, to do all that was in his power, without contradicting the Law, to ſave the Life of *Gaſan*. He therefore permitted the *Derviſes* to get every thing ready for the Ceremony, and perform it in the manner deſir'd by the Priſoner.

With this News they return'd to *Gaſan*; and feigning to have accompliſh'd what they pretended, he was ſuffer'd to be convey'd to his own Palace; where, to make the thing bear as great a likeneſs to Truth as was poſſible, he kept his Chamber, without being ſeen by any Perſon, till the time neceſſary for the pretended Cure was elaps'd. When he was in a condition to be ſeen, he was viſited by all the great Men of the *Porte*: and the Day in which he was conducted to the *Moſque*, ſeem'd a Day of Triumph; all the *Baſhaws* which were at that time in *Conſtantinople* aſſiſted at it, the Streets were crowded with innumerable People, who cry'd out with a loud Voice, *Allha! Allha!* The Ceremony finiſh'd, the ſuppos'd Convert was attended home with the ſame Honours, and the

the next day receiv'd Orders from the *Sultan*, to come and receive the Teſtimonies of his Favour. The firſt Miniſter led him to the Throne of that Monarch, who rejoiced to ſee a Proſelyte he ſo well lov'd, gave him a thouſand Careſſes, preſented him with many rich Jewels, and made him *Baſhaw* of *Grand-Cairo*, in the room of the Father of her who ſought his Death, who had lately, on ſome diſguſt, been put out of that Office: And what was more pleaſing to him than all theſe Honours; the liberty of diſpoſing *Roxana*, as ſuited beſt with his Inclinations.

The firſt thing he did after he had left the Preſence of the *Sultan*, was to oblige that unworthy Woman to go out of his Palace, loaded with Shame, and torn with the double Diſappointment of her Love and Revenge. The next was to make that advantage of his new Poſt, as might forward him in the execution of his Project. Nor was he long before he found a fit Opportunity: Intelligence was brought to the *Grand Signior*, that a Revolution had happen'd in the Government, which he had given *Gaſan*: He was therefore judg'd the moſt proper Perſon to go againſt the Rebels; and a large Body of Janizaries, with other Infantry, join'd to a conſiderable Number of *Spahi's*, which are reputed the beſt Cavalry in the Empire, were allotted for this Expedition: and *Gaſan* prepared to put himſelf at their head, after having made new Preſents and Aſſurances to the two *Derviſes* his faithful Confidants.

The pretended Converſion they had wrought on *Gaſan*, had given them ſo high a Reputation, that, the *Mufty* dying ſome days before his Departure, he had the Satisfaction to ſee one of

them raiſed to that Dignity: and when he had congratulated him on his new Honours, took his leave for his Government, where he was receiv'd with all imaginable Magnificence: and as ſoon as he had recover'd the Fatigue of his Journey, he put himſelf at the head of his Army, and marched againſt the Rebels, who were in their Entrenchments ſome few Leagues diſtant from *Grand-Cairo*.

Aben Scira, that was the Name of their Chief, had Valour and Experience; he had been *Baſhaw* of *Syria*, and had acquitted himſelf, according to his Duty, in that Poſt, but by the Jealouſy of the *Grand Viſier* was diſplaced. Conſcious Merit, and ill-rewarded Services, drove him to Deſpair, and inſtigated him to Rebellion. His Army was more numerous than that of *Gaſan*, and the Friends of the latter trembled for the Dangers to which he was expos'd; but his good Stars render'd him victorious, even beyond Imagination. He kill'd *Aben Scira* with his own Hand; and his Followers, loſing all Courage with the Life of their General, were eaſily put to the rout; but *Gaſan* with his Troops purſu'd them ſo cloſe, that few there were who eſcap'd with Life. The Head of *Aben Scira* was ſent to *Conſtantinople*, with the report of what was done; and the *Sultan* demonſtrated the Joy he conceived at this Victory, by ordering all the Artillery of the *Seraglio*, and *Porte*, to be let off ſeveral times.—Nothing was to be ſeen but Illuminations, Bonfires, and other Works of rejoicing for many Days and Nights. *Gaſan* in the mean time employ'd himſelf in ſubduing thoſe Towns, who had been perverted from their Loyalty by *Aben Scira*, puniſh-

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ing the Heads of the Inſurrection, and re-eſtabliſhing Order and Obedience throughout the Country.

Having thus diſcharged what he thought was owing to the *Sultan*, for the many Favours he had conferr'd upon him, it was now a fit time for him to remember his Love, his Country, and his God. He heard a famous Merchant of *Marſeilles*, called *Royer*, was lately arrived at *Grand Cairo*; he had formerly been acquainted with him, and knew him to be a Man of Integrity and Honour. The deſire he had of informing himſelf of *Irene*, to whom he had not, ſince his pretended Converſion, had an opportunity of writing, made him ſend for this Gentleman, and enquire of him what he deſired to know. He learn'd from him, that *Maſodier* was become exceeding poor: that in one great Storm the beſt part of his Riches were loſt; and by the fraud of ſome Perſons, with whom he had dealings, he was deprived of the reſt: That the Beauty of *Irene* had attracted a great number of Admirers, who would have repair'd the broken Fortunes of the Father, by marrying the Daughter, but that ſhe rejected all their Propoſals with Scorn; and that Madam *Maſodier*, having a Spirit too great to ſupport theſe Misfortunes, had died of Grief: But that her Husband, in hope of re-eſtabliſhing his Affairs, had reſolved to embark for *Smyrna*, where he had ſome Friends, who had promiſed him their aſſiſtance. *Gaſan* was troubled at the death of Madam *Maſodier*; but the hope that it would be to him his dear *Irene* ſhould owe the raiſing of her Family, conſoled him. He deſired the Merchant to inform him, if *Maſodier* had yet left *Marſeilles*, and if *Irene* was intended to accompany him to *Smyrna*. To which *Royer* anſwer'd,

ſwer'd, That he had not taken ſhipping when he came away ; but that all things were ready for their departure, and that *Irene* was to be the partner of that Voyage. *Gaſan* was infinitely troubled at this Intelligence, thinking it not ſafe for him, after what he had done, to go to *Smyrna* ; but perceiving *Royer* had evaded giving him any account of what was ſaid of himſelf at *Marſeilles*, he deſired he would relate it freely.

All *Marſeilles* (*replied he*) is ſenſible of your Glory and your Fortune ; but the Pleaſure your Friends take in your Advancement, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, is poiſon'd by the knowledge of thoſe Means by which you attain'd it, the Change of your Religion, and abſolutely renouncing the Party of the Chriſtians, by marrying with a *Turkiſh* Woman. This diſcourſe drew all the Blood from the Heart of *Gaſan* into his Face, and he appear'd extremely touch'd.

Not able to ſuffer *Royer* to continue in an Error ſo prejudicial to himſelf, he depended on his Sincerity, and recounted to him all his Adventures, and the Means by which he had preſerved himſelf a *Chriſtian*, and deceived the *Turks* ; and then proceeded to inform him of the Reſolution he had taken to abandon for ever a Country, where Innocence had no defence from Power ; and intreated him to buy a Ship of fifty Guns, and ſee it well mann'd, and ready to ſet Sail by the firſt fair Wind. And to convince him that he really meant to do as he ſaid, he put into his hands a Casket, containing a parcel of very rich Jewels, deſiring he would take care of them, and viſit him frequently, that ſo he might carry off without ſuſpicion, thoſe things which he eſteemed moſt precious.

Royer could not find words to expreſs his Joy at this diſcovery, and was forced to content himſelf with aſſuring him, that all his Commands ſhould be obey'd with an expedition which would prove the ſatisfaction it gave him to be ſo employ'd.

After this, there was not a day paſs'd, without his attending at the *Baſhaw*'s Palace, and he never going away empty-handed, his Houſe became the Magazine of the Treaſures which the feign'd Converſion of *Gaſan* had made him maſter of; and he executed the other part of his Commiſſion ſo well, that in three Weeks time he had a gallant Ship prepared and attending in the Harbour. *Gaſan* charm'd with his Diligence and Fidelity, went and ſaw the Veſſel, under pretence of importing ſome Goods to a Friend at *Marſeilles*; and finding it equip'd as he could wiſh, order'd *Royer* to put on board the things he had received from him; and the next Night, attended only by three or four *Chriſtian* Servants, which the care of *Royer* had alſo provided for him, embarked with Treaſures greater than even Report had famed him to be maſter of, and forſook for ever that Land where his Virtue and his Principles had met Tryals ſo ſevere.

During the Time of the Voyage he writ an account of all that had befallen him in *Conſtantinople*, the Conqueſts he had gain'd for the *Sultan*, the Dangers to which he had expoſed himſelf, concealing only the Deceit in which the *Derviſes* had joined with him; and pretending that it was no other Motive than Love of his Country, which had induced him to return to it. And happening to put in at a Harbour for freſh Water, he there met with a Merchant of *Nicoſia*; to him he deliver'd this Packet, which was

directed to the *Baſhaw* of that City, by him to be forwarded to the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, who he knew would immediately make a Preſent of it to the *Grand Signior*. After this he proſecuted his Voyage, but as he came near the Coaſt of *Sicily*, he diſcover'd a Veſſel of thirty Pieces of Cannon, which appear'd to him to be of *Algier*. He ſaluted her with a Broad-ſide, which the *Corſair* did not fail to anſwer, and the Diſpute begun pretty warmly; but *Gaſan* having the advantage, not only of the Wind, but greater number of Cannon, the other was obliged to ſurrender. The victorious *Gaſan* found a great many *Chriſtians* on board, whom he imagin'd had been taken by the *Algerine*, and conſtrain'd to fight in their Service; he therefore left them at their liberty, but put all the *Turks* under Hatches, and ſtrongly chain'd. The *Chriſtians* ſeeing him in the Habit of a *Turk*, were at firſt in a moſt terrible Conſternation, fearing they ſhould be carried to *Conſtantinople*; which is of all Slaveries the moſt to be dreaded, becauſe there is rarely, if ever, any Ranſom admitted: But ſoon were their Fears diſſipated, when they found themſelves treated with ſo unexpected a Clemency; and one of them throwing himſelf at his feet, accoſted him in *French*, in theſe words: O glorious Man, *ſaid he*, whether *Turk* or *Chriſtian*, I am ignorant, but thy goodneſs to the latter teſtifies that thou haſt, at leaſt, a kindneſs to thoſe of that Profeſſion, and gives me therefore the courage to inform thee, that here are on board this Veſſel ſome Priſoners which merit thy regard. Some days paſt, the *Algerine* took a *French* Ship, in which were ſeveral worthy Paſſengers, among the number, two Women, one of them of ſuch excellent Beauty, that only ſuch Barbarians

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as thoſe thou haſt vanquiſhed, could have refuſed to her that Liberty which her Tears and Faintings ſupplicated.

Gaſan no ſooner heard this, than he commanded the Ladies ſhould be conducted into his Veſſel, and placed there in the beſt Cabin; refuſing to pay that Compliment to them himſelf, out of a Principle of Delicateneſs, that he would not be obliged to admire any other than his dear *Irene*. After he had put every thing in order in that Ship, and ſettled Commanders to bring it to *Provence*, he returned to his own, and went into his Cabin to give Thanks for his Victory to that Almighty Power, whoſe Aſſiſtance he had never fail'd to crave, even when he ſeem'd moſt to have renounc'd it.

But he had not continued long in this devout Employment, before he was interrupted in it: The beautiful Priſoners, which he had order'd to be carried into his Veſſel, happen'd to be put into the Cabin next to his; and after a Volly of Sighs, which ſeemed to iſſue with that vehemence, as tho' they would rend the Breaſt which ſent them forth, he heard one of them ſpeak in this manner: I cannot ſee any reaſon, Madam, for theſe Griefs. —— Heaven ſeems, methinks, to favour all your Wiſhes. —— You lamented to depart from *Marſeilles*, and thought nothing more cruel than the Obligation laid on you to take a Voyage to *Smyrna*; in that you had your deſire: We were made Priſoners to the *Algerines*, and by that means prevented from proſecuting our intended Voyage; but of greater Severity did you then accuſe your Fate, and trembled at the Slavery which threaten'd in the Victory of the *Corſair*: from that alſo are you deliver'd. A Ship of *Turky* attack'd the *Algerine*, conquer'd him,

him, and inſtead of carrying us to *Conſtantinople*, as we had cauſe to expect, hoiſts his Sails for *Provence*, and ſoon ſhall we ſee ourſelves again in our own Country.——— For my part, I ſee no room for any thing but Joy. Nor I but of Horror, *replied the other.* I am deliver'd from the *Algerines*, 'tis true, but by whom am I deliver'd? by a *Turk!* —— It is a *Turk* to whom I muſt pay my Acknowledgments; and I proteſt to you, that I would a thouſand times ſooner chuſe Death, than any Obligation to one of that Nation. It is the knowledge that it is to one of them I owe my eſcape from Slavery, which renews all my Griefs; and when I conſider that I am ſubjected to a People, who deprived me of the Heart of *Gaſan*, my Deſpair is without bounds.

The firſt word this Fair Afflicted utter'd, had ſurpriz'd *Gaſan* with ſuch an exceſs of Joy, that he was little able to comprehend the latter part of her Diſcourſe. He remember'd the dear Accents, and immediately knew it was *Irene* whom he heard, whom he had on board with him, and to whom he had already done ſome Service; but recovering himſelf from that Extaſy, with which the firſt diſcovery had over-whelm'd him, the jealous Curioſity of a Lover made him now attentive to what was ſaid: and going nearer to that ſide which join'd to the Cabin in which they were, he heard the Perſon who accompanied *Irene*, addreſs her in theſe terms: ——— I ſee indeed, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, that you hate the *Turks*, but I can ſcarce forgive you for it: Upon my word, the Commander of this Veſſel is as handſome as he is valiant. I ſaw him in the middle of the fight, through a hole I made, while you were employ'd at your Devotions; and I am

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ſenſibly touch'd with his Indifference for us, which deprives me of the pleaſure of beholding him a ſecond time.

Alas! (*replied* Irene) thy Gaiety has not now the power of diverting me.—— It imports not me, if this *Turk* be handſome, or diſagreeable; if he be amorous, or indifferent.——My thoughts are taken up with Objects too ſerious to admit of Raillery: Nor ought I to endeavour an alleviation of my Griefs, while I remain ſeparated from my Father, and am ignorant of his Fate. With theſe words, renewing her Sighs, *Gaſan* had no longer the power to contain himſelf; but calling his People about him, ſent them in ſearch of *Maſodier*. They were not long before they brought him; for having his liberty with the other Chriſtians, he was walking up and down the Veſſel, wondering what was to be the Cataſtrophe of his Fate. The moment he ſaw *Gaſan*, in ſpite of his *Turkiſh* Habit, he was remembred by him; and ſtepping ſome few Paces, in token of amazement, You have now, now an opportunity of revenging yourſelf, for my refuſing *Irene* to your deſires, *ſaid he*; but if you yet retain any Principles of Generoſity, let me not be ſeparated from that dear Maid, and give us the ſame Fetters. If I had any thoughts of Vengeance, *replied* Gaſan, it would be to *Conſtantinople*, and not to *Provence*, I ſhould conduct you; but ſince you know *Gaſan* through his diſguiſe, *continued he*, know him for what he is, a *Chriſtian*, and a Man of Honour. With theſe words he tenderly embraced him, and making him ſit down, entertain'd him with a recital of all his Adventures; which as ſoon as he had concluded, You ſee, *purſued he*, that in ſpite of the Contempt with which you treated me, I have preſerved my-

myſelf a faithful Lover, and a perfect Friend; and ſolemnly proteſt, I take no joy in the Treaſures I am maſter of, and which to acquire, I have gone through ſuch immenſe Dangers, but to render myſelf worthy of *Irene*, and to put a period to the Misfortunes in which of late you have been involv'd. 'Tis eaſy to gueſs what the tranſported Father muſt feel at ſo unexpected, ſo unhoped a Turn in his Affairs. He ſaid all that was neceſſary to demonſtrate his Gratitude, and repair the Error of his former Behaviour, but *Gaſan* would not permit him to dwell on that Subject; but relating to him the Conference he had heard between *Irene* and her Confidante, he pray'd him no longer to delay reſtoring to her a Father who was ſo dear to her, nor preſenting to her a Lover whom ſhe was yet ſo good as to remember. This was an Employment too pleaſing to *Maſodier* for him not to accept it on the firſt offer; he gave him his hand, and intreated he would conduct him to the Cabin where ſhe was.

Gaſan was too impatient to hold any farther Converſation; but leading him immediately where *Irene* was ſitting, he threw himſelf on his Knees, as ſoon as he approach'd her. This Action, and her Father on the other ſide embracing her, put her into a Conſternation, from which ſhe could not preſently extricate herſelf; but returning the Embraces of the one, and regarding the other with a kind of Affright, was ſome time before ſhe ſpoke. At laſt the preſence of her Father giving her a little courage; What would this *Turk?* (*ſaid ſhe, trembling*) and what Benefits are we able to confer on him in a Place where we are Slaves? ——— There is no Slave here but me, beautiful *Irene*, (*replied he, lifting*

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up his Head, which till now he had held down) but I wear Chains which I prefer to all the Crowns in the Univerſe.——— Oh, Heaven! *interrupted* Irene, Gaſan!——my Father, what do I ſee! ——— She was not able to proceed; Joy, Fear, and a thouſand other Emotions, which the Habit of *Gaſan*, and his ſuppoſed Infidelity had raiſed in her, left her no other means than Tears wher by to expreſs herſelf. Yes, my Daughter, *ſaid* Maſodier, 'tis *Gaſan* whom you ſee; but 'tis alſo a *Chriſtian*, a faithful Lover, a tender Friend; and in fine, a Man whom I give you as a Huſband, if he can, as he has ſaid he will, forgive my former blindneſs to his Merit, and the late Misfortunes of our Family. At theſe words *Gaſan* roſe, and being deſired by *Maſodier*, repeated to *Irene* all he had before acquainted him.

A Diſcourſe in which ſhe was ſo much intereſted, was liſten'd to with Attention, and anſwer'd with the utmoſt Tenderneſs. He had no ſooner ended, than ſhe gave him one of her Hands, and throwing the other round his Neck, made him think that all the Dangers he had gone through, were more than recompenſed by ſo ſweet a Condeſcenſion. *Maſodier* beheld with admiration a Paſſion ſo conſtant and ſo ardent; and unwilling to give any interruption to the Effects of it, kept a profound Silence, by his Geſtures only teſtifying the perfect Joy he conceiv'd at it.

This happy Re-union being immediately blazed throughout the Ship, the Satisfaction of the Commander devolved on thoſe whoſe place it was to obey, and they finiſh'd their Voyage with a Contentment which was viſible in the leaſt of their Actions. They arrived at *Marſeilles* as if

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in Triumph; and *Gaſan* ſending immediately to apprize *Celimond* of their coming, that faithful Friend, who doubted not but there was ſomething very extraordinary in this Adventure, and which could not be to the diſhonour of *Gaſan*, aſſembled the principal Perſons in the City to meet them. *Gaſan*, *Maſodier*, and *Irene*, were received with Honours which they had not dared to hope; and after they had embraced *Celimond*, and ſaluted the reſt who had teſtified their Joy at ſeeing them, *Gaſan* deſired *Maſodier* and *Irene* to go with *Celimond*; he having offer'd them his Houſe, while he tarried to ſee the Riches which were on board his Veſſel, brought to land.

After he had ſeen every thing executed according to his deſire, he rejoin'd the Company; and the reſt of the Day was paſſed in feaſting, reciting what had happen'd to the one and the other, and in all imaginable Teſtimonies of Amity, of Tenderneſs and Love; and the enſuing Night in a Tranquillity, to which *Gaſan* and *Irene* had for a long time been ſtrangers.

Maſodier, willing to haſten the conſummation of theſe two Lovers Felicity, accompanied *Gaſan* the next day to the Biſhop, where, having recounted what had befallen him, he entreated to be reconciled to the Church; which being granted, and the Ceremonies proper for his Abſolution performed, Orders were given for the Preparations neceſſary to make theſe Nuptials in ſome degree proportionable to the vaſt Fortune of *Gaſan*, and the Love he bore *Irene*; and never were any of private Perſons celebrated with greater Magnificence.

Now united beyond the power of any thing but Death to cauſe a Separation, they thought themſelves

themſelves ſufficiently recompenſed for all the Sorrows they had ſuffer'd. And as for *Maſodier*, the faithful *Gaſan* gave him ſo large a ſhare out of his Treaſures, that he immediately re-eſtabliſh'd his Affairs, and had no reaſon to regret his former Loſſes.

Thus ended *Julia* her Narrative. This Hiſtory, *ſaid* Urania, is of the moſt ſingular kind: but the amiable *Julia* has repeated it with ſo good a Grace, that I am more than half perſuaded, that we owe to her great part of the Pleaſure it has given us. I am of the ſame opinion, *rejoined* Orophanes; but I confeſs it diſcovers a Maſter-piece of Art to preſerve *Gaſan* a *Chriſtian* in the Habit of a *Turk*, and amongſt a People who are not without great difficulty deceived.

There is a Moral in it, *ſaid* Felicia, which I am greatly charm'd with; and that is, That one ſhould never deſpiſe a Perſon meerly for the want of Fortune: Virtue is always preferable to Riches: Wiſdom, Courage, an agreeable Temper, and Manner of Behaviour, are Talents which will, ſome time or other, acquire the Goods of Fortune; but Wealth alone can never purchaſe for the Poſſeſſor of it, any one of theſe Qualities, without which, the grandeſt Titles and Poſſeſſions but adorn Wretchedneſs, and make the Owner more conſpicuouſly contemptible.

You ſpeak my Sentiment, *added* Camilla, and I cannot help thinking *Maſodier* more guilty than *Gaſan*, even tho' he had turn'd a *Mahometan* in good earneſt: And Heaven ſeems to puniſh his having drove the other to that extremity, by refuſing him, in making him loſe thoſe Riches on which

which he too much valued himſelf, and contemned a Man by Birth and Merit his Superior.

This Converſation laſted till Supper-time, and the Repaſt being put on the Table, they ſat down, and partook of it with that good Humour which was inſeparable from this amiable Society. *Alphonſo*, who had been extremely pleaſed with the Hiſtory of *Gaſan*, could not forbear ſpeaking of it again; but concluded the Praiſes he gave the fair Reciter, with ſaying, That he was certain he could go through Dangers more terrible than did that counterfeit *Turk*, were they neceſſary for the attainment of *Camilla*. You will not find any Perſon here, *replied* Orſames, who will not aſſure you the ſame thing; nay, we can carry our Conſtancy yet farther, *continued he, laughing*, ſince I believe we may all with Verity avow, we would do as much to *preſerve* the Poſſeſſion of our Wives, as *Gaſan* did, or you would attempt, to *gain* the adorable Objects of your Affections.

That would be a Belief too flattering for us to entertain, *ſaid* Julia. Not in the leaſt, Madam, *anſwer'd* Thelamont; for me, I hope *Urania* does me the juſtice to believe there are no Perils to which I would not have expoſed myſelf, to *obtain* the Bleſſing I now enjoy; and nothing I would not now hazard, to *preſerve* her mine. As I judge your Sentiments by my own, *ſaid ſhe, with an obliging Smile*, I doubt not of the truth of what you ſay. You are both very complaiſant Husbands, *cried* Felicia, but *Orophanes* bears no part in theſe tender Proteſtations; which makes me think he would riſque neither his Life nor Repoſe, to maintain the Power I have given him over me.

You are very cruel, *replied he*, to be the only Perſon who does not do juſtice to what you love;

ſove ; and it would be but retaliating the Wrong, to let you continue in that Error.——— But as I cannot do it, without injuring my own Courage and Conſtancy, I here proteſt, that there is nothing I would not endeavour to ſuffer, or perform, to keep you mine, indifferent and unbelieving as you are.

Orophanes pronounced theſe words in a Tone ſo ſerious, that the Company, who knew his uſual Gaiety, could not refrain laughing at the ſudden alteration : But *Felicia*, who found ſhe had really piqued him, ſearch'd amongſt thoſe Graces which were always at her Call, for one to repair this little Affront. And as the leaſt Endearment from the Perſon we ſincerely love, is ſufficient to fill the Heart with Pleaſure, ſhe was not long before ſhe re-eſtabliſhed the accuſtomed Contentment in that of her Husband.

This agreeable Diſpute ended with the Supper ; and *Urania*, as ſhe roſe from Table, taking *Florinda* by the Arm, led her into a Garden, in which ſhe had made ſome new Improvements. All the Company followed ; and having prais'd that Lady's Fancy in the choice of the Flowers, and the pretty Order in which the Banks and Graſs-plots were kept; By the ſilence you have preſerv'd, *ſaid ſhe to* Florinda, all the time of our late Converſation, one would imagine you know not yet what your Admirers are capable of doing, either to conquer, or retain your Heart. I am, however, perſuaded, that there is ſome one happy enough to pleaſe you, and to attempt every thing to merit you.

I too much prove the contrary, *replied ſhe*, and if we find a *Thelamont*, an *Orophanes*, an *Alphonſo*, an *Orſames* in the World, we alſo ſee an *Urania*, a *Felicia*, a *Camilla*, and a *Julia*. *Florinda* has not their

Attractions, and therefore expects not to meet with a Heart such as they possess.

Florinda utter'd these words with an Air so full of Chagrin, which was so little natural, tho' it was generally serious, that *Urania* was astonished at it, and had not fail'd that moment to enquire the Cause, if she had not thought the demand would be more effectually answer'd when they were in private. *Camilla*, who gues's'd the confusion of her Cousin's Thoughts, immediately turn'd the discourse. It very much surprizes me, *said she*, in the History which *Julia* has been reciting to us, that *Gasan*, who was so much a stranger at *Constantinople*, and of a Religion so contrary to what is there profess'd, should so suddenly arrive to such Advancement and Favour.

As to that, *answer'd* Thelamont, there is no Nation in the World where People arrive at supreme Dignities by such swift degrees as in the *Ottoman* Dominions. ——— The History of the *Turks* is full of very strange Examples of the Rise, and as sudden Falls of Favourites. Among others, that of *Ibrahim* is now fresh in my remembrance, tho' it is some time ago that I read it. He was one of those Children who are given as a Yearly Tribute for the Service of the *Sultan*; but being found of a Constitution too weak for the *Seraglio*, he fell to the lot of a *Bashaw*, who taking a fancy to him, educated him with great care; and the young *Ibrahim* profited so well by his Instructions, that his Benefactor thought him a fit Present for *Solyman*, eldest Son of *Selim* the First, who, after the death of that Emperor, reigned with great Glory.

Solyman received *Ibrahim* with pleasure, and as he was much of the same Age, made him partaker

ker in all his Diverſions, and his Secrets, and began to love him ſo tenderly, that in a little time he would be ſerved by no other hand: He might have made what advantage he pleaſed of the Favour of his Prince, but he exerted his Intereſt with him only to do ſervice for his Friends, and for the protection of as many unhappy Perſons as addreſſed him. *Solyman*, who had a great Soul, was charm'd with his Diſintereſtedneſs and Generoſity, and when he came to be Emperor, made him immediately *Capigi Baſhaw*, or Captain of the *Seraglio*; and, in a little time after, *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, or General of the *Turkiſh* Infantry.

Ibrahim ſeeing the rapidity of his Fortune, fear'd the inconſtancy of it; he was continually reflecting to what Changes the Great Men of the *Porte* were liable, and the daily Examples he ſaw before his Eyes of the ſudden Fall of Favourites, made him extremely melancholy. *Solyman* perceiving it, demanded the Cauſe, which the other heſitated not to reveal. He told him, the extraordinary Favours he received from his Highneſs, could not fail to create him many Enemies; and that he fear'd the Fate of ſome, who, like him, had been raiſed to unhoped for Dignities, and after were plunged into an Abyſs of Misfortunes, from which they eſcaped not but by an infamous and miſerable death. It is this dread, *ſaid he*, which takes up all my Thoughts; I would therefore entreat my royal Maſter to permit me to retire from Court; and in ſome ſafe and undiſturb'd Retreat, ſecure from Jealouſy, paſs the remainder of my days in Prayers for his Proſperity, and the Service of Heaven. This wiſe Diſcourſe, from the mouth of one he ſo well lov'd, pierced the very Heart of *Solyman*. He

applauded his Modeſty; and willing to omit nothing which might diſſipate his Fears, he gave him an Oath in the moſt ſolemn manner that Words could form, that on no Pretence whatſoever, while he liv'd, his Life ſhould be touch'd.

Ibrahim, re-aſſured by ſo ſacred a Promiſe, threw off his Doubts, and appear'd more firmly attached than ever to the Intereſt of his Emperor, who reſolved to give him Proofs of his Confidence, made him *Grand Viſier*, or Lieutenant-General, and Chancellor of the Empire. After this, he carried his Arms into *Hungary*, *Perſia*, and the Iſle of *Rhodes*, and was every where victorious. *Ibrahim* attended him in all theſe Conqueſts, and partook of his Triumphs; every day increaſing in Favour, Wealth, and Power, till he became ſo great, he ſeemed equal to his Maſter; and inſpired an Awe little inferiour to that of the Ruler of the beſt part of the *Eaſtern* World.

Among the number of thoſe who grew jealous of the Power he had with the *Sultan*, was his Mother, and *Roxolana* his moſt beloved Wife. Theſe Ladies, tenacious of their Prerogative, could not bear that all Sollicitations and Addreſſes muſt paſs through his hands; and formed a Party againſt him, who were daily contriving to leſſen his Authority and the Eſteem of *Solyman*. *Ibrahim* was advertiſed of their Deſign; and dreading how far the Endearments of a Wife, and the Tenderneſſes of a Mother might in time prevail, to remove him therefore from Inſinuations ſo dangerous to him, he perſuaded him to a new War with *Perſia*. Never Prince was a greater lover of War, nor more ſucceſsful in it; yet did he heſitate a little on this Undertaking, not out of *Fear*, but *Honour*. He had made Peace with *Tachmas*, King of *Perſia*,

ſia, and could not anſwer to himſelf being guilty of the firſt breach : But *Ibrahim*, reſolute to compaſs his Deſigns, had recourſe to this Artifice. He had heard of an Aſtronomer named *Muley*, who was famous for revealing the moſt hidden Decrees of Fate ; and as Princes have their Failings as well as other Men, the *Viſier* eaſily work'd up his Curioſity to ſee ſo wonderful a Man. He was ſent for from *Damas*, the place of his Reſidence, and introduced by *Ibrahim*, who had taught him what to ſay, to the Preſence of the Emperor. Among other Queſtions, being asked, if he ſhould make War with *Perſia*, the Aſtronomer told him, that if he did, he ſhould overcome, and be crowned King of all the Realms which *Tachmas* enjoy'd. The Emperor, deceiv'd by this Prediction and his own Ambition, delay'd not to put himſelf at the Head of Six Hundred Thouſand Men, and march'd againſt *Perſia*. Several Battles were fought, in ſome of which he was victorious, in others the contrary ; but was at laſt totally defeated, and obliged to return to *Conſtantinople* with not the quarter-part of his Army, violently enraged againſt the Aſtronomer and his Miniſter. *Roxolana*, and the Mother *Sultaneſs*, failed not to take this opportunity of accuſing *Ibrahim* with the ill Succeſs of a War which he had adviſed ; and their Suppoſitions agreeing with the Diſpleaſure he had conceived againſt him, made him reſolve to put him to death.

But remembring the Promiſe he had made, he called a Council, among whom the *Mufti* was order'd to be preſent ; and relating the Oath he had taken, never to touch the Life of *Ibrahim* while he maintained his own, asked their Advice what to do with a Man who he now could not

ſuffer in his preſence without Horror, and was grown too great to be baniſh'd without Danger. They deliberated a long time, unable to reſolve ſo material a Point; at laſt one of them riſing from his Seat, and proſtrating himſelf before the Emperor, —— If nothing, O ſacred Ruler of the *Muſſulmen*, (ſaid he) prevents your commanding the death of this Offender, but the Promiſe you have made him, that while you live he ſhall not die, let him be ſtrangled while you ſleep. —— Sleep is a privation of Life, and thus may you execute your Pleaſure without Breach of Faith. *Solyman* was charm'd with this Sophiſtry, took the Advice of his Counſellor; and the ſame Night the Execution was perform'd.

I ſhould never wiſh for the Grandeurs of the *Porte*, ſaid *Camilla*, ſince one is liable to pay for them ſo dear; but nothing is more amazing to me, than that theſe Monarchs have any Subjects. It is not in the *Ottoman* Court alone, *replied* Urania, that high Fortunes are to be feared; we have Examples of the Falls of Favourites in almoſt all the Kingdoms of the Univerſe.

True, *ſaid* Florinda, and to live without Fear, 'tis highly neceſſary to be without Ambition; but for thoſe who are favour'd by their maſter, they cannot be too circumſpect.—— There muſt not be the leaſt ground for Accuſation; and 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that when Princes raiſe their Subjects for no other reaſon than their own partial Indulgence, they ſhould on the leaſt falſe ſtep as ſuddenly remove them.

That makes good my Argument, *reſumed* Thelamont, that a Prince cannot be guilty of a greater Weakneſs, than to give Poſts of Truſt to thoſe whoſe Fidelity he has not experienced. A Subject ſhould be *proved* before he be *rewarded*;

warded; and when it is otherwiſe, it, for the moſt part, becomes dangerous to the one, and fatal to the other: and ſometimes involves the whole Kingdom in Confuſion. —— There are many Reflections one might be capable of making on this Theme; but I perceive, by the ſilence of the Ladies, that Repoſe would at this time be more agreeable than a long Converſation. With theſe words, taking Leave of the Company, every one retired to their own Apartment, preparing themſelves, by the Refreſhments which Sleep affords, for the Amuſements of the enſuing Day.

The End of the Eleventh Day.



La Belle Aſſemblée.

The TWELFTH, and LAST DAY.

FELICIA riſing ſomething more early than ordinary, went into the Garden, where ſhe found *Florinda* walking in a melancholy Poſture; they both adjourn'd to the Chamber of *Urania*, who being yet in Bed, deſired they would ſit down by her, glad of this Opportunity to ask *Florinda* ſome Queſtions, which ſhe thought it improper to do when the Company was all together. Explain to us, my dear *Florinda*, *ſaid ſhe*, the Motive which made you ſpeak in the manner you did yeſterday, on the difficulty of finding a faithful Heart. A Woman of your Wit ſpeaks nothing without a Meaning, and the tender Friendſhip I have for you, gives me a Curioſity of which I am not Miſtreſs; I am certain you are very dear to *Felicia*, and I believe ſhe is enough ſo to you, to give her this Proof of your Confidence.

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It is neither the want of Confidence nor Friendſhip, *reply'd ſhe, bluſhing*, which has oblig'd me thus long to make a Myſtery of my Misfortunes: but there are ſome Particulars which one conceals from one's Friends, only becauſe one would wiſh to be ignorant of them oneſelf. —— When we find our Glory intereſted in the Secret, we chuſe rather to ſuffer in ſilence than recount what will redound to our Diſhonour; and ſuch is the nature of the Affair you would have me reveal: but to let you ſee my Friendſhip is abſolutely without reſerve, I will inform you of that which none but *Camilla* has the leaſt notion of. Impute not the Diſcovery I am about to make, however, to want of Reſolution, nor to the Indiſcretion which eſcap'd me yeſterday, nor to your Perſuaſions to-day, but my Inclinations to let you into it.— A Dream which I have had this Night, and which renews my Misfortunes, made me reſolve to ſeek from you that Conſolation which all other Remedies have fail'd to give me.

Theſe Expreſſions ſo movingly deliver'd, augmented the Impatience of *Urania*; and becauſe ſhe would have no Interruption in what ſhe ſo much deſired to know, ſhe pray'd *Thelamont*, who came that moment into the Room, to go and entertain the reſt of the Company while ſhe heard the Adventures of *Florinda*. This tender Husband, who thought no Employment ſo ſweet as that which was obliging to his charming Wife, departed that moment, only charging her, in a gallant manner, not to ſwear to *Florinda* an inviolable Secrecy, for he expected not to be depriv'd of the Pleaſure of knowing their Entertainment. *Florinda* made him a conſenting Nod; and as ſoon as he was

gone,

gone, *Urania* and *Felicia* renew'd their entreaties that ſhe would begin her Recital. There is little in it worth your Attention, *reply'd that amiable Lady*, except the pains it will give me to find Words to excuſe my Faults. The two Friends eaſily perceiv'd the Trouble ſhe was in; ſhe bluſh'd, ſhe turn'd pale, ſhe open'd her mouth to ſpeak, and as often ſhut it again without being able to bring forth one Syllable: but after many Efforts, ſhe at laſt addreſs'd her Diſcourſe to *Urania*, in theſe Terms.

The Hiſtory of FLORINDA.

YOU know, my dear *Urania*, *ſaid ſhe*, that *Camilla* and myſelf were left very young without Father or Mother, with our Fortunes to the Care of a Guardian: we never had the Bleſſing of being under a Parental Authority, which may, perhaps, be put among the number of the greateſt Misfortunes; eſpecially to our Sex, who, when truſted to the Conduct of our own weak Reaſon, and that Modeſty inherent in us, frequently prove the Fatality of ſuch a Liberty. The Wife of our Guardian was extremely tender of us both, and educated us with all thoſe Accompliſhments which make young People taken notice of; *Camilla* was about 13, and I 14, when this Lady was oblig'd to go to a Seat ſhe had at *Poitou*, to regulate ſome Affairs. As *Camilla* was not ſo much advanc'd in her Learning as myſelf, ſhe was left at *Paris* to make up that Deficiency, and I accompany'd

pany'd *Areliſe*, for that was her Name, to *Poitou*. It would be needleſs to make you a long detail of the Beauties or the Pleaſures of the Place; it ſhall ſuffice to tell you, that *Areliſe* being a Woman of Condition, there was no Feaſt to which ſhe was not invited; but as ſhe was pretty well advanc'd in Years, ſhe thought it not proper to be preſent at their Diverſions, and therefore ſent me accompany'd by her Women. The greateſt part of their Diverſions are the Courſe, the Lute, and Dancing; they are ordinarily perform'd by People of the Country, and a Prize given to thoſe who excel. I was always choſe Sovereign, and beſtow'd theſe Rural Honours according to the Determination of thoſe who were appointed Judges.

You are not ignorant that the *Poitovins* excel in all theſe Talents, and an eternal Vivacity animates the leaſt of their Actions, and renders them infinitely amiable.

The firſt time that I was admitted to their Pleaſures, and made their Queen, the Courſe was the Object of Emulation among all the young Men of the Country. It was held in a vaſt large Plain, encompaſs'd with two Rows of Trees, which being very thick, their intermingling Boughs made a delightful Shade beneath them, in which Scaffolds were erected for the Spectators to behold the Combatants with greater eaſe: in the middle was erected a little Throne, elevated from the Ground about five or ſix Steps, on which I ſate alone; a little beneath me, on each ſide, ſat the two Judges. Thus placed, I had the advantage of ſeeing the whole Company at once; but ſoon, alas! was my View engroſs'd, too ſoon I loſt all Eyes for any thing but one Object: a lovely Youth, in whom

whom all the Graces ſeem'd to center, took up my Soul, and render'd me inſenſible of aught beſides. Scarce could I return, with thoſe Civilities which were expected from me, the Homage that was paid me; but when he approach'd, good God! in what a Chaos of Confuſion were all my Thoughts involv'd!—After kiſſing the bottom of my Robe, with an Air which expreſs'd ſomething more than the Ceremony; Ambition, *ſaid he*, is entirely vanquiſh'd me; it was that alone which engaged me to diſpute the Prize, and to acquire the Fame of being moſt worthy of it———but I now wiſh leſs to *merit* than *attain* the Crown, ſince 'tis to be given by your Hand. I believe you ſo worthy, *anſwer'd I*, of a much greater Honour, that I could wiſh it were in my power to add to this I am to beſtow on the Conqueror; but if it will be any advantage to be given by my Hand, be aſſur'd it will be as much for my Satisfaction as your Glory, that no other Perſon ſhall receive it from me. All the reply he made me to theſe Words, was a low Bow, and then went to join his Adverſary. The Courſe immediately began, and was finiſh'd according to my Wiſhes; that is to ſay, the lovely Stranger had the advantage ſo conſiderably, that the Acclamations of the Aſſembly made the very Skies reſound. I ask'd of ſome People who ſtood near me, the Name of the Conqueror; but they could inform me no more, than that he was a Stranger, arriv'd but a ſmall time ſince in that Province, that he lodg'd at the Houſe of a rich Farmer who appear'd to have a great Tenderneſs for him; and tho' his Behaviour denoted him to have been bred at a Court, he had not diſdain'd to join in all the little Plays of the

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Country, in which he never fail'd to bear away the Prize. They added, that his Perfections, and the Skill he had in all manner of Exerciſes, were ſo far from creating him Envy, that even thoſe over whom he had the advantage, could not avoid both loving and admiring him.

While I was receiving this Information, he finiſh'd glorioufly the laſt Courſe, and being judg'd worthy of the Prize, he came to me to receive it; and putting one Knee to the ground, Heaven, Madam, *ſaid he*, has heard my Prayers ——the fortunate *Liſarque* is deſtin'd to be crown'd by the divine *Florinda*: but the Honour I am about to receive, will be of little effect to make me happy, if you add not your Approbation to the Glory of the Prize. Not only my Approbation, *anſwer'd I*; I join alſo the Eſteem which cannot, without injuſtice to your Merit, be refus'd. With theſe Words I put the Crown upon his Head: and I proteſt my Dears, *continued ſhe to* Urania *and* Felicia, I felt a Satisfaction which no Tongue can expreſs, in having it in my power to give to this young Stranger thoſe marks of my Inclination without Bluſhing. The Ceremony ended, the Company ſeparated, I went into my Coach, and return'd to *Areliſe*, ſo taken up with the Graces of *Liſarque*, that I could ſpeak of nothing elſe: but I had not been at home above two hours, before I ſaw the Charmer enter, follow'd by the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Country, and a great number of the beſt Muſicians playing on ſeveral Inſtruments. He had now chang'd his Dreſs, and tho' he look'd ſo infinitely amiable in that plain and rural one he had on before, that I had imagin'd it impoſſible for any thing in nature to exceed him, yet that Majeſty and Gal-

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lantry which this Habit join'd to his Sweetneſs, render'd him ſomething which I thought ſeem'd more than Mortal. He came, according to the Cuſtom, to offer me a Ball ; *Areliſe* order'd me to accept it, and my Heart made me obey her with an infinity of Joy. The Entertainment was to be given at the Farmer's at which *Liſarque* liv'd, and I was conducted thither by him, follow'd by the reſt of the Company ; and the Muſick which they had brought, playing as we went. At our arrival, we found the Hall full of Ladies, who came to take their part of the Diverſion; and ſcarce ever did I ſee an Aſſembly compos'd of more agreeable Perſons of both Sexes.

The Farmer appear'd not himſelf, *Liſarque* gave Orders for every thing as Maſter of the Houſe, and did all the Honours of it, like a Man who had not been accuſtom'd to any other Company than ſuch as are call'd the Great World. The Ball was preceded by a Feaſt, ſo delicate and well contriv'd, that it might very well be call'd magnificent. *Liſarque* ſcarce ever had his Eyes remov'd from mine, and that extraordinary Attention he gave to all my Words and Actions, fill'd me with a pleaſing Pain, an agreeable Confuſion, which only can be felt, and which I am utterly unable to deſcribe.—He alſo took an opportunity ſeveral times that Night of entertaining me, and I found his Converſation no leſs charming than his Perſon : by every thing I ſaw about him, I doubted not but he was a Perſon of Condition. The Hour of retiring being come, he got on horſeback to attend me home, my Coach being full of the Women of *Areliſe* who had accompany'd me thither.

At laſt we ſeparated, and if the Pain he had in quitting me had not been viſible in his Face, I ſhould have gueſs'd at it by that I found in my own Breaſt, which would not ſuffer me to let him go without making an Invitation to him, to come and viſit me the next day.

The Amuſements of the Day, the Company, and the Deſire of Pleaſing, had ſo much engroſs'd me, that I had not time to reflect on my Actions, or what might be the Conſequence of the Emotions with which I was agitated. But when Night and Solitude reſtor'd me to my ſelf, and I had the power of examining what it was which had caus'd ſo extraordinary a Change in me, I was ready to expire with Shame:—But it was in vain that I oppos'd my Reaſon to this growing Tenderneſs,——in vain I conſider'd on the Levity I was guilty of, in yielding my Heart to a Perſon unknown, and who, perhaps, might be too inferior for me; but then again, that noble Air, which appear'd in all his Actions, remov'd that Doubt, and convinced me he was not of mean Birth. One moment I thought he might be Inconſtant, Baſe, and the Regards he had paid me, but ſo many Snares to delude my Virtue; but the next, my Heart taking part with him, repreſented him as the moſt worthy of Mankind.——In fine, I paſs'd the Night in a continual Conflict, and the Day appear'd not but to make perfect my defeat; my Reflexions vaniſh'd, my Reaſon fled, and I thought of nothing but how to render myſelf amiable in the Eyes of my Vanquiſher: and without dreaming that I was taking Arms againſt myſelf, I prepar'd to appear before him with all imaginable Care, perſuaded that he would not fail to come according to my Invitation.

I was not deceiv'd in my Expectation; he came, indeed, and if there wanted any thing to compleat his Conqueſt, this ſecond View accompliſh'd it. *Areliſe*, to whom I had never ceas'd ſpeaking of him, receiv'd him with pleaſure, and retain'd him the whole Day. We ſaid nothing relating to the Paſſion with which we were inſpir'd, but our Actions, our Regards, and even our Silence, ſufficiently inſtructed each in the Sentiments of the other. Happening to ſpeak of the Courſe, and the Prize decreed for the Victor, *Areliſe* ſaid, She imagin'd not it was Rewards like that, for which he had been accuſtom'd to excel; and going to a Cabinet, in which ſhe kept her Jewels, took out my Picture, which ſhe had curiouſly drawn and ſet in Gold: I ſhould have been glad, *cry'd ſhe*, to have left in my Country this Teſtimony, that it has not been always without its Ornaments—Behold, *continued ſhe*, the Prize which I could wiſh you had beſtow'd on the Conqueror. But Madam, *anſwer'd I, laughing*, *Liſarque* is not of this Country, and therefore cannot have that Plea for your Regard; nor, perhaps, would the Picture of a Woman, whom 'tis probable he may never ſee again, afford him the Satisfaction your partial Friendſhip for me makes you imagine. Yet Madam, *anſwer'd he, with a Sigh*, if I ſhould be ſo unhappy as you ſay, it would be the greater Charity to give me that Conſolation in ſo heavy a Misfortune—— But be aſſur'd, *purſued he, after a little pauſe*, that in what Place ſoever the divine *Florinda* is, I ſhall impoſe upon my ſelf this pleaſing Law, to go and carry my Adorations to her Feet; and if I am ſo happy to receive her Picture, will preſerve it at the hazard of my Life. *Liſarque* pronounc'd theſe

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Words with ſo much Warmth and Eagerneſs, that I trembled leſt *Areliſe* ſhould perceive the Cauſe from which they ſprung: but whatever were her Sentiments, ſhe concealed them; and turning to me, Well, *ſaid ſhe*, I cannot ſuffer that *Liſarque* ſhould content himſelf with ſo trifling a Reward as that the Cuſtom of the Country allots; I will therefore have you add that of your Picture, ſince he ſeems to think it worthy his acceptance. I was infinitely rejoic'd at this Command, which compell'd me, as it were, to do what I zealouſly deſired, yet could not otherwiſe have found a Pretence for. The Tranſports with which he receiv'd it, were but too viſible to me, and could not but be remark'd by *Areliſe*.

Soon after, ſome Company coming in, turn'd the Converſation, and it being then towards Evening, we all adjourn'd to the Garden; where *Liſarque* taking an opportunity of ſpeaking to me unheard by any body; Tho' I can never, Madam, *ſaid he*, ſufficiently acknowledge the Goodneſs of *Areliſe*, yet I am ſenſibly touch'd, when I conſider your divine Repreſentation, is the Reward of no more than a Rural Exerciſe: a Preſent of ſuch Importance, methinks, ſhould recompence the moſt glorious Toils and greateſt Dangers. Valour, Conſtancy, and the moſt approv'd Adoration alone can merit it! and when I reflect how little I have done worthy of it, it gives a Shock to the delicacy of my Soul, which not all the Pleaſure I conceive at the being Poſſeſſor of it can ſurmount. It is eaſy then, *anſwer'd I, coldly*, to alter what *Areliſe* decreed; and tho' I have not the Vanity to think my Picture a Recompence for Virtues ſuch as you have mention'd, yet the fear that it

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may fall into hands which know not the Value of it, has made me already reſolve to demand it back.

Ah ! *reply'd he*, I know well the Conſequence of ſuch a Preſent ; but I will diſpute it with the whole World, at the hazard of my Life, not in a frivolous Amuſement.—— However, I conjure you, Madam, go not about to change the Intentions of *Areliſe* ; and that you may the better excuſe making me ſo happy, think that he who has the Bleſſing of contemplating your Reſemblance, is the moſt devoted to your Service of all Mankind, and that he has no other Diſquiet, than the want of an Opportunity to atteſt how greatly he dares to prove his Zeal and Reſpect.

It was happy for me that the Company rejoin'd us at theſe Words, and ſaved me the pains of anſwering, which, in that Confuſion of my Thoughts, I ſhould have found it difficult to have done. All the reſt of the Evening was paſs'd in general Converſation, and I was freed from the terror of being put into a ſecond Dilemma.

The Ladies who had come to viſit *Areliſe*, living a conſiderable diſtance off, had no deſign of returning in ſome days, and ſhe deſir'd *Liſarque* to favour them with his Company while they ſtaid : He refuſed the Offer at firſt through Modeſty, and the fear of being too troubleſome a Gueſt, but 'twas eaſy to ſee he ſuffer'd himſelf to be prevail'd on with an Infinity of Satisfaction. The Pleaſure that good Lady took in entertaining her Friends, was demonſtrated in the Welcome ſhe gave them, and the Reluctance with which ſhe ſuffer'd them to depart : Five Days were paſs'd in continual Feaſts ; on the

ſixth,

ſixth, Supper having been ſerv'd in ſomething later than ordinary, every one, after a little Converſation, retir'd to their Apartments. As mine over-look'd the Gardens, and the Sentiments I was inſpir'd with in favour of *Liſarque* rendring me exceſſively contemplative, I went down into the Park, follow'd only by a young Maid, whom I extremely lov'd, and lay always in my Chamber. Being in a deep muſing, my Feet conducted me, by accident, into an Alley under the Windows of *Liſarque:* But I had not proceeded very far, before my Cogitations were diſturb'd, by the Voice of ſome Perſons at a diſtance from me, and a ruſtling in the Boughs of ſome Trees, which compos'd a little Grotto at the end of the Walk: I turn'd back ſuddenly, judging it might be *Liſarque* himſelf, and unwilling he ſhould find me in that ſolitary Place. But I had not retir'd many Paces, before I found myſelf ſeiz'd behind with a Rudeneſs, which made me ſenſible it was not *Liſarque* who attack'd me; and, at the ſame time, ſend forth ſo violent a Cry, that he heard me into his Chamber: happily for me, not being yet in bed, and running to the Window, he ſaw me in the Arms of a Man, who was uſing his utmoſt Efforts to bear me to the Gate of the Park, which was open'd ready.

The Maid who was with me, was treated in the ſame manner by the Companion of my Raviſher. This View animated him with ſuch an Extremity of Rage, that he had not patience to come thro' the Houſe, but jumping out of the Window, ran towards me with his Sword in hand, and reach'd the Place juſt as my Raviſher was arriv'd with me at the Gate. I redoubled my Cries as ſoon as I ſaw him approach, in

ſuch a manner, that they were heard by the Family: but before any of them could come to my aſſiſtance, *Liſarque* got between my Raviſher and the Gate, and in a loud Voice cry'd out to him, to ſet me down, and anſwer with his Sword for the Treſpaſs he was endeavouring to commit; and the other knowing he could not defend himſelf with me in his Arms, ſuffer'd me to get looſe, and put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence. The Terror I was in, was near throwing me into a Swoon when he releas'd me; and my Weakneſs, join'd with my Unwillingneſs to quit the place while *Liſarque* was thus engag'd in my Cauſe, made me throw myſelf on the Earth, where I was witneſs of the moſt dreadful Combat that was ever fought: Two Tygers could not ſet on each other with greater Fury; but *Liſarque* having the good fortune to wound his Antagoniſt in the right Arm, diſarm'd him, and oblig'd him to ask his Life: but while he was doing ſo, the Perſon who had ſeiz'd my Maid, came up to them; and giving my Defender a deep Cut on the Head, made him turn to enter into a ſecond Engagement. I will not give you the trouble of a long Detail of this Fight; I will only ſay, that *Liſarque* had the ſame Advantage over him, as he had over the other, and became Maſter of both their Swords. After which he approach'd me, juſt at the moment when the Servants of *Areliſe* drew near, arm'd with Staves, Poles, and what other Inſtruments they could be furniſhed with in that Surprize and Hurry. Too late, alas! had their Aſſiſtance come, had I not met with a Protector more zealous for my relief, ſome of them having lighted Torches in their Hands. We perceiv'd my Raviſhers weltring in their Blood:

Liſarque

Liſarque looking in their Faces, immediately knew one of them to be the Perſon he had vanquiſh'd at the Courſe. Tho' both of 'em were extremely wounded, yet Breath ſtill remaining in them, they were carried into the Houſe by ſome of the Servants, while the reſt ſearch'd the *Park*, on that ſide where the Gate had been open'd. They ſaw two Men on horſe-back, but they rode ſwiftly away; we judg'd it not proper to follow them, not doubting but we ſhould hear the full Diſcovery of this Deſign by thoſe we had taken.

Liſarque being faint with loſs of Blood, from three great Wounds he had receiv'd, we caus'd him to be ſupported under the Arms by two of the Men, and ſo conducted to the Caſtle; where *Areliſe*, with the other Ladies, were waiting at ſome diſtance from the Gate. I made her a brief Recital immediately of what had befallen me. You ſee, *anſwer'd ſhe*, I ſent my Servants arm'd as well as I could for your Relief; but your Defender had no need of Aid.

We had no room for farther Converſation at that time, *Liſarque* was very faint, and we order'd him to be put into bed, and the two Aſſaſſins in ſeparate Chambers on the other ſide of the Caſtle. Surgeons were immediately ſent for, who, ſearching the Wounds of my Deliverer, found he had none that were dangerous; they put on proper Applications, and left him to his Repoſe. In examining the others, they preſently cry'd out, that the firſt of them could not live three Hours, and that his Companion was in little better Eſtate. As *Liſarque* had inform'd *Areliſe* of the Name of the Chief of them, ſhe ſent for an Uncle of his, who liv'd near her, who, coming immediately, and being

inform'd of what had happen'd, ſeem'd much troubled, but very little ſurpriz'd. *Areliſe* conducted him to the Room where his Nephew had been carry'd; and as ſoon as he ſaw him, Alas! unhappy Youth, *ſaid he*, is this the Fruit of my Admonitions, and the Regard you ſhould have had to my Counſels?

Madam, (*continu'd he, turning to her*) I muſt inform you, that this young Man has been for ſome time enamour'd of *Florinda* in the moſt deſperate manner, and the Spite he conceiv'd againſt *Liſarque*, who obtain'd the Honour of the laſt Courſe, and receiv'd the Prize from her hand, join'd to the Knowledge, that he had almoſt ever ſince been with her in this Caſtle, made him take a mad Reſolution of Revenge; I over-heard him, in Converſation with this Wretch, who ſeconded him, lay the Scheme which has this Night been acted.

Alarm'd at ſuch a Conſpiracy, I appear'd before them, and threatned my Nephew to put him in ſuch a Condition, as ſhould deprive him of the power of attempting any ſuch Enterprizes. Surpriz'd, and confus'd, that I had been Witneſs of their Converſation, he threw himſelf at my Feet, and proteſted to give over all thoughts of that Deſign he had been ſpeaking of: but continuing to aſſure me he could not live without *Florinda*, begg'd me with tears to demand her of you; ſaying, that tho his Eſtate was not what ſhe doubtleſs expected her Huſband ſhould be poſſeſs'd of, yet the tender Regard he would ever pay her, might perhaps make up that Deficiency. Tho this Propoſition appear'd to me as ridiculous as really it was, yet I feign'd an Aſſent, and promiſed to do my utmoſt to obtain her of you, in hope that by the help of

Time

Time and Perſuaſion, I might bring him to a juſt Senſe of his Folly, and cure a Paſſion ſo unavailing.

By this means, *continu'd he*, I hoped to amuſe him; but perceiving that I did not wait on you, as indeed I had no thoughts to entertain you with his Preſumption, he began to imagine that I deſign'd nothing leſs, than to perform the Promiſe I had made him: and, prompted by his Deſpair, forſook my Houſe, and went about the execution of this Project; which I ſoon underſtood by two of my Domeſticks, whom he had bribed to go with him; and on perceiving that he had met with reſiſtance, return'd back to me, and implor'd my Pardon.—What ſhall I ſay, Madam?———I am griev'd, and would not fail to puniſh his Preſumption, if he were not already ſo by the Condition in which you ſee him.

The wounded Perſon heard all this Diſcourſe without anſwering a word; but when his Uncle had done ſpeaking, he confeſs'd that he had ſaid nothing but Truth; adding only, that to know *Liſarque* was in the ſame Caſtle with me, had drove him paſt his Reaſon; and that not imagining he ſhould have the opportunity of ſeeing me in the Walks, had intended to force into my Chamber, and bear me to a ſmall Seat he had in the farther part of *Poitou*, and there conſtrain me to marry him. This Declaration made *Areliſe* reſolve to purſue this Affair with the utmoſt Violence; but the Prayers of the Uncle, and the Repentance of the Nephew, at length won her to promiſe a forgetfulneſs of it, in caſe *Liſarque* recover'd of his Wounds. His firſt Dreſſings being taken off, the Surgeons brought word that there was not the leaſt dan-

ger of him; but thoſe of his Antagoniſt being the contrary, it was thought proper to obtain from his Uncle a Releaſe for *Liſarque*: to which he willingly yielded. This Precaution was not without Grounds, for he expir'd in two Days: his Companion was in a fair way of recovery; but being an inconſiderable Perſon, *Areliſe* took no notice of what he had done, and as ſoon as he was in a Condition, had him remov'd from the Caſtle.

This Affair gave an Interruption to our Diverſions; *Liſarque* having had ſo great a ſhare in them, there was not a Perſon in the Country who was not concerned at the Accident. The Farmer with whom he lodged, deſired leave to ſee him, which *Areliſe* granted with pleaſure: And tho we look'd on this Man as a Ruſtick by the Title he bore, yet we found he was infinitely far from it in his Behaviour, and wanted neither Elegance of Thought, nor Expreſſion, to thank us for the Favours *Liſarque* had received from us. Both *Areliſe* and myſelf were ſtrangely amaz'd at it; but, for my part, I was ſeiz'd with the moſt mortal Inquietude that ever was, I trembled leſt *Liſarque* ſhould be the Son of this Farmer, and had good reaſon enough for my Conjecture. The Addreſs of the young Man made me believe him of noble Blood; but when the ſame appear'd in the old one, I began to think it hereditary to the Family, and that it was no more ſtrange to ſee it in the one, than in the other. This Cogitation threw me into a Melancholy, which *Liſarque* preſently perceiv'd; and finding me one day alone, in a fix'd Poſture, and with all the Marks of the moſt terrible Diſcontent upon me, I begin, Madam, *ſaid he*, to envy the Fate of

Criton,

Criton, (that was the Name of the Perſon he had kill'd in my Defence ;) for ſince his death, you ſeem to forget *Liſarque* lives.

This Reproach rouz'd me from that deep muſing I was in ; and regarding him with ſome remainders of Chagrin, I know not, *anſwer'd I*, which of my Actions ſhould make you judge ſo uncharitably of me ; but I can aſſure you, I am utterly incapable of ſuch an Indifference for a Man, to whom I am indebted for the Preſervation of my Honour, and that I am at nothing troubled ſo much, as that I have it not in my power to acknowledge, as I could wiſh, the Senſe I have of ſo great an Obligation. Ah ! beautiful *Florinda*, *ſaid he*, the Service I have done you rewards itſelf, even tho it were for Glory I had fought :——but I renounce that Motive, it was for myſelf I did all I have done———any Man of common Honour would have done the ſame for a Woman he had never ſeen.——— What thanks then are my due, who but preſerv'd the Object of my Affections, the Goddeſs of my Soul, and who I flatter myſelf will one day be ſenſible of the Adoration I have for her ? Aſtoniſh'd at ſo plain a Declaration, I fear, *Liſarque*, *ſaid I*, your late Hurts have impair'd your Reaſon, or you would not in one moment forfeit a Regard which ought to be eternal. No, Madam, *ſaid he*, I am poſſeſs'd of all my Reaſon, and 'tis that which forces me to love you, and to tell you ſo : Nor need this Diſcourſe ſurprize you, you have too much Underſtanding not to have long ſince perceiv'd my Paſſion.——— I might, however, have ſome time longer reſtrain'd the burning Anguiſh of a ſilent Flame, did Jealouſy not get the better of my Reſpect.——— I am oblig'd, Divine

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Florinda, to part from you; and the Fears that in my abſence you may meet ſome Man more worthy than *Liſarque*, compels me to aſſure you, you can find none more faithful, or more truly devoted to your Charms.

Theſe laſt Words entirely took from me all the little Remains of Pride were left me; I could not be told that he was about to leave me, without being ſenſible that when he was gone, there was nothing worthy my Attention left.— I forgot in a moment that Reſentment which the boldneſs of his Paſſion had inſpir'd me with; and with a Look, which demonſtrated I was wholly ſoftned; It is eaſy, *anſwer'd I*, to ſatisfy your Curioſity. Nor will I ſcruple to proteſt to you, that my Heart is poſſeſs'd of no Sentiments in favour of any Perſon to your prejudice, and that I have ſome for you, which I cannot confeſs without ſhame, till I am more fully ſatisfy'd for whom I feel them. The Air with which I ſpoke theſe Words ſomething re-aſſuring him, he fell on his Knees before me; and fixing his Eyes on mine with the moſt tender regard, It is an infinite Regret to me, *ſaid he, moſt lovely* Florinda, that I cannot yet make you acquainted with my Birth; but be aſſur'd, that by it I am not rendred unworthy of you, and I ſhould have choſe rather to have died in ſilence, than to have reveal'd what paſs'd in my Heart, if I could not have own'd my Paſſion without giving you cauſe to bluſh. The Myſtery of this Conſtraint will not be of any long Duration, and in a little time you will know that my Temerity is pardonable.

I was too much prejudiced in his favour to doubt the Truth of what he ſaid; and out of a generous Confidence gave over preſſing him any

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farther on this point, but earneſtly requeſted he would let me know the Reaſons of his intended Departure. Your preſent Indifference, *anſwer'd he*, the Fears of diſpleaſing you, and the Deſpair of ever being belov'd by you. He ſpoke theſe Words with an Accent ſo touching, that I could no longer maintain my accuſtom'd Reſerve: Depart not then, *ſaid I*, and if your Birth be anſwerable to your Education, and I really find you ſuch as I believe and wiſh, you ſhall have neither Indifference nor Rivals to fear. As *Liſarque* was far from expecting ſo favourable a Reply, he teſtify'd a mixture of Surprize and Joy, which he was not able to expreſs by Words; he proſtrated himſelf at my Feet, embraced my Knees, and never did I ſee a Paſſion more tender and ſubmiſſive. I forced him to riſe; and *Areliſe* the moment after coming into the Room, broke off any farther Converſation for that time: But what ſhall I ſay, my dear *Urania?* after this Day, there paſs'd not one [in which we did not ſwear to each other an eternal Ardour. The moſt tender Confidence reign'd between us, our Thoughts were the ſame, we were agitated by the ſame Notions, Love inſpired us, Symphathy united us, and all conſpired to make me loſt.

Our Hearts were in this ſituation, when *Areliſe* was ſeiz'd with a Diſtemper, which, from the firſt Symptoms, was taken to be mortal; The care which ſhe had taken of my Education, her Complaiſance, and the Friendſhip ſhe had for me, made me extremely troubled at the Condition I ſaw her in. I never quitted her Chamber; and *Liſarque*, willing to lay hold on all Opportunities to teſtify the Concern he had for every thing which belong'd to me, neglect-

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ed nothing on this occaſion. Hearing of a very eminent Phyſician ſome Miles diſtant from the Caſtle, he went himſelf, when it was late at Night, fearing the Entreaties of any other Perſon ſhould be ineffectual to prevail on him to come ſo far: Senſible of theſe Works of his Friendſhip, ſhe put an entire Confidence in him, and begg'd he would take charge of thoſe Affairs ſhe had in that Country; which Commiſſion he executed ſo well, that he got a Law-Suit, which had been of long continuance, determin'd in her favour in four or five Days. But in ſpite of all our Cares, and the Skill of the Phyſician, ſhe expir'd, having lain ſick three Weeks; ſhe deſir'd me, when dying, to recommend *Liſarque* to her Husband, as a Man to whom he was infinitely oblig'd on her account, and remind him that he ought to ſeek the means of requiting the Favours ſhe had receiv'd from him.

This Loſs coſt me many Tears, but the Tenderneſs of a beloved Lover ſoon dry'd them: however, this Adventure obliging me to leave *Poitou*, I ſpoke to *Liſarque*, deſiring he would accompany me to *Paris*. I doubted not but he would receive this Propoſition with pleaſure; but inſtead of that, he appear'd extremely troubled at it: he told me, that for Reaſons I ſhould in a little time be acquainted with, it was impoſſible for him to be ſeen as yet in that City, but that he hoped to meet me there in an Eſtate, which might give me leave to own him for my Lover without a Bluſh; but that being oblig'd to take a Voyage before that happy Moment, he begg'd I would add a Vow to the Promiſe I had already made him, of entertaining

ing no other Paſſion till his return, which, *he ſaid*, ſhould not exceed three Months.

In all the Actions of *Liſarque*, there had always appear'd ſo noble a frankneſs, that I doubted not but he had weighty Reaſons for behaving as he did; and what Griefs ſoever I conceiv'd at the Thoughts of being ſeparated from him, the Expectation of ſeeing him again, calm'd the Violence of them: but when the day which I had prefix'd for my departure drew near, he ſeem'd in a Deſpair which was ſurprizing to me. I forgot nothing which I thought might elevate it, but the more Tenderneſs I expreſs'd, the more he was inconſolable: the Fears of loſing me by this Abſence, troubled him in ſo cruel a manner, that he was inceſſantly at my feet, conjuring me to have pity on the State in which I left him. Vanquiſh'd at laſt by a Paſſion which I believed ſo perfectly ſincere, I baniſh'd Reaſon, Glory, and Prudence, to eſtabliſh his Repoſe, and aſſure him of an inviolable Fidelity. I gave him my Vow, and receiv'd one from him, in the Chapel of the Caſtle, in the Preſence of *Areliſe*'s Chaplain, whom we engaged by a conſiderable Preſent, to keep the Secret. This Action reſtored him to the tranquillity I wiſh'd, and tho' he expreſs'd an infinite Concern at being ſeparated from me, the Rites by which we were united, and the Aſſurance that I could not now give myſelf to another, diſſipated all his Chagrin. We parted with the moſt tender Proteſtations on both ſides, and I came to *Paris*, deceiv'd by the Deluſions of my Undoer, without Fear, without Suſpicion, without Remorſe. I reſolv'd, however, to conceal every Particular of this Adventure till the arrival of *Liſarque*. I found

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my Guardian ſo dangerouſly ill, that it was judg'd improper to let him know the Death of his Wife till he was intirely out of danger. The Friendſhip and gay Humour of *Camilla*, the Viſits I receiv'd, made me paſs ſome time without Inquietude, having written to him of my Arrival, and given him directions in what manner I would receive his Anſwer; but the time in which I expected to hear from him being more than elaps'd, I began to be alarm'd. I writ again, nay, repeated it a third time; but with the ſame ſucceſs as at firſt. Diſtracted now with various Conjectures, I writ to the Chaplain, from whom I receiv'd an immediate Account, that in a few days after my departure, *Liſarque* had diſappear'd, without making any Perſon acquainted with the Place of his retirement; and that the Farmer, with whom he had lodg'd, ſeem'd extremely troubled: that my Letters were fallen into his hands, but he refus'd to deliver them, ſaying, that he doubted not but that *Liſarque* would return, and he would keep them till that time. This News took from me the whole uſe of my Reaſon; I look'd on what I had done as an Action of irreparable Shame, I no longer doubted but that I was betray'd, and fell into Reflections which were not to be ſhaken off without a Torrent of Tears: three Months I paſs'd in this manner, ſupporting Life only with ſometimes a flattering hope, that at the end of that time, I ſhould, according to his promiſe, behold again that dear Seducer of my believing Heart——but finding myſelf in this, as in all elſe, deceiv'd, I ſummon'd all my Courage to my aid; and ſince there was no Remedy for my Misfortune, reſolv'd to conceal it from the World, and to the laſt moment of my Life,

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hate all Mankind for the ſake of the perfidious *Liſarque*.

It is now eight Years ſince this Adventure happen'd, in which time I have never open'd my mouth to ſpeak of it; Heaven ſeeming to favour my Deſign of keeping it ſecret, by taking from the World the only Perſon who had the power of revealing it. The Chaplain died in ſix Months after I left *Poitou*, and even *Camilla* herſelf knows no more, than that there was a young Gentleman for whom I had ſome little Eſteem, but is far from imagining the Conſequences of it.

After I had the Happineſs of your Acquaintance, and that of this agreeable Society, my Melancholy became leſs; and the Adventure of *Camilla*, by the oddneſs of it, and the intereſt I took in her Affairs, for a time made the perfidious *Liſarque* almoſt a Stranger to my Remembrance: but in ſpite of all theſe Things, I confeſs with ſhame, that I ſtill feel for that Traitor ſome Returns of Tenderneſs.———Imagination brought him this Night before my Eyes: I thought I ſaw him in the Arms of *Orophanes*; and that *Felicia*, and you, my dear *Urania*, compell'd me in my turn to embrace the Ingrate; and told me, he was too dear to you not to be forgiven.———I waked ſo full of this Dream, that I have ſince not been able to cloſe my Eyes, and it ſtill hangs on my Spirits too heavily to be expell'd; and it is from your Counſels alone, I hope to find that Conſolation, which neither Time, nor Abſence can afford me. The lovely and unfortunate *Florinda* here ceas'd to ſpeak, becauſe ſhe had no more to add than by the abundance of Tears, which would ſuffer her to proceed no farther.

Urania

Urania and *Felicia* embraced her tenderly, and omitted nothing in their power to aſſuage her Sorrows. I extremely approve, *ſaid* Urania, the Reſolution you have taken to keep this Affair a Secret, and I ſwear to you never to reveal it: However, if partial Love has not induced you to flatter *Liſarque* in the Picture you have given us of him, I cannot without pain declare myſelf againſt him, and without deſiring to flatter you with a vain Hope, muſt acknowledge I believe Fate has been more your Enemy than he; that ſome Cauſes of the utmoſt importance have oblig'd him to conceal himſelf thus long, or that ſome unforeſeen Accident has taken him from the World. For my part, *added* Felicia, a Secret of my own obliges me to wiſh the Dream of *Florinda* accompliſh'd: and there is ſo great a likeneſs between the Idea ſhe has given us of *Liſarque*, and a young Gentleman, who is, and ought to be very dear to *Orophanes*, that I am half perſuaded they are the ſame, and ſhould be quite convinc'd they were ſo, were it not for the difference of Provinces: but even that Obſtacle may, perhaps, be remov'd, when I become perfectly Miſtreſs of a Secret, of which, as yet, I am but inform'd in part.—But, *purſued ſhe*, (renewing her Embraces) if my Conjectures prove as juſt as I wiſh them, the greateſt of your Misfortunes will be over in a ſhort time.

Felicia had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe Words, when all the Company enter'd the Chamber. *Camilla* and *Julia* made them ſome tender Reproaches for ſo long depriving them of their Converſation; but *Urania* excus'd herſelf, and her two Friends, by ſaying, that ſhe had thought they had been diverting themſelves in the Gardens. The Men perceiving ſhe had an Inclination to

riſe,

riſe, retir'd to leave her the Liberty. As ſoon as ſhe was dreſs'd, this agreeable Society rejoin'd, and the Morning being now extremely pleaſant, they took a Reſolution of paſſing the remainder of it on the Banks of the River; and as every one walk'd without any ſet Form, or were not yet enter'd into a regular Converſation, *Felicia* had an opportunity of communicating to *Orophanes* what ſhe had heard from *Florinda*, at which he teſtify'd a Surprize; which made that amiable Lady preſently hope, her Friend was not ſo unhappy as ſhe thought her ſelf.

Doubt it not, my dear *Felicia*, *ſaid he to her*, but we ſhall find *Liſarque* the ſame you wiſh him to be: the difference of Provinces need be no Obſtacle to your Belief, becauſe I know my Father committed the young *Eraſmus* to the Care of a Perſon who had ſome time been his *Valet de Chambre*, but after, becoming rich, rented a large Farm in *Poitou*: we ſhall, however, be preſently aſcertain'd of the Truth, becauſe, according to my Father's Letter, he ought to be here this very day; and I proteſt to you, *continu'd he*, that not all the impatience I have to ſee a Brother who has been ſo long conceal'd, exceeds the Pleaſure it gives me to think, his Appearance will be a Satisfaction to you, in making happy a Lady you eſteem, and whoſe Misfortunes demand Commiſeration.

Felicia thank'd her Spouſe for this Compliment, the Sincerity of which ſhe had no reaſon to ſuſpect; and both of them walking towards the Terraſs, found the whole Company had there taken their Places. *Florinda*, who had but juſt before rejoin'd them, caſting her Eyes on the River, When I contemplate, *ſaid ſhe*, on the

Changes which the ſudden alteration of the Winds make on theſe Waves, I cannot help comparing their State with that of thoſe devoted to Ambition; who ſeem, methinks, in a continual Whirl, are never in a ſtate of Stability, or perfect Eaſe, nor certain but that in one Moment they may be thrown down beneath thoſe, whom before they have moſt proudly triumph'd over.

Yet is this the State of all the Great, *reply'd* Alphonſo, and a Man is little able to behave himſelf well in a high Fortune, who cannot reconcile himſelf to an inferior, in caſe a Blow ſhould happen. Methinks, therefore, *added* Orophanes, a Prince ſhould never confer Places of Truſt or great Employments, but on Perſons of approv'd Merit. The *Romans* aggrandiz'd their State, by preferring every one according to the Virtue they found in him, without reſpect of Birth.

Yet, notwithſtanding, *ſaid* Thelamont, the many famous Examples which may be collected from the Hiſtory of thoſe Times, I cannot help being of opinion, that thoſe of Birth ought to be preferr'd, as by their Education more capable of executing great Enterprizes: bred near the Throne, they muſt have a more perfect notion of Power, than thoſe at diſtance from it; and thoſe poſſeſs'd of this Advantage, muſt be ſtrangely mean-ſoul'd, if in their Youth they acquire not Experience ſufficient to qualify their Maturity with ſuch Endowments, as are requiſite for the management of Authority.

Beſides, I am perſuaded that an illuſtrious Birth inſpires noble Sentiments, and they will, unleſs the Stars are very averſe, lead us to the accompliſhment of great Actions: We are ſometimes

times indebted neither to Age nor Experience to be convinc'd of this; *Cyrus* and *Alexander* commanded their Armies at an Age when one expected nothing leſs than the Exploits which were performed by them. —— *Scipio* was ſent into *Spain* ſo little advanced in Years, that thoſe he was ſent to combat with, laugh'd at their Antagoniſt; but, in a ſhort time, became the Terror of his Enemies, and the Admiration of thoſe of his own Party. —— The great Prince of *Conde*, whoſe Name will never die, in an Age when others are but learning the Exerciſe of Arms, gained for his King the famous Battle of *Locroy*, and that of *Lens*, againſt the *Spaniards*. —— Nor were leſs Wonders done by *Edward* the Black Prince of *England*. —— The high Sentiments theſe Heroes derived from their Birth, made them burn with an Impatience not only to prove themſelves worthy of their Rank, but alſo to exceed all that had gone before them of their own Dignity.

But having made mention of the Courage which I think is almoſt inherent to a Noble Birth, I am inſenſibly led to take notice, that while a Prince's Spirit, or Ambition, tempts him to acquire Glory in the Field, Cuſtom has made him too much a Recluſe at home: he is ſhut up from his People; he hears nothing but from the mouths of a few People, whom Intereſt too often renders partial. Happy would it be for a Nation, if the Monarch would himſelf officiate the Place of Prime Miniſter; oblige himſelf to ſee all, know all, work without relaxation for the Publick Good; acceſſible to the whole World in his *Palace*, as he is in the *Field*: —— then would he never be deceiv'd, nor the Subject be oppreſs'd. *Ariſtotle* ſays, That a King ought to be

the Chief of the War, the Judge of all Civil Differences, and the Arbitrator of Peace. Great is the Duty of a King; but as it is impoſſible for mortal Man to accompliſh it in all parts, what he is unable to perform, I ſtill maintain may be beſt ſupplied by a Perſon the next capable of inſpiring Veneration. A Man greatly born, when put into any Employment, excites neither Jealouſy, nor Envy.

I know not, *anſwer'd* Julia, but what you ſay may be extremely juſt; yet in what manner ſhall a Monarch recompence the Merit of an inferior Perſon, if all the Poſts of Truſt and Honour ſhall be conferred on the Grandees?

I pretend not, *reſumed* Thelamont, to deprive the Subjects of thoſe Favours their Merits and good Services may make them hope: I only ſpeak, that the firſt Places of Honour ought to be confer'd on the Great ones: But there are many other ways for a Prince to reward the good Actions of his Subjects, and to diſtinguiſh their Worth. —— The *Romans* never forgot any Service done to their Republick: They erected a Statue to the honour of *Horatius Cocles*, for maintaining the Bridge againſt their Enemies; they gave a noble Inheritance to *Mutius Scævola*, for a great Battle he gain'd; and dedicated a Temple to the memory of the *Roman* Dames, who appeaſed *Coriolanus*. Theſe Examples are too famous, for Princes not to remember that they ought to recompence Virtue wherever they find it.

But, *ſaid Alphonſo*, Strangers who come to ſerve a State, pretend to the ſame Recompences as the Natives of the Country; and many times demand the Preference, giving this for a reaſon, That having quitted their Country for the Ser-

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vice of the Prince, he ought to have more regard for them than for his Subjects, who are obliged to render him all the good Offices in their power, and cannot be diſpenſed with from their Allegiance.

This is a reaſon, *replied* Felicia, which I cannot approve, becauſe Strangers come not but for the hope of Gain, and his Subjects obey his Commands for Honour, and the Love they bear him. There is much to be ſaid on both ſides, *ſaid* Thelamont; but a Monarch ſhould examine the Virtue of the one and the other, to the end that he may diſtribute his Rewards with Juſtice: Though there are other Reaſons to be aſſigned ſometimes for the extraordinary Favours we ſee confer'd on Strangers. A Prince makes large Donations to a Perſon of another Country, frequently to diſcover the Puiſſance of his own, and the Magnificence of his Prerogative; and ſome there are, whoſe Liberality is no more than Policy, to learn by that means the Secrets of Foreign Courts, and what Deſigns are forming in their Councils.

While they were in this Converſation, one came to inform them that the Table was ſerv'd, on which they roſe, and return'd to the Houſe; but *Felicia* having perceived *Florinda* had been involved in a deep muſing, and wholly incapable of bearing any part in the Diſcourſe, ſhe took this opportunity of drawing her apart from the Company, and walking with her under the Arm; I beg of you, my dear *Florinda*, *ſaid ſhe*, to reſume your uſual Compoſure of Mind, and depend on the hope I give you, of hearing immediate news of *Liſarque*. It is that Imagination, *anſwer'd ſhe*, which has thrown me into that Lethargy of Thought I have been in during your

Converſation: for I am too ſincere to conceal from you, that I overheard part of the diſcourſe you had with *Orophanes*; I was juſt behind you, but the attention you gave to what he was ſaying to you, prevented you from perceiving me.—From his words I ſuck'd the ſweet Poiſon of a Hope which may perhaps prove vain. But amiable *Felicia*, *continued ſhe, looking ſtedfaſtly on her*, how can it be poſſible that *Liſarque* ſhould be the Brother of *Orophanes*, when I have heard you, and all the world who knows him, declare he was the only Son of his Father?

Becauſe I think it neceſſary for your Repoſe, *replied ſhe*, I will make no difficulty to inform you of a Secret which I myſelf but lately learned. The Father of *Orophanes* lov'd him with ſo perfect a Tenderneſs, that his whole Care ſeem'd to be confin'd to him, and remain'd a Widower for two Years.; but when it was leaſt expected from him, he became enamour'd of a young Girl of Condition exceeding lovely, but unhappy in her Circumſtances; who was come with her Mother to *Anjou*, to ſollicit a Law-ſuit, on which was their whole dependance. The Father of *Orophanes* had, at firſt, no other deſign than to do them what ſervice was in his power, for the gaining of their Cauſe; but he found ſo much Virtue, and noble Sentiments in this unhappy Beauty, that what before was Pity, was now converted into Inclination, and he reſolved to marry her. He propoſed it to her Mother, who found too many Advantages in ſuch a Marriage to refuſe; and granted it with the more pleaſure, becauſe ſhe knew, that in ſpite of the diſparity of their Years, the young *Matilda*, (that was her Name) had a more than ordinary regard for him. The Union was in a

few

few days performed with all its Ceremonies, tho' in the moſt private manner. The old Bridegroom not leſſening his former Affection for his Son, fear'd the news of ſuch a Marriage might leſſen him, and therefore reſolved to keep it ſecret from the whole World, till ſuch time as he ſhould be grown up, and entirely ſettled. *Matilda*, however, loſing her Cauſe, found herſelf happy, to have a Spouſe whoſe Wealth defended her from all thoſe Miſeries ſhe muſt have fallen into without him; and as ſhe had an infinite Stock of good Manners, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, ſhe neglected nothing which might teſtify her Gratitude, and the Senſe ſhe had of what he had done for her. The Father of *Orophanes* finding every day more reaſon to eſteem her, reſolved to live wholly with her, which yet he had not done by reaſon of the Privacy: and to that end retired with her into the Province where ſhe was born; committing the Care of *Orophanes* to ſome Perſons, who he knew were not ignorant in what manner the Sons of the Nobility ſhould be educated.

Matilda being then great with Child, was ſoon after brought to bed of a Son, who they named *Eraſmus*: But to preſerve the Secret ſtill entire, he was given to a Perſon in whom his Father had an entire Confidence; and order'd to be taken care of in his Houſe at *Poitou*, where he kept a great Farm. But, my dear *Florinda*, not to tire you with a repetition of Circumſtances, which are no way material, *Matilda* died in a ſmall time; and her Spouſe, extremely touched with her loſs, transferred all the Tenderneſs he had borne her, to young *Eraſmus*, who at the Age of Seven he ſent to *Paris*, there to be train'd up in an Education ſuitable to his Birth. He

acquired every thing which was expected from him to learn, with a surprizing readiness. He continuing in this manner till he was between nineteen and twenty Years of Age; and his Father then beginning to grow impatient to see a Son whom he knew but by the report of the Person to whose care he had committed him, order'd he should meet him at *Poitou*; but an unexpected Affair calling him to *Rennes* in *Britany*, he writ to the Farmer, that he should detain him there till his return, without letting him know his real Name, for as yet he was kept wholly in ignorance of his Parents.

The Business, however, which called the old Gentleman to *Rennes*, not being ended so soon as he expected, he was obliged to stay there, where he fell dangerously ill. The fear of dying without having acknowledged *Erasmus* for his Son, made him send for *Orophanes*, who immediately obeying his Command, he gave him the Account I have just now repeated to you; and desired that if he died, he would go to *Poitou*, and there make him acquainted with his Birth. *Orophanes* assured his Father of his submission to him, and Tenderness for him of whom he spoke; testifying at the same time, an extreme Concern that he had so long conceal'd a thing of so much moment, and which he was certain could not be done without a vast deal of trouble; protesting with the utmost sincerity, that he had too great a Soul not to be charm'd to share his Fortune with a Man so near to him by Blood, and so worthy, by report, of his most tender regard.

I know not if these Assurances had not more effect than all the Prescriptions of the Physicians; for from that moment he grew better, and in a

little time was perfectly recover'd. His Affairs alſo being accompliſh'd, he told his Son he would now diſpenſe with his Journey to *Poitou*, having a deſire to go thither himſelf; and knowing his Son had buſineſs at *Paris*, where he promiſed him he would in a little time ſend *Eraſmus*: but inſtead of that happineſs, he received a Letter from him, wherein he inform'd him, that his Expedition to *Poitou* had been fruitleſs; that *Eraſmus* was gone from thence, and none knew the Place to which he was retir'd; and expreſs'd an infinity of Concern for this Adventure.

Orophanes was alſo as ſenſible of the Misfortune, as one could be for a Brother whom one had never ſeen; and endeavour'd all that in him lay to hear news of him, and to conſole his Father, but his Endeavours have been in vain. It is now eight Years ſince he has been miſſing; and the Space of Time, as well as the Deſcription of the Perſon, convinces me, that your *Liſarque* is no other than our *Eraſmus*. But about three Weeks ſince, we were ſurpriz'd with the pleaſing news, that this long wiſh'd-for Son was at laſt arrived; and ſome few days ſince, *Orophanes* received a Letter, which acquainted us, that we ſhould from his own mouth have an account of him. Behold, therefore, *continued ſhe*, my dear *Florinda*, the Reaſons I have to believe that *Liſarque* and *Eraſmus* are the ſame, the Time and Place are directly anſwerable. There is indeed a probability, *replied ſhe*; and nothing makes me doubt it, but that it would be too great a happineſs for me to expect; yet cannot I hinder myſelf from conceiving ſome ſmall hope. Theſe words brought them to the Gate of the Houſe, where the reſt of the Company had enter'd juſt before them.

In ſpite of all *Felicia* had ſaid, *Florinda* could not reſume her accuſtomed Humour all the time of dinner; and *Alphonſo*, who had a perfect Eſteem for her, endeavour'd to bring her into it by this little Raillery. It is eaſy to be ſeen, *ſaid he*, that the amiable *Florinda* has not a Heart in the ſame poſition ours are, elſe would ſhe appear in the ſame agreeable Languiſhments which are the Effects of Tenderneſs. She forced herſelf to ſmile at this gallant Reproach, and anſwer'd him in this manner: Well, *cry'd ſhe*, to oblige *Alphonſo*, and to become more like the reſt of this charming Society, I do aſſure you, that whenever I meet with a Man ſuch as I wiſh to find, I will willingly ſubmit to wear the Chains you ſpeak of.—— I could eaſily engage you to it, then, *reſumed he*, if a Friend of mine were here, who is one of the moſt lovely and accompliſh'd Cavaliers in the world.—— I expected to meet him at *Paris* ſome time ago, but I now begin to deſpair of ever ſeeing him; but if I could deſcribe him ſuch as he really is, you would be convinced that the Univerſe out of this Company cannot afford the equal of *Neandre*, for that is his Name.

At theſe words, all the Company deſired *Alphonſo* to give them a deſcription of this compleat Cavalier. Tho' I cannot, *anſwered he*, do it without wronging him, becauſe he has Charms ſo peculiar to himſelf, that one can have no notion of them without ſeeing him, yet will I do my utmoſt to make you ſenſible I have not ſeem'd to think him worthy of *Florinda* without reaſon. He is about the Age of twenty-eight, pretty near the Stature of *Orophanes*; that is to ſay, not too little to be graceful, nor too tall, perfectly well ſhaped; and has an Air and Mien which,

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at the first sight inspires you both with Esteem and Love; Eyes which seem to penetrate into the Soul of the Person on whom they look; a most delicate Complexion, which is set off to great advantage, by the great quantity of fine black Hair, which falls in the most beautiful Curls down on each side of his Face, and covers his Shoulders. Then, as to the Improvements of Education; he sings, dances, fences; performs all manner of Exercises becoming a young Man of Quality, with an admirable dexterity: But for the Character of his Heart, I need only say, that he is justly worthy to make one of this Assembly; he is brave without boasting, witty without lightness, wise without austerity; he is tender, generous, constant; and, in fine, wholly incapable of any Sentiments but such as are noble and elevated.

Alphonso had no sooner ceas'd speaking, than the mouth of every one was open to wish they were of the acquaintance of this agreeable Person; but the description of him was too touching to *Florinda*, to suffer her to make any immediate reply: She found such an agreement between this Description, and that she would have given of *Lisarque*, that she thought it could be made for no other Person; she durst not, however, ask in what part of the World it was, he had known this accomplish'd Gentleman, for fear of giving him room to guess the Secret of her Soul. The whole time of Dinner was taken up in this discourse, after which they adjourned to the Closet of Books; but they had scarcely seated themselves, before one came to let *Orophanes* know, there was a Cavalier who would not be seen by any but himself, and attended to speak with him in his Apartment: on which he im-

immediately went, leaving his Friends in ſome ſurprize who it could be.

Orophanes, full of the Deſcription *Alphonſo* had given of *Neandre*, was ſurpriz'd to find himſelf embrac'd by a Gentleman perfectly reſembling that Character; but mov'd by a ſecret Impulſe from within, return'd his Careſſes with pleaſure. You know me not, ſaid the charming Stranger; but, *continued he, preſenting him with a Letter*, this will inform you of a Man to whom you are extremely dear, and who ardently wiſhes to become ſo to you. Theſe Words made *Orophanes*, in part, gueſs the Truth; and regarding the Unknown with Eyes in which Joy was viſibly painted, You cannot be ignorant, *ſaid he*, of the Influence your Preſence muſt have over all Hearts capable of judging Worth: there requires no more to make you be beloved, than to be ſeen; but as I paſſionately long to know if you are the Perſon I imagine, permit me to examine the Contents of this Letter, wherein I ſee the Characters of a Father, whoſe leaſt Commands to me are ſacred. With theſe words he open'd it, and read with a loud Voice theſe Lines:

To OROPHANES.

'HEaven, ſenſible of my Griefs and your generous Sentiments, has reſtor'd me a Son, and you a Brother; it is he, my dear *Orophanes*, who brings you this Letter; it is that *Eraſmus*, whom your tender Care, and Complaiſance for me, has made you ſearch in vain for this eight Years. I conjure you to love, and acknowledge him for your Brother. He is

'worthy,

'worthy, and I can never too much acknow-
'ledge the Bounty of Providence, in giving me
'two Sons to whom I think it an Honour to be
'Father. I leave to himſelf the recital of his
'Adventures. Adieu, I wait with impatience
'to hear of your meeting.

Your affectionate Father,

OROPHANES.

He had no ſooner come to the Concluſion, than he threw himſelf into the Arms of *Eraſmus*, unable by any other Marks to teſtify a Joy which was too great for Words; but when it got liberty to vent it ſelf, *Eraſmus*, my dear *Eraſmus*, *ſaid he*, be aſſur'd there is nothing I will omit to make you happy; and with a double Pleaſure I ſhall do it, becauſe at the ſame time, I imagine, I ſhall alſo oblige a fair Lady very dear to her, whom Heaven and my Inclinations have made my Wife; for I am more than half perſuaded, I ſee *Liſarque* in the Perſon of *Eraſmus*.

Eraſmus ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd at the mention of that Name, but confeſs'd that he had borne it at *Poitou*. There needed no more, *Orophanes* was now aſſur'd his Conjectures were juſt, and immediately repeated to him all that *Felicia* had learn'd from *Florinda*; but, *ſaid he*, I will deſire to know nothing of what has befallen you, till I hear it in the preſence of ſome People, who long to ſee you with an Impatience almoſt equal to my own. With theſe Words he took him by the hand, and led him to the Library. The ſight of him produced Effects as ſtrange as they were different: *Alphonſo* ran to him with open

open Arms, crying out, *Neandre! Florinda* fell into a Sound, pronouncing the Name of *Liſarque*; and *Orophanes* was preſenting him to them by that of *Eraſmus*; and never was a Company compos'd of ten Perſons in ſuch a general Confuſion. They ran to the aſſiſtance of *Florinda*; *Camilla* cry'd out to know the meaning of what ſhe ſaw; *Alphonſo* demanded the reaſon of his being call'd *Eraſmus*; and that tender and faithful Lover had all the pains in the world to get looſe from their Arms, to throw himſelf at the feet of *Florinda*, whom *Urania* and *Felicia* had juſt recover'd from her Fainting. With much ado having reach'd that dear Object of his unalterable Affection, *Yes, ſaid he*, moſt adorable *Florinda*, I am that happy *Liſarque* whom you once favour'd with your kindeſt Sentiments, and who has never been guilty of any thing to forfeit them, except in appearance; but if my abſence and my ſilence have rendered me criminal, the Cauſe which compel'd me to ſeem ſo, I know will ſerve for my Juſtification, when you ſhall vouchſafe to hear it.——*Florinda*, my dear *Florinda*, *continued he*, I have never ceas'd to adore; reſtore me to that Heaven of your Affections which I once poſſeſs'd; and deſtroy not the Joy of *Orophanes*, by finding in his Brother, a Man unworthy of the glorious Titles of your Lover and your Husband.

A profound Silence was kept all the time *Eraſmus* was ſpeaking, and *Urania* and *Felicia*, who were at no trouble to comprehend this Adventure, preſs'd *Florinda* to give him ſome Teſtimony of Forgiveneſs: Will you, *ſaid the latter of theſe Ladies, taking her in his Arms*, poiſon the Sweets of that Hope we lately conceiv'd

of

of your Alliance, by diſdaining *Liſarque*, now he is known to be *Eraſmus*, and the Brother of *Orophanes*. No, *anſwer'd ſhe, returning her Embraces*, I pardon *Eraſmus* all the Faults of *Liſarque*. Compleat then my Happineſs, divine *Florinda, cry'd he, taking one of her Hands, and tenderly preſſing it between his*, it is not enough that you have pardon'd me a Crime which you will ſoon find was no more than imaginary, you muſt alſo love me; nor need you bluſh to avow it for a Husband, who has never been other than your Lover. *Uranie*, *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, and *Felicia*, join'd with *Eraſmus*, in their tender Solicitations; and *Florinda*, wholly vanquiſh'd, letting herſelf fall gently into his Arms, Cruel! *ſaid ſhe to him*, if I had not always lov'd you, the belief of your Inconſtancy had not been ſo terrible to me, nor had your Preſence fill'd me with this Pleaſure. It is impoſſible to expreſs what *Eraſmus* felt at theſe words; but he teſtify'd by a thouſand Tranſports, that nothing could be more ſincere and ardent than his Affection.

He was, however, conſtrain'd to moderate them, to ſatisfy the Impatience of the Company, who demanded, without ceaſing, an Explanation of this Ænigma. *Alphonſo* could not for his Soul comprehend the Reaſons of what he ſaw; and to find *Florinda* ſo far engag'd to a Man, and that that Man ſhould be the Brother of *Orophanes*, were things ſo ſtrange to *Camilla*, that all that one can think of wonder, was mean to what ſhe felt. *Felicia*, at the deſire of *Florinda*, recited to the Company all ſhe knew of this Adventure, and having finiſh'd it, conjur'd *Eraſmus* to continue it, in recounting thoſe things of which no other than himſelf had the

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the power of revealing. Which Requeſt he immediately complying with, began in theſe Terms.

The Hiſtory of ERASMUS.

THO' the beautiful *Felicia* has finiſh'd her Diſcourſe at the departure of *Florinda* from *Poitou*, I am oblig'd to go back, *ſaid he*, for your better underſtanding thoſe things which are to enſue. *Oronte*, for that is the Name of him who had the care of me, having ſent me to *Paris* with a Tutor, I was educated in one of the Colleges, in all thoſe Exerciſes which become a Youth of Quality, and was inform'd that I was ſo by my Tutor, tho my real Name was carefully conceal'd from me: but the Reſerve with which he always ſpoke of my Birth, made me ſometimes believe my ſelf the Son of *Oronte*; and finding him a Man of Senſe, and Good-nature, I preſs'd him inceſſantly to let me know the Truth: but he ſtop'd my mouth with aſſuring me that I was greatly born, and that nothing but a ſolemn Vow which had been exacted from him, ſhould have made him conceal from me the reality of my Circumſtances. Charm'd as I was with this Diſcovery, I was not perfectly at reſt, but could obtain no more of him to the hour of his Death, which happen'd when I was about twenty Years of Age. *Oronte* no ſooner heard he was expir'd, than he came to *Paris*, and oblig'd me to return with him to *Poitou*: I acquainted him with what I had learn'd from my Tutor, and he confirm'd what he had

ſaid

ſaid as to my Birth, adding withal, that I ſhould in a ſmall time have a fortune to the extent of my Ambition. We had not been above three or four days at the Houſe of *Oronte*, before he came to my Chamber, while I was yet in Bed, and waked me with the joyful News, that he had receiv'd Letters which brought an account, that my real Father would be there in a Week's time, and acknowledge me for his Son. But that time being elaps'd, inſtead of the Bleſſing I expected, other Letters arriv'd, which entirely contradicted thoſe Hopes the former had inſpir'd: and *Oronte* told me, that ſome Affairs had hinder'd him from coming to *Poitou*, and that it was his Will I ſhould wait there till they were ended, and change my Name during the time of my remaining in *Poitou*, it not being proper I ſhould paſs by that of *Eraſmus*.

This Diſcourſe fill'd me with the extremeſt Diſcontent, but there was no Remedy but Compliance: I made my ſelf to be call'd *Liſarque*; and to oblige *Oronte*, more than my own Inclination, took part in all the Diverſions and Exerciſes of the Country.

You know, lovely *Florinda*, what were the Conſequences of this, I became enamour'd of you; but you are yet ignorant that I had more than your Indifference to combat with. *Oronte* immediately diſcover'd my Paſſion, and taking me aſide one day, told me, that I ought not to diſpoſe of my Heart without the Conſent of my Father; that tho' *Florinda* was a Woman of Fortune and Condition, an Alliance with her, might not, perhaps, be convenient for my Family; and that too haſty fixing my Inclinations, might involve me in Misfortunes from which I ſhould not eaſily be deliver'd. You may believe

how far I was from reliſhing theſe Counſels; and looking on myſelf as in a ſtate of Independance, in regard to *Oronte*, I had not that reſpect for him, which alone could make me profit by what he ſaid. Theſe ſort of Converſations being, however, every day renewed, gave me Inquietudes which I was never free from but in the preſence of *Florinda*.

I will not recount what you already are informed of; it ſhall ſuffice to tell you, that when I arrived at the certainty of being beloved, had *Oronte* been indeed a Father, his Commands would have been ineffectual to have abated the violence of my Paſſion, and was now burning with impatience to ſee him who was really ſo, leſs out of Duty and natural Affection, than to ſhare a plentiful Fortune with that miſtreſs of my Soul; and perceiving the Violence with which *Oronte* oppoſed my Paſſion, I began to fear that his Intereſt with my Father might influence him to be of the ſame mind; and for that reaſon preſs'd *Florinda* to become mine by Rites too ſtrong for paternal Authority to break: not doubting, but when the thing was paſt recall, I might more eaſily obtain his Pardon than Conſent.

My Deſpair at length prevail'd on that admirable Lady to grant me what I ask'd; we were united in the Chapel of *Areliſe* ſome few days before her Departure: The Joy I felt in having ſecured that Bleſſing, and the hope that I ſhould in a ſhort time be reſtor'd to her in a manner ſuch as ſhe need not bluſh to own what had paſs'd between us, took off the Sorrows of taking leave. She was no ſooner gone, than I return'd to ſeek *Oronte*, in order to preſs him, that I might be conducted to the place

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where my Father was, ſince it was ſo difficult for him to get an Opportunity of coming to me. As ſoon as I approach'd, preventing what I was about to ſay, Thank Heaven! *ſaid he to me, Florinda* has quitted this Country, and I hope Abſence will ſet free your Heart from a Paſſion which ought never to have enter'd there. And why, *reply'd I*, is Love a Paſſion unworthy of a Man of Honour?——Mine, I am certain, is capable of inſpiring me only with noble Sentiments, ſince it is a Woman of Virtue, Beauty, Condition, and all the Accompliſhments that enchant our Sex; and who in eſpouſing, I ſhall rather honour than diſgrace my Family, be it never ſo illuſtrious. Eſpouſe her! *cry'd he out, with Aſtoniſhment*, I hope you have not entertain'd ſuch a Thought——you know not yet who 'tis you are!——What, *anſwer'd I*, have you not aſſured me that my Birth was equal to that of hers?

Yes, *ſaid he*, but I gave you that Aſſurance for no other reaſon, than to inſpire you with noble Sentiments, and for the juſtification of that noble Education you receiv'd from me; not to take from you that Obedience which is due from you to me: But ſince I find that the Imagination of being derived from noble Anceſtors has fill'd you only with Vanity, you ſhall now be inform'd of the Truth. Know then you have no other Father than myſelf, and can boaſt yourſelf of no greater Family than mine: judge then, if you ought to harbour any hope of marrying *Florinda*.

Never mortal Man was ſeiz'd with a Horror equal to that which ſtruck on my Soul at theſe Words; I fix'd my Eyes on the Earth, and for a time was wholly immovable: but my firſt Mo-

tion was to draw my Sword, on the point of which I was about to fall, when *Oronte* catch'd hold of my Arm: Ungrateful, *ſaid he*, have my Cares, my Tenderneſs, and my Bounty to thee, been of ſo ſmall account, that the chimerical Idea of Birth is of more weight, than to know thou haſt a Father, who thinks nothing too much to do for thee?

Theſe Words in part recall'd my Reaſon; and aſham'd of the Attempt I had made againſt my Life, Pardon, *reply'd I*, the firſt Movements of a Grief, which you ought not to condemn, becauſe you were the Occaſion. I bluſh not to be your Son, but that I have believ'd myſelf another's, to have lov'd a Lady whom I ought only to have reſpected, to have deceiv'd her, and to find myſelf unworthy of her at a time when moſt I hoped to prove myſelf the contrary.—— Yet ſo it is, my Misfortune is without remedy; ——let us therefore ſpeak no more of it, but permit me to go and ſeek within myſelf the means of acknowledging myſelf your Son.

With theſe Words I quitted his Preſence, and retir'd to my Chamber, where I abandon'd myſelf to the moſt cruel Reflections; I could not think, without the utmoſt Horror, on the Action I had done on the account of *Florinda*, in conſtraining her by my Deſpair to give me her Faith, as to a Man of Birth and Condition equal to her own. Sometimes I was for going to *Paris*, avowing my Misfortune, giving her back her Vow, and dying before her Eyes, to prove the Involuntarineſs of my Crime; at others, ſoftned by the charming Aſſurances ſhe had given me of her Love, I flatter'd myſelf that ſhe would pardon the innocent Deceit, nor hate the Son of *Oronte*, when it was prov'd

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Liſarque was the Perſon, and reſolv'd to write to her an account of all; but Shame prevented me from the laſt of theſe Intentions, and that deſire-mix'd Hope which all Men naturally have to ſee better Days, the former.

Full of the moſt perplexing Perturbations, did I paſs that Day and Night; but on the ſucceeding Morning took a Reſolution, which I immediately put in execution: It was to forſake my Country, and continue ſo long in ſome diſtant Climate, that *Florinda* loſing all hope of ever ſeeing me more, might in time forget me. I flatter'd myſelf, that ſhe might hereafter hear my Hiſtory, and how greatly I had been myſelf deceiv'd, as to my Parentage, and pardon the Injury I had unwarily done her, when ſhe found I had too much Honour to abuſe the Power ſhe had given me over her.

Scarce had *Aurora* drawn her roſy Veil, before I mounted my Horſe; and riding with all poſſible ſpeed to a Man with whom *Oronte* had Credit, I demanded in his name a large Sum of Money; which he having immediately counted to me, I turn'd my back on that fatal Country, and, without well knowing to what place I was going, took my courſe to *Auvergne*, from thence to *Languedoc*, thence to *Montpellier*, and from that City embark'd for *Rome*. I had preſerv'd ſo much Oeconomy, as to my Money, that I found I had enough to ſupport me in that City for ſome Months without fear. I quitted the Names of *Liſarque* and *Eraſmus*, becauſe either of theſe might have endanger'd my being diſcover'd by ſome one who knew *Oronte*, and took that of *Neandre*, which was the firſt that offer'd itſelf to my Thoughts. Change of Place made not the leaſt Alteration in my Sentiments,

I lov'd with the ſame Tenderneſs as ever; the Picture which *Florinda* had given me, made all my Pleaſures, and moſt of my Entertainments; I talk'd to it, and juſtify'd myſelf before it, as if it had the power of pardoning me: but I will not detain your Attention, with what I eaſily perceive all in this Company may believe, without my telling them.

I viſited with exactneſs that magnificent City; but as my Curioſity was mingled with a certain Air of Melancholy, I look'd with indifference on all the fine things I examin'd: But as I was one day in this Occupation, I ſaw near me a young Cavalier, whoſe Air and Mien attracted my Regard, with an Attention which I had never been capable of for any Perſon ſince I had left *Poitou*. Our Eyes happening to meet, we ſaluted each other, and advanc'd nearer, as tho ſome ſecret Impulſe influenc'd us both at the ſame time. You appear a Stranger in this place, *ſaid he to me*, and I ſhould take an extreme pleaſure, if you will permit me, to accompany you in thoſe Examinations which your Curioſity obliges you to make: I have been here ſome time, and may direct your Search to what is moſt worthy of your regard.

I have been here but four days, *replied I*, and if I did not fear it would be incommodious to you, ſhould accept ſo obliging an offer with the utmoſt pleaſure. By what I perceive, *reſumed he*, we are both *French*; and it is ſo agreeable to find a Perſon of our own Nation in a ſtrange Country, that tho' I doubt not but there are many here who would be charm'd to be of your acquaintance, I intreat you to give me the preference. I am called *Alphonſo*, my Family is of *Paris*; but having no Father living, I perform

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the Commands of a Mother, who was desirous I should have those Accomplishments which travelling to foreign Courts affords. I have taken an Inclination to you, and should think myself happy, if you would partake my Apartment, and make our Voyages henceforth together. I listned to so unexpected an offer with some surprize, but the account he gave me of his Family, made me sigh with Shame and Grief at my inability to return him something of mine; and that Consideration made me refuse, for some time, to comply with his demand; but he continued to press me to it in Terms which were not to be denied, and I accompanied him that very moment to the House where he lodg'd, discharging my own, and sending for my things the next day. I found his Apartment in every thing befitting a Youth of Quality: two Lacqueys, and a *Valet de Chambre*, composed the number of his Domesticks. We supped together, and I found Charms in his Conversation, which, for some moments, dissipated my Chagrin. In fine, I had not been with him many days, before I found so much sincerity, and frankness of disposition, mingled with the most perfect Good-Breeding, that I had a great inclination to make him the Confidante of my Misfortunes; and accordingly, one Evening, when he was pressing me, as he frequently did, to reveal the reason of my Melancholy, I made him the recital of my History, as much as I knew of it myself, concealing from him only the Name of *Florinda*.

He seem'd to sympathize in my Griefs, as soon as he had heard the foundation of them; and testified the sense he had of the Confidence I had in him, by a thousand obliging Acknowledgments: But, *said he*, I cannot fall into the

ſame Error you have done: *Oronte* has certainly deceived you, you are not his Son: your Deſpair has not left you the liberty to reflect, that the fear of your following your Miſtreſs, who, you ſay, was then gone to *Paris*, has made him have recourſe to that Artifice, to oblige you to forget her.

This Notion, which till this moment I was a ſtranger to, flatter'd me with a little hope: If I might give credit to my own Sentiments, generous *Alphonſo*, *anſwer'd I*, I doubt not but I am of Noble Blood. —— But what of that? (*continued I, checking myſelf for the vanity of ſuch a Thought*) Are not inferior Perſons capable of as noble Ideas, as thoſe of the greateſt Rank? —— No matter, then, *reſumed* Alphonſo, whatever you are, I ſwear to you an eternal Friendſhip; my Intereſt, my Riches, my Credit, all that I am poſſeſs'd of, are free to you, and ſhall be ſo as long as Life endures.

Theſe kind Proteſtations fell not on an ingrateful Heart; I made my utmoſt efforts to acknowledge them as they deſerved. After which, we fell into other Converſation: He told me, that he deſigned to travel for ſome years; and that the next Scene of his Amuſements ſhould be *Venice*, at the time of the *Carnival*, till which it was not then above two Months; which were taken up in ſeeing every thing that was valuable at *Rome*. In all our Diverſions, in all our Devotions, we were continually together: and the more we diſcover'd of each other's Diſpoſitions, the more firmly were we attach'd. In fine, we departed at laſt for *Venice*, which City I will not go about to deſcribe, nor the Diverſions which are prepared there for the enter-

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tainment of Strangers; becauſe I am now ſpeaking to Perſons who are ignorant of nothing.

After we quitted *Venice*, we went to *Milan*, thence to *Gennes*, where we embarked for *Spain*; and that Country took us up for more than two Years. *Alphonſo* furniſh'd me continually with all things neceſſary; and after almoſt eight Years were expired, he received Letters from his Mother to recall him home. We therefore paſſed on to *Bayonne*; but I was taken ſo dangerouſly ſick, that I could not accompany this dear Friend to *Paris*, where he was indiſpenſibly obliged to go, according to the Commands of *Orphiſe*. It was not without the extremeſt trouble that he parted from me, but left me his *Valet de Chambre* to attend me, with ſtrict orders not to forſake me a moment; and conſtrain'd me to accept of a Letter of Credit to a Banker which he had at *Bayonne*; and bid me *Adieu*, with making me promiſe to rejoin him, as ſoon as I ſhould be in a Condition to begin my Journey.

I ſtaid ſix Weeks after his departure, without being able to quit my Chamber; but at the end of that time had my Health ſo well eſtabliſhed, that my Phyſician permitted me to walk out into the Air: The firſt time I did ſo, I perceived a young Man, at ſome diſtance from me, eye me with a fix'd regard. I imagin'd I was not unacquainted with his Face; but where I had known it, could not readily recollect, till coming nearer, I remembred it was the Son of that Man from whom I had received the Money on the Credit of *Oronte*, who knowing me alſo, Ah, Sir! *ſaid he*, how happy am I, to have found you here? What Tears has not your Abſence caus'd, and what Joy will not your Return create both to *Oronte*, and your noble Father!——

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This discourse surpriz'd me, and impatient to know the meaning of it, I made him come in, and there desired him to explain himself.

I see well, Sir, *said he*, that you still think yourself the Son of *Oronte*, but you shall this moment be undeceived. —— *Orophanes*, a Man of Quality, rich, powerful, and of the highest Reputation, is your Father: All our Province is inform'd of this Truth; the Grief of your departure having obliged *Oronte* to declare it, as the surest means of recovering you. He then acquainted me, that *Oronte* perceiving my attachment to *Florinda*, had told me, that I was his Son; knowing me to be too much a Man of Honour to abuse the Credulity of a Lady of *Florinda*'s condition, in passing upon her for a Person that I was not. But my flight having put him in despair, he sent to seek me every where, by the different Names of *Erasmus* and *Lisarque*.

You may judge, Sir, *said this young Man*, of the excessive Grief of your Father, when he came to *Poitou*, full of the expectations of seeing a Son so worthy to be acknowledg'd. Some Letters having fallen into the hands of *Oronte*, he deliver'd them to him, which he opening, found you had form'd a secret Engagement with the Person who had wrote them, and doubted not but it was your despair which had caused your flight. In fine, Sir, your noble Father, and a Brother you have by a former Bed, have been seeking you for these eight Years without success. It is about a Month since I arrived at *Bayonne* on some Affairs of the Family, and I think myself favour'd by Heaven in seeing you, and being the first that acquaints you with your good fortune.

I have told you too much of the State of my Soul, *continued* Eraſmus, not to make you ſenſible of that exceſs of Joy, which at this news diffuſed itſelf through all my Faculties: I embraced a thouſand times him who brought it me; and making uſe of the favours the generous *Alphonſo* had left me, I parted from *Bayonne* with his *Valet de Chambre*, and went directly to *Anjou*, where my kind Informer told me I ſhould find not only my Father, but alſo *Oronte*, who at that time was with him. When I came to the Gate, I enquired for him, ſending in word, that I was a Perſon who brought him ſome news from *Liſarque*. At that name, he ran to my Father, who willing alſo to ſee who it was, order'd I ſhould be brought in. He was ſitting in an Arm-Chair, in a melancholy poſture, leaning his Head upon his Hand, and *Oronte* ſtanding juſt over-againſt him; but advancing toward me as ſoon as I appear'd, in ſpite of an Abſence of eight Years, and a long Indiſpoſition, he knew me in a moment; and throwing himſelf at the feet of *Orophanes*, Ah, my Lord, *cried he, in an extaſy of joy*, behold *Eraſmus!* 'tis he himſelf, who is come to bring news of *Liſarque*. Before he had well finiſhed theſe words, I fell on my knees before *Orophanes*, embracing his legs with a tranſport which Nature only can excite, and which till that moment I had never felt: But as for that tender Father, Tears only could expreſs the movements of his Soul; he held me in his Arms a whole hour, without being able to bring forth one word; and the faithful *Oronte* embracing us both together, ſent forth a Cry of Joy.

This moving Scene at length giving way to Explanation, I informed my Father of all that I had

had happen'd, and how I came to know that I had the happineſs of being his Son; and he in his turn related to me the Reaſons he had to conceal my Birth, and gently reproving me for having quitted *Oronte*. I made him acquainted with the whole Hiſtory of my Paſſion and Engagement, and to juſtify what I had done, ſhow'd him the Picture of *Florinda*, entreating he would pardon the Effects of my Love for the ſake of the Cauſe. He examin'd that Portraiture for ſome moments without ſpeaking; but as ſoon as he took his Eyes from it, Yes, my dear *Eraſmus*, *ſaid he*, I pardon thee. It would be unjuſt not to excuſe to thy Youth, the Effects of a Paſſion from which my Age has not been exempt: And what can I deny to a Son ſo dear to me? I ratify thy Engagements, and give thee liberty to fulfil them, on condition that thou ſhalt rob from *Love* ſome days, to give to *Duty* and a Father, who for thy imagined Loſs has had many Years of Mourning.

Judge if I could refuſe this to a Father, whoſe Tenderneſs I already ſo greatly experienced. Not all the impatience I had to convince *Florinda* of my Truth, and to embrace a Brother whoſe Character had infinitely charm'd me, could have excuſed my leaving him, till he was willing, to permit me; which, gueſſing at the ſecret Wiſhes of my Soul, he did in nine days: in which time he writ to *Orophanes*, of my arrival, and that I ſhould be here this day.

The *Valet* of *Alphonſo* ſtill attending me, as ſoon as I came to *Paris*, I went to the Houſe of *Orphiſe*, expecting to have found that noble Friend to whom I had ſuch Obligations; but was inform'd that he was here with a Lady, to whom he was about to be married: and in naming

ming the reſt of this amiable Company, *Florinda* was not forgot: Some Interrogatories which I made, engaged Anſwers from her, which convinced me it was the ſame *Florinda* whom I burn'd with ſo much ardency to ſee. And tranſported with the hope of meeting in one happy moment, my Friend, my Miſtreſs, and my Brother, came poſt hither, where all my Wiſhes are accompliſh'd, and I find myſelf the happieſt of Mankind.

Eraſmus here ceaſed to ſpeak; and Embraces from all ſides were again renewed, with that frankneſs which inſpires Love and perfect Friendſhip: *Florinda* received the Gratulations of the whole Company for this happy change of her Condition; and it ſeemed as if the arrival of *Eraſmus* had added to the Eſteem and Tenderneſs with which this amiable Society were united. To make himſelf yet more welcome to *Alphonſo* and *Camilla*, he preſented them with Letters from *Orphiſe*, which demanded their preſence in *Paris*, in order to compleat their Happineſs, by joining their Hands as they had done their Hearts.

Urania, who never ſtudied any thing ſo much as the Pleaſure of her Friends, adviſed that they ſhould all go to *Paris* the next day: Our Amuſements, *ſaid ſhe*, can produce nothing in which we ſhall be ſo much intereſted, as the double Union between *Alphonſo* and *Camilla*, *Eraſmus* and *Florinda*.

Every body aſſented to this Propoſal with joy; and as the recital of *Eraſmus* had not been long, they had time before Supper to walk in the Gardens; where *Florinda* and the Brother of *Orophanes* re-united their Thoughts and Hearts with greater ſatisfaction than ever, becauſe they were now no more to be ſeparated. *Alphonſo* and *Ca-*

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milla had the ſame pleaſure, and teſtified it with the ſame Ardor: And tho' *Thelamont*, *Orſames*, *Orophanes*, *Urania*, *Julia* and *Felicia*, were in a tranquil poſſeſſion of their deſires, their Paſſion was not the leſs lively; nor did the Converſation with which they entertain'd each other, yield in Tenderneſs to that of *Alphonſo*, *Eraſmus*, *Camilla* and *Florinda*.

With this conformity of Diſpoſition did they place themſelves at Table; Love, Friendſhip, Wit and mutual Confidence, gave a double reliſh to the Repaſt, and 'tis ſcarce poſſible to conceive the Pleaſures they enjoy'd.

The Happineſs of this agreeable Society is ſufficient to prove, that the Joys of Life are Love and Friendſhip; and that no ſuch things can be with ſincerity, but where there is Virtue, Wiſdom, Good Manners, and a mutual Eſteem; Qualities which might be eaſily attain'd among thoſe of a liberal Education, if People would ſpend that time in correcting the Errors of their own Minds and Inclinations, which they do in cenſuring thoſe of their Neighbours.

FINIS.